WHERE TRUTH IS NO DEFENCE



Fredrick Töben

WHERE TRUTH IS NO DEFENCE, I WANT TO BREAK FREE

Fredrick Töben

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Dedicated to TRUTH.

In gratitude to the men and women who morally, legally, socially and financially helped me to survive.

Dedicated to Werner Fischer who, throughout his lifetime in South Australia, has attempted to correct the perception that Germans are inherently evil on account of World War II historical analysis.

What is the country's history worth when the archives are closed?

Sir Walter Crocker Adelaide February 2001

* * *

Though infallibility in scientific matters seems to me irresistibly comical, I should be in a sad way if I could not retain a high respect for those who lay claim to it, for they comprise the greater part of the people who have any conversation at all. When I say they lay claim to it, I mean they assume the functions of it quite naturally and unconsciously. The full meaning of the adage Humanum est errare, they have never waked up to. In those sciences of measurement which are the least subject to error – metrology, geodesy, and metrical astronomy – no man of self-respect ever now states his result, without affixing to it its probable error; and if this practice is not followed in other sciences it is because in those the probable errors are too vast to be estimated.

C.S. Peirce

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It is not necessary to ask oneself how, technically, such a mass murder was possible. It was technically possible since it took place. Such is the point of departure required of any historical inquiry on this subject. This truth obliges us to state quite simply: there is not, there cannot be any debate on the existence of the gas chambers.

Pierre Vidal-Naguet, Leon Poliakov et al.

* * *

... we must call to mind ... what endless detail work is performed in a murder trial these days – how out of small mosaic-like pieces the picture of the true occurrences at the moment of the murder is put together. There is available for the court's deliberations above all the corpse, the record of the post-mortem examination, the expert opinions of specialists to the causes of death and the day on which the deed must have occurred, and the manner in which the death occurred. There is the murder weapon ... All this was missing in this trial.... The possibilities of verifying the witness declarations were very limited.

Frankfurt Auschwitz trial, 20.12.1963-20.8.1965

* * *

Why don't you protest when you know that Agron Street in Jerusalem and the Hilton Hotel in Tel Aviv are built on top of razed Muslim cemeteries?

Les étudiants de l'Organisation socialiste israélienne: Matzpen (Students of The Israeli Socialist Organisation: Matzpen), Jerusalem

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Collective memory has seized upon the figure of four million – the very number which, based on a Soviet report, was inscribed until now on the monument erected at Auschwitz to the memory of the victims of Nazism – notwithstanding that in Jerusalem, the museum of Yad Vashem has indicated that this total is far from correct.

Nevertheless, from the war's end, scholarly memory set to work. Patient and minute investigations revealed that the figure of four million did not rest on a serious foundation and could not be retained.

The [Nuremberg] tribunal, after all, had relied on a claim by Eichmann, according to which extermination policy had caused the death of six million Jews, four million in the camps. Based on the most recent works and on the most reliable statistics – as in Raul Hilberg's Destruction of the European Jews – one arrives at about one million dead at Auschwitz. This is a total corroborated by all the experts, since today they agree on a number of victims that varies from a minimum of 950,000 and to a maximum of 1.2 million.

'L'évaluation des victimes d'Auschwitz', Le Monde 23.7.1990

* * *

On 6 May 2001, Hans-Heiko Klein, 61, was awarded the Medal of Honour by the Mannheim Jewish community.

Forewords

The Greatest Dirty Open Secret

In the trials and tribulations of Fredrick Töben one can observe in operation the greatest dirty open secret of our day. In explaining that remark here, I will do my best to be objective, despite the fact that because of the conditions I am to discuss several of my friends have been imprisoned or fined for doing the sorts of things I also do.

In October 1997 I received a request from Töben, director of the Adelaide Institute and a Holocaust revisionist, to be a defence witness for him in his hearings before the Australian Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission (HREOC). The role would have involved writing a letter for him and perhaps testifying by telephone from my home near Chicago.

I resisted this request, pleading a shortage of time and the fact that he had told me, earlier that year in Chicago, that the Australian 'human rights' legislation has no teeth and that he did not have to pay any attention to such proceedings against him. Both pleas were true but I had another strong reason for my reticence, which was too complicated to state in these rapid-fire e-mail messages, but which can be explained here in due course.

In any case I relented after a few passionate e-mails from Töben. I wrote a two-page letter, intended to be submitted to the HREOC hearings. The letter, dated 5 November, declared:

Alas I must say that you are arguably guilty of some of the charges. I looked over Jeremy Jones' stuff and I infer that the 'Racial Discrimination Act' proscribes what might 'offend, insult, humiliate or intimidate another person or group of people.' Well, revisionism certainly does the first three! It does not however 'intimidate'; at least, I have never noticed such a case ... Heated controversy is a price of open debate, the foundation of a rational society.

Jeremy Jones was the representative of the Jewish organisation that had brought charges against Töben. I commented on Jones' letter by declaring Töben guilty. Some defence witness!

Far from acting betrayed by me, Töben submitted the letter to the HREOC. I believe that he was starting to see my real reason for my reluctance to get involved as a defence witness. Such matters as I had

expertise in were irrelevant to the proceedings, which related not to historical truth, but to offending, insulting etc. For the most part I could not understand the notion of culpability as used in the proceedings, but to the extent that I could understand, Töben was guilty. I am at least as guilty, as are many of my revisionist friends. The situation was structured such that nothing I could have said would have helped attain a favorable verdict, as became clear to Töben shortly later.

On 7 December Töben ended his participation in the hearings, complaining that he was unable to defend the position of the Adelaide Institute because the HREOC was not interested in historical truth. The breaking point seems to have come when the Commission rejected the witness statement of Dr Robert Faurisson as 'irrelevant'.¹ In a hearing conducted by telephone on 27 November, the Commission had told Töben that for the most part the witness statements he had submitted had to be disqualified either because (1) they 'make comments about the desirability, validity, constitutionality or sensibleness of this law' under which the hearings were being held or (2) they comment on 'the substance' of the historical problem, that is 'the truth of the Holocaust, the extent of the Holocaust, its existence [which] is not of much significance' for the hearings.²

Of course these two questions are, to our common sense (or as Töben puts it our sense of 'natural justice'), the only relevant questions. There is almost nothing left to be said if these two questions are excluded. I felt vindicated because even the accused had decided to submit no defence. I could not be accused of failing him. Faurisson had written one of his usual masterfully incisive analyses of the historical problems, formulated for the layman, and his statement was rejected. The implicit effect of what I wrote was to question the law itself, but I declared Töben guilty so my statement was accepted. We may make the basic observation that it was impossible to determine what Töben was being charged with, apart from saying things that annoyed some people. The Commission was not interested in the intentions behind Töben's public declarations or in their actual effect.

This observation raises the general question of the legal formulations under which Holocaust revisionists are persecuted in various countries. For purposes of such a discussion, we can take two: the Human Rights Act (such an Orwellian term!) in Canada and the 1990 Fabius-Gayssot law in France. These two legislations do contrast sharply but in practice they operate similarly, as I now explain.

In the Canadian case, the code excludes the relevance of three considerations:

- 1. The truth of the offending statements.
- 2. The intent behind the expression of the statements; for example, whether they were intended to cause people to hate Jews.

3. The actual effect of the statements; for example, whether they caused people to hate Jews, whatever the intent of the author.

We simple-minded people will scratch our heads and wonder what is left to try. It is this: whether the statements 'exposed' somebody to hatred or contempt.

It is impossible for me to clarify that standard because, to the extent I understand it, reference is being made to a condition into which all of us are born. Somebody may start hating us, and often does. Holocaust revisionists are hated more than most but exposure to hatred is basically part of the human condition. One can be argued to be innocent of such an offence only in that sense: that is, that the condition referred to is a condition we are all in, independently of what statements are made by anybody. If that plea is unacceptable, then of course we are all guilty. Anybody may be hated in the future for all sorts of reasons. Witness human history.

By contrast, the French Fabius-Gayssot law is very clear. It proscribes contesting the truth of any finding in the 'Crimes Against Humanity' section of the 1946 judgment in the main Nuremberg trial. It candidly expresses, without any tergiversation, what all legal moves against revisionists are trying to do: freeze received history in the state of the end of war hysteria of 1945–1946. This sort of law contrasts with the typical 'human rights' legislation, since here there is no doubt what offence an accused is being charged with.

The Australian statute resembles the Canadian, and the formulation of the French law is approximated in Germany, with its 'denial of established fact' clause. These are two starkly contrasting formulations and Töben may be unique in having been prosecuted under both, for as this book relates at length, in April 1999 he was jailed in Germany while travelling there.

That the two formulations have something important in common is suggested by what finally happened when Töben's trial came up in Germany in November 1999. Again, he decided to remain silent and offer no defence, and his lawyer did likewise. I commented on my website:

If I must conjecture the specific grounds for Töben's silence during the trial, I would guess that his protest is based on the impossibility of arguing the truth of any of the claims he has made, for which he is being prosecuted. I suppose in the court's eyes there is a certain amount of logic in that situation which, as so often happens, makes legal sense but not common sense. If e.g. there were a law outlawing the denial that Germany is on the planet Mars, and if I deny that Germany is on the planet Mars and am prosecuted for the claim, then the question of whether Germany is on the planet Mars is irrelevant to the question of whether I broke the law. Truth is no defense. In those circumstances I would adopt the strategy Töben adopted, silence, which for me would make both legal sense and common sense.⁵

Thus the two contrasting formulations confront the accused revisionist with the same practical situation: the impossibility of seeking to justify the offending statements in relation to the accusations. Before a 'human rights' tribunal, a Holocaust revisionist confronts unintelligible accusations. Under the French or German laws, the Holocaust revisionist is accused of being a Holocaust revisionist. If I had been a defence witness for Töben in Germany, I could not have helped him and indeed he could not think of anything to help himself. There was nothing for him to say, and nothing a defence witness could have effectively said in his support. Such court victories as revisionist defendants have won have been based on legal and constitutional technicalities.

Since Western society has, for many years, made freedom of expression one of its highest values, the reactions of the civil liberties groups to this offensive and scandalous situation are of great interest.

Their reactions are equally offensive and even more scandalous. The leading (in terms of general prestige) international civil rights group is Amnesty International, headquartered in London. Amnesty has a designation, 'prisoner of conscience', which it describes thus:

'Prisoners of conscience' is the original term given by the founders of Amnesty International to people who are imprisoned, detained or otherwise physically restricted anywhere because of their beliefs, colour, sex, ethnic origin, language or religion, provided they have not used or advocated violence.

The concept of a prisoner of conscience transcends class, creed, colour or geography and reflects the basic principle on which Amnesty International was founded: that all people have the right to express their convictions and the obligation to extend that freedom to others.

The imprisonment of individuals because of their beliefs or origins is a violation of fundamental human rights; rights which are not privileges 'bestowed' on individuals by states and which, therefore, cannot be withdrawn for political convenience.

Amnesty International seeks the immediate and unconditional release of all prisoners of conscience.⁴

Early in Töben's German incarceration John Bennett, the Melbourne civil liberties lawyer, wrote to Amnesty to request them to formally adopt Töben as a 'prisoner of conscience' which, in ordinary meaning, is what he was. In a long letter Amnesty declined, declaring that

in 1995 the organisation decided at a meeting of its International Council - the highest decision making body of Amnesty International - that it would exclude from prisoner of conscience status not only people who have used or advocated violence, but also people who are imprisoned 'for having advocated national, racial, or religious hatred that constitutes incitement to discrimination, hostility or violence.'. The decision codified Amnesty International's intention to exclude from prisoner of conscience status those who advocate the denial of

Forewords

the Holocaust and it confirmed what had in fact had been the de facto interpretation of the prisoner of conscience definition contained in Article 1 of Amnesty International's Statute.

That seems to say that 'those who advocate the denial of the Holocaust' are viewed by Amnesty as thereby advocating 'national, racial, or religious hatred that constitutes incitement to discrimination, hostility or violence.' That is rubbish, an obvious logical non sequitur, empirically contradicted by easy observation; I have never seen such advocacy in the Adelaide Institute newsletter. It is such obvious rubbish that it must be called a lie. Töben is not in the class of an Elie Wiesel, who has incited hatred of Germans, or of Zionists who have incited discrimination and violence against Arabs.

Amnesty has declined to support freedom of expression for Holocaust revisionists for political reasons. It is, therefore, not worthy of respect. The organisation's hypocrisy is highlighted by the case of Nelson Mandela who, during his sabotage trial in South Africa in 1964, admitted that he believed in violence to achieve his political objectives and for that purpose had been a leader of a campaign of sabotage. Mandela was a hot subject of debate at Amnesty's meeting in September 1964 because, while the overwhelming sentiment was to continue to support him, one of the rules pertaining to the prisoner of conscience category was that those who used or advocated violence were not eligible. Thus the meeting decided against adopting Mandela thus, but it also voted for supporting him anyway.⁵ A mere label was withheld, not the support. Töben needed the support more than the label.

Thus we see in the Töben case hypocrisy at high levels of contemporary public life, but I opened by promising 'the greatest dirty open secret of our day', and I have yet to explain.

Like the study of taboos, the study of hypocritical exceptions to agreed norms is highly instructive on the real, as opposed to declared, values of a society. That free expression of ideas must be a fundamental value of the sort of society we purport to be has virtual unanimous support, at least in the abstract. True, the ideal of free expression must be qualified in various ways, for example by national security laws and restrictions against distribution of pornography in some circumstances. However, it is hard to make even a bad case for censorship of the history of the remote past unless that history impacts in some way on the present; in such event bad cases can be and are made.

The past and the present are linked, in the case of Holocaust revisionism, by Zionism. Many Israeli leaders agree that the Holocaust is 'what this country's all about'. That statement is more true than the speaker intended, because apart from Zionism's obvious contemporary exploitation of the Holocaust legend, there is the lesser known role that Zionism played in establishing, during the years 1942–1948, the legend that was to become its lifeblood, as I have discussed at length elsewhere. However, even that is not the greatest dirty open secret of our day.

It is widely imagined that the various national-socialist movements that flourished in Europe more than 50 years ago are dead. But that is not true. Yes, gone are not only Hitler's Nazis and Mussolini's Fascists, but also the British Union of Fascists, the Croatian Ustashe, the Hungarian Arrow Cross, the Romanian Iron Guard, the Parti Populaire Français, and all such national-socialist movements except Zionism, a movement born and nurtured in Europe during the heyday of nationalism and socialism, and which is quite vigorous today. Its völkisch principle, that of the 'chosen people', is the oldest and best tested extant.

Despite occasional rhetoric by various governments and organisations like Amnesty International (for example, against the torture of prisoners), Israel and thus Zionism are essentially untouchable in international affairs. One cannot imagine, for example, Israel being treated harshly for defying the United Nations' resolutions, even with measures less severe than those used against Iraq during the past decade. Our institutions not only support Israel as a state; they also support Zionism in domestic policy by means tailored for each country. In Europe the critical examination of Zionism's sustaining legend is outlawed.

That is not the case in the USA, for constitutional reasons, but American institutions look kindly on this European repression nevertheless. There are occasional references in the American press to the European antirevisionist laws, but I have never seen an editorial condemnation of them from these editors who so righteously scold China for its human rights violations. A frightening episode occurred in 1993 and 1994, when FBI Director Louis Freeh held talks with the German Bundesamt für Verfassungsschutz (Federal Office for Protection of the Constitution), the euphemistically named agency that performs many of the functions once entrusted to the more honestly named Geheime Staatspolizei (Gestapo or Secret State Police). The talks sought to find ways the USA could stop the flow, from the USA to Germany, of literature banned by German law but lawful in the USA.7 The talks seem to have come to nothing but the point was clearly made that the USA approves of such German repression of civil liberties. The role of the USA in supporting Israel diplomatically, financially and militarily is well known. The USA is also the mainstay of the operation of the related Holocaust restitution racket.

Thus the institutions of some major Western countries, flouting established legal and ethical norms, are as intellectually repressive as anybody's Gestapo, in enforcing service to the only surviving European national-socialist movement, and the others are tacitly or even openly supportive of that repression. That is the greatest dirty open secret of our day.

Professor Arthur R. Butz Evanston, Illinois, USA September 2000

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Lessons from History

Sun Tzu, 2500 years ago, said all warfare is based on deception. Human progress is such that in this enlightened era, deception is as much constituent to politics as to war, and where war leaves off, politics continues the conquest.

What we know as World War II did not cease with the unconditional surrender of Germany to the noble Allies on 7 May 1945. It continues today by other means, the element of deceit central.

As war is not fought with bullets of truth and bombs of laughing gas, neither is the existing cold war between the Zionist-controlled consortium of plutocrats and corrupt politicians who control Israel, the U.S., Britain and Germany against the uncomprehending people of Germany (not to mention the equally pathetic numbskulls of the USA, Canada, Australia, Britain and Europe) fought with truth, open debate and academic freedom. In fact, those storybook concepts are anathema to the stability of the existing order.

Revisionist historians have documented the facts, shocking to most, that World War II was not started by a madman, Adolf Hitler; that he had no intention of conquering the world; that he unceasingly worked for peace with Britain from his earliest days against insanely vicious and evil forces in the West determined to create a devastating and disastrous war; and that he and other German leaders tried again and again to reach a negotiated peace beginning as early as May 1940, nine months after the British declaration of war, when Hitler, against the advice of his generals, personally saved the British Army from annihilation at Dunkirk.

Nor are establishment historians up to pointing out that Hitler's closest friend and his deputy, Rudolf Hess, flew to Britain on 11 May 1941 in a last-ditch effort to stop the needless war between the two countries and to enlist British support for Germany's planned attack on Stalinist Russia for the purpose of countering the impending Soviet attack on Germany and the subjugation of all Europe. Instead of the reception this tragic hero deserved, he was silenced by solitary confinement for 55 years, declared a 'war criminal' at Nuremberg and finally murdered by strangulation by a paid British assassin in his cell at Spandau Prison on 17 August 1987 at the age of 93.

Nor does the Western public yet know – 55 years after the end of this 'forced war', as it has been described by revisionist scholar, David Hoggan, that Germany is still an occupied nation without a peace treaty and without sovereignty and that its politicians may charitably be described as trained fleas who cheerfully jump to orders from their superiors. In return for their treason, they receive journalistic and monetary plaudits as befits the corrupt system they serve.

In apparently long-forgotten terms of international law, the German government has been and is unmistakably *de facto* but not *de jure*; indeed, Germany serves as the classic model for this contrast since 23 May 1945 when the Allies dismissed Admiral Karl Dönitz, the last legal head of Germany.

The most effective tool used against Germany to keep hot the flame of hate is the Holocaust propaganda, a holdover from the hot war which, however, grows in intensity with each passing day even as Holocaust revisionists, such as the author of this volume, uncover more facts to prove that it is the most massive deception of the past 2000 years.

As I have tried to make clear in my essay, 'Why is 'The Holocaust' Important?' the consequences of this deception have been incalculable in spite of its almost infinite internal contradictions, its shifting numbers and facts and the dismal repute of its high priests, such as Simon Wiesenthal, Elie Wiesel, Deborah Lipstadt and Christopher Browning, to name a few.

But of course, mere truth and facts have no place of importance to Establishment journalists and historians. What is important is that the 'The Holocaust' deception be kept vital. It is fully as important to the subjection of German freedom today as was the Aztec myth that Cortes was a god important to the Spanish conquest of Mexico. The Aztecs invented their myth whereas the Germans had theirs forced upon them and they accepted it because of the traditional feeling of guilt which is always close to the surface in Christians. That Cortes was an irresistible god was a myth that destroyed the Aztecs. That their fathers gassed 6 000 000 defenceless Jews is killing gullible Germans and tearing down self-respect among all Europeans, including white Americans. No wonder the West is deeply sunk in a cesspool of moral slime.

Thankfully, not all of our contemporaries are cowed in the face of the myth of the Holocaust. One man who has taken a position of leadership for truth is Dr Fredrick Töben, the author of this volume. He has personally confronted today's dragon of deceit and in this book relates the facts as he knows them.

Fighting for the truth is dangerous today in this 'enlightened' age of deceit, this imperium of lies. Today, some hundreds of prisoners are held in German jails for daring to speak the truth. Apparently, this is what Americans, Britons and Senegalese bled and died for – to bring democracy to Germany and liberate them from a wicked tyrant who, it is said, burned books as well as Jews. Shamefully, my country is complicit in this vast crime against truth, against liberty under law, against civilisation itself. The only way Americans can redeem themselves from being truly guilty of this crime against everything their country once stood for is to speak out and tell all the facts as we know them.

If you do not believe that it is a serious moral crime to speak the truth about our oppressors or to tell the truth about history, try it. If you do, you will immediately learn the penalty. No American will be sent to prison in America for telling the truth – at least, not yet. Thank God, the First Amendment to our hallowed Constitution prevents that. But unless we determine to speak the truth while we still can legally, in spite of the penalties that are certain to follow administered by the press and our alien leadership, it is certain that we will soon be living under lies more profound than we do already, administered by a tyranny such as the people of Russia and Eastern Europe existed under before the collapse of the Soviet Union.

The terror, in fact, has already begun. Can you not see it? Today it is a moral if not a legal crime to speak ill of our oppressors or to confront historical lies. What is most frightening, everyone knows it!

Moral terror is the certain precursor to physical terror enforced by the lash, torture and death. Do not make light of this warning.

Willis Carto Escondido, California, USA 23 August 2000

The Catacombs

Asked what could best be done for the Anglo-Catholic cause and his fellow believers, Evelyn Waugh once replied, 'The catacombs'. Persecution vindicates. This is high among consolations for Holocaust revisionists, quite part from participation in what Robert Faurisson has termed the most compelling intellectual adventure of the era.

Holocaust revisionism is intensely personal. Each individual comes to it in his or her own particular way, and there are no short cuts. Usually the process is accompanied by exceptional experiences of various sorts. The process frequently takes a long time. For this writer it began with a game of softball within the walls of the Dachau Concentration Camp. This was in the summer of 1954, when the premises were used by the US Army for purposes of casual recreation. As an Army draftee, the writer had been sent to Germany and, knowing some German, was assigned to a military intelligence battalion with headquarters at USARFUR in Heidelberg but with a number of branch offices in Bavaria, the site of many of the camps to which refugees from East Germany and elsewhere in Eastern Europe were brought for initial interrogation. What, for example, did they know about uranium mining in Saxony? 'Nothing' was the customary reply, but the question was worth asking.

The battalion had an intra-mural softball league and on a pleasant summer day that year a dozen of us from one of the units were sent to play on the well-tended field at Dachau, not far from the main administration building and the entrance to the Disneyland Dachau of today.

None of us made much of the place one way or another, but after playing the game we were accorded some time to look things over. The first-class masonry of the high walls made a lasting impression, along with the purple hue time had given to the bricks themselves. The location of these prison walls on the gentle tablelands northwest of Munich itself symbolised suffering – this was no place for high walls at all.

We were given no propaganda on the subject by our officers or anyone else but could see for ourselves, if we chose, the propaganda purposes to which the camp had been put in the immediate aftermath of the war. The shower nozzles unconnected to any piping system told their own story.

Why didn't we become revisionists on the spot? Because we did not want to argue the matter; because we felt exaggeration was understandable among sufferers; because the concentration camp system had existed and had cost many innocent lives; and it was beyond all question morally indefensible. So, in this instance, decades elapsed before this writer again pondered that afternoon within the Dachau walls. As the propaganda Dachau came into being (schoolchildren are dispatched there regularly by bus these days), so did scepticism as to many of the basic assertions. And then slowly but surely, came the realisation that exaggeration is not the root of exterminationist contention. Downright lying is at the root.

The Duke of Wellington once remarked in later years that he had heard so many versions of the Battle of Waterloo he sometimes doubted he himself had been there at all. History is certainly elusive, never entirely capturable. But we do know what happened at Waterloo, though it took a long time to sort it all out, and there are still some matters open to scholarly debate.

Due process does win historically in the long run. In any trial for a capital offence, defence counsel demands close scrutiny of the alleged murder weapon. The prosecution must produce the *corpus delicti* or have some tall explaining to do. Witnesses for the prosecution must undergo rigorous cross-examination. Yet application of these principles to what has come to be called the Holocaust brings revisionists into the catacombs. So be it.

Andrew Gray Washington, DC, USA 20 October 2000

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The 'Töben Case' as seen by Voltaire

For the historian, the sociologist or the jurist the case of an Australian revisionist, Fredrick Töben, is one of the simplest and most instructive. It is also both appalling and amusing. One day, moved by curiosity, this German-born Australian left the Antipodes on a journey to Europe in order to confer with a Frenchman who had coined the phrase "No holes, no 'Holocaust". From there he went on to Poland, to Auschwitz, where with his own eyes he observed that, in the effective absence of any 'holes' in the collapsed roof of an alleged homicidal gas chamber, there was cause to doubt whether such chemical slaughterhouses had ever existed at that spot, veritable centre of the 'Holocaust'. Finally, on a pilgrimage to the Germanic lands, he shared his doubts and asked for explanations, an act that earned him forthwith a stay in prison.

Voltaire would have liked this 'affaire Calas' (of a less tragic sort). From it he could have drawn inspiration for a tale entitled *The Emperor's New Clothes* or *The Imposture*. It seems right to imagine that, as in a classical French play, the story should evolve in five stages.

In the first of these stages, our hero from the other hemisphere hears tell that a certain European emperor, dear to the Jews and thus also to today's Germans, is, in the eyes of his court, bedecked in the most extraordinary attire, whilst in reality he is quite simply naked; it is said that some ingenious rascals had pretended to create for the emperor garments of an exceedingly rare cloth, costing a fortune. In the next stage, our Australian, modern-day Huron of the Voltaire tale Le Huron ou l'Ingénu, comes to Europe and prepares to go see for himself, armed with some advice on how to carry out his inquiry; once on location, he in effect gets the impression that this emperor could well be naked. In a third stage, he proceeds to inquire of those around him, going so far as to whisper to the courtiers, 'Is your emperor perhaps naked?' For want of a fitting reply, he resolves to go to the Germanic lands and consult a man of the craft; this latter, most certainly a German and perhaps a Jew as well, has a reputation, the world over, for such good knowledge of the solution to the riddle that he will not abide any answer other than his own. This individual, prosecutor of woeful mien, invites the sceptic to come back to see him two hours later in order to get his answer. This our Australian does not fail to do. There, in the prosecutor's study, with a stranger present, he is asked to repeat his question. Which he does. And so it is that, in a fifth and final stage, the question-man finds himself behind the bars of a German jail.

In the reality of the Töben case, the prosecutor was a man called Hans-Heiko Klein, the stranger was a police informer and the jail was, for seven months, that of Mannheim.

What followed would equally have inspired Voltaire. It throws a stark light on the way in which the German justice system works at present

and on the mode of conduct adopted by a large number of Western democracies as soon as the most hallowed of their taboos, that of the 'Holocaust', looks to be in peril.

Removed from his jail cell, Töben, in handcuffs and duly escorted, was led into a courtroom. But, given the gravity of his case, he had the right only to a mock trial. He was of course provided with counsel but the latter was made to understand that he would do well to keep quiet if he did not want to join his client in prison. The lawyer kept quiet and Töben was found guilty, sentenced to serve time and a heavy fine, then released on bail the next day.

In Australia the authorities were careful not to intervene in favour of the victim. Indeed they fell little short of applauding the German judges' decision, and most likely envied their freedom of action.

In the rest of the Western world, all fell by and large into tune with Germany and Australia. The 'élites' in place kept silent or approved. To none of them did there occur the idea of decrying an outrage. No petitions in support of the heretic, no demonstrations. Amnesty International considered it natural and normal that an intellectual, an academic, should be so treated. In effect, precisely because he is a professor, many must be of the opinion that Töben surely ought to know that some questions simply offend decency.

Already 20 years before

Twenty years previously, I myself had lived through an experience comparable to that of my Australian colleague. In the columns of *Le Monde*, 34 French historians – amongst whom some, like Fernand Braudel, enjoyed international renown – had come out with a joint declaration rebuking me for having put a question that propriety forbade me to conceive. I had discovered that the existence and operation of the alleged Nazi gas chambers were, for physical and chemical reasons understandable to a child of 8, fundamentally impossible. In the late 1970s I had therefore asked Germany's accusers how, for them, such mass murder by gassing had been technically possible. The answer took some time in coming, then gushed forth:

It must not be asked how, *technically*, such mass murder was possible. It was technically possible, since it happened. That is the requisite starting point of any historical inquiry on this subject. It is incumbent upon us to state this truth plainly and simply: there is not, there cannot be any debate on the existence of the gas chambers.⁹

I had the awkwardness to think then that I had just brought off a decisive victory. My adversaries were taking flight. They showed themselves to be unable to reply to my arguments except by spin. For me, the myth of the alleged gas chambers had just breathed its last.

Pressac's surrender, Spielberg's triumph

Of course, from the scientific standpoint, those gas chambers had fallen back into nothingness. The following years were to confirm this. From 1979 to 1995 all attempts to demonstrate their existence would abort: the Rückerls and Langbeins, the Hilbergs and Brownings, the Klarfelds and Pressacs would all suffer the most humiliating failures. It is not I who say this but rather one of their keenest apostles, historian Jacques Baynac. In 1996, in two long and particularly well-informed articles, this fierce opponent of the revisionists drafted, with a heavy heart, an assessment of the vain tries to establish the existence of the Nazi gas chambers. 10 His conclusion: the historians had failed totally and, therefore, recourse was had to the judiciary in order to silence the revisionists. In March 2000 Jean-Claude Pressac was, in a way, to announce his own surrender; on this point one may read an interview with him by the French academic historian (and firm anti-revisionist) Valérie Igounet. 11 The last two pages of the interview are staggering: Pressac states that the 'rubbish bins of history' await the official story of the concentration camps! Supposedly dating from 15 June 1995, this text of a recorded talk must have been somewhat modified afterwards.

But, as is well known, the sphere of science, on the one hand, and that of the mass-media, on the other, are plainly different in nature; in the latter sphere, whilst the Nazi gas chambers have had a very rough time of it, the adjoining myths of the genocide and the 6 000 000 are thriving thanks to a booming promotion. Hilberg and his like may have failed in their work as historians but Spielberg, the master of special effects cinema, triumphs with his holocaustic epics. Today, the kosher version of World War II history has force of law and of custom to such a degree that the nasty 'deniers' seem annihilated.

The particular case of Töben

Nevertheless, a number of these rebels called revisionists remain alive, and very much so, to the despair of the thought police and their lackeys in the prosecution service, the judiciary and the media. Among these revisionists stands Fredrick Töben, who, upon leaving prison, did not have the decency to show the least contrition or, as is said today, repentance. It may be feared that, for him, the emperor (of the Jews) will stay definitively naked, and that he will go all about repeating 'No holes, no 'Holocaust'', or, in allusion to the fabric that is not, 'No clothes, no 'Holocaust''.

Beginning with the indomitable Paul Rassinier, a good many other revisionists besides our Australian have endured or still endure a thousand travails. A few months ago, one of them, in Germany, was driven to suicide. Professor Werner Pfeifenberger at Münster killed himself on 13 May 2000 after years of an exhausting struggle against his persecutors. On 25 April 1995, in a Munich square, Reinhold Elstner immolated himself by fire.

What distinguishes the revisionist Töben's case from that of others is its simple and swift unwinding, and therefore its illustrative value. One might call it a synopsis, an all-in-a-nutshell sketch. It is nothing but the story of a man who, for having made a prosaic remark on a material fact, finds himself in prison. To whoever cared to listen, he had, in fact, held forth thus:

At Auschwitz-Birkenau, day after day, a deadly substance was apparently poured through four openings, specially made in a reinforced concrete roof, so as to kill, each time, the thousands of persons confined in the room below. How could such an operation be possible given that manifestly, as one may remark today, none of those four openings ever existed? Of course, the roof is now in ruins but, on the surface, no trace of those openings can be made out and, if one slides down beneath the ruin, one can see that the ceiling has never had any openings in it. How do you explain that?

He was not answered. Then, he went to find a man who, by definition, must know the answer to his query (and the answer to several others of the same calibre, material and rudimentary). As his only reply, that individual deemed it necessary to throw him into jail. But, once out of jail, what did our impertinent friend do? He repeated his question, but this time *urbi et orbi*, and with renewed vigour.

A story edifying in its brevity and not without spice.

Töben in an ingénue role from a tale by Voltaire

I shall say it again: a Frenchman familiar with Voltaire is tempted to see in this antipodean a reincarnation, in his own mode, of Candide or the Huron (the original *Ingénu*). Under Voltaire's pen, the ingenuousness, real or feigned, of those two heroes, wholly of his imagining, ended up putting them through numerous ordeals but it also helped them overcome adversity, and not without opening for the reader some interesting perspectives on the beliefs and superstitions to be found at the foundations of our society and institutions. The story of Töben (German as was Candide) would probably have appealed to Voltaire on another score, that of the execrable intolerance of the Jews and their high priests. ¹²

Today, in France, the re-editions of some of the works of the 'patriarch of Ferney' are expurgated, for fear of displeasing the Jews. No-one can doubt that, if he came back to this world, Voltaire, following Töben's example, would be 'put inside' for his disrespectful questions. Even Switzerland, where in his time Voltaire knew he could find refuge, would not fail to lock him up today.

Note on a false attribution to Voltaire

It is by mistake that the following remark is attributed to Voltaire: 'I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it', sometimes with the adjunct 'Monsieur l'abbé…'. In reality, a London author called Stephen G. Tallentyre (real name – Evelyn B. Hall) in *The Friends of Voltaire* (1906) wrote on the subject of the attitude taken by Voltaire in case of an intense disagreement with an adversary: 'I disapprove of what you say but I will defend to the death your right to say it was his attitude now'.¹⁵

Robert Faurisson Vichy, France 22 August 2000

An eerily touching, slightly unsettling, disquieting experience

Nine words have haunted me from the moment they were uttered by Dr Fredrick Töben during his visit to Toronto, Canada, where I interviewed him at length for my *Voice of Freedom* satellite television show. He said, no doubt to please me with a compliment, 'I want to be the Ernst Zündel of Australia'. Little did we both know that his wish would be granted by fate faster than either one of us could realise at the time.

Töben had arrived in Toronto on a fact-finding trip through many countries, trying to strengthen emotional bonds and cooperation with leading revisionists. He looked sun-tanned and in good physical shape – a man of rugged features, muscularly built, with a ready smile, in his eyes a mischievous twinkle. He looked every inch the accomplished professor. As he sat there, utterly relaxed, in my basement studio, he struck me more as a hobbyist philosopher than as a candidate for martyrdom. He willingly answered my probing questions about his life, his upbringing, his education, his travels – and, above all, his encounter with, and finally his embrace of, revisionism.

As the interview progressed, fine pearls of perspiration were beginning to form on his forehead and upper lip from the unrelenting heat put out by the powerful lights necessary to produce those crisp, sharp images suitable for broadcasting on television. Probing, recorded TV interviews are very similar in 'feel' for the interview 'victim' as are police interrogations or court cross-examinations in the witness box. As I put question after question to him, I thought to myself, 'If this man wants to be the Ernst Zündel of Australia, this will be as good an introduction to what will be in store for him as any'.

I watched and listened intently, making mental notes, as Töben answered my questions in a firm and pleasant voice, not once getting rattled in the process. Words were rolling off his lips with the elegance and ease of a man, university-trained, sure of a polished vocabulary and a quickness of mind that was bound to confound judges and, especially, prosecutors in the future, should his odd wish be granted. After all, I had been the reviled and vilified 'Canadian Ernst Zündel' for more than 40 years, a role not always easy, involving as it did not only politically romantic, constitutionally granted and supposedly state-protected street activism – but having to face terror, bombs, arson and numerous jailings along the way.

The minutes turned into an hour, then two. During tape changes, Töben would mop his brow, banter with my sound and lighting crew and engage in animated conversation with the cameraman. I was warming to my interview subject. This man was no cream puff. He was not going to be a pushover inside or outside the courtroom or during any public debate. He was articulate, polite and firm. He had good recall of facts and placed them in the context of history, religion and politics with ease and comfort, weaving a virtual tapestry of his mind.

I thought to myself, 'No doubt he can hold his own in an academic setting. He has the intellectual tools and rhetorical skills to wrestle with the forces of evil he will encounter in his path. But does he have the 'right stuff'?'. Would he have the emotional stability, the grin-and-bear-it attitude he would have to possess to sustain him through sleepless nights spent in dank cells shared with wife beaters and axe murderers? Would he be able to take the daily hurts and indignities, the endless harassment by police, customs, immigration, the media, the diabolically clever mental and psychological persecution daily inflicted on the Ernst Zündels, the Robert Faurissons, the David Irvings of this world? The answers to those questions would have to be answered, I thought that evening, in other places and at future times. I could probe his heart, his mind, even try to get a glimpse of the inner workings and make-up of his soul - only an inscrutable fate veiled from mortal men would reveal the true and sum-total of the man, Fredrick Töben, when he had to confront his tormentors - as he most certainly would, should he continue on his trajectory of becoming the 'Ernst Zündel' of his adopted country.

For me, the meeting with Töben was an eerily touching, slightly unsettling, disquieting experience for I felt as if I were given a future peek into the keyhole of history unfolding. I knew that the man who sat there so leisurely would be arrested, would face interrogations, trials, tribulations, convictions and jailings if he persisted on his quest for truth at a time when governments of Western countries have declared that when it comes to World War II and, especially, the Holocaust, truth was not allowed as a defence. What I could not know was the dizzying speed with which fate would catch up with Töben and grant him his odd wish.

The details of Töben's trip to Germany, his visit to Hans-Heiko Klein, the apparently legally sanctioned entrapment in the prosecutor's very office,

Forewords

his arrest and months-long ordeal in prison and subsequent developments are told in this book. This experience of the 'Töben Arrest' made headlines around the world and showed up Germany as the ruthless dictatorship it has become. It must be seen as a juncture – a most critical juncture for every revisionist in similar circumstances. Germans call it 'die Feuertaufe' (baptism by fire).

Under pressure and duress, ostensibly strong men have weakened, agreed to compromises with prosecutors and police, and casually betrayed their cause, once so fervently expressed, in order to avoid prosecution and imprisonment. Fredrick Töben did not weaken. He went to prison like a man. The rest is history.

Töben's life has since taken on many similarities to mine. The press coverage has been distorted and poisoned. His life is now, as was mine, riddled with official harassment, with 'invitations' to appear before a human rights tribunal, and similar indignities. He has achieved notoriety and has been vilified for what he believes – or more correctly, what he does not believe. As has happened to me for four long decades, he is now disliked by many who are brainwashed and hated by those who hate the truth, who hate to have their actions and lies scrutinised in public. He is feared for the clarity of his mind and honesty of his words by the morally bankrupt political elite and the prostituted media of his adopted country.

I also know from first-hand experience that he will be admired and even revered and loved by some that can appreciate a man of principle in an age of pervasive compromise. But make no mistake. This is the mere beginning of the Australian saga in the struggle for freedom of speech and belief, not the end.

Front-line revisionist activists who will have lasting impact are forged into fine steel blades through a lot of hard, repeated hammer blows of destiny on the anvil of history so that they serve as tools with which to cut the Gordian knot of lies.

Ernst Zündel Toronto, Ontario, Canada 9 November 2000

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Endnotes

- 1 Adelaide Institute newsletter, Jan. 1998, pp. 1, 8.
- 2 Adelaide Institute newsletter, Feb. 1998, p. 10.
- 3 http://pubweb.nwu.edu/~abutz.
- 4 Prisoners of Conscience (Amnesty International Publications, London, 1981), pp. 1-2.
- 5 Egon Larsen, A Flame in Barbed Wire (Frederick Muller, London, 1978; W.W. Norton, NY, 1979).

- 6 Efraim Zuroff, Israeli director of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, quoted in the *New York Times*, 14.1.1995, p. 6.
- 7 Chicago Tribune, 15.12.1993 (sec. 1, pp. 1, 16), 19.12.1993 (sec. 1, p. 4) and 27.6.1994 (sec. 1, p. 4). Publicly the talk was about stopping 'neo-Nazi' propaganda but that is a common camouflage or package term when Holocaust revisionism is a target that it would be inexpedient to identify.
- 8 Voltaire (1694–1778) was notably the author of *Candide ou l'Optimisme* (philosophical tale, 1759), *Le Huron ou l'Ingénu* (satirical tale, 1767) as well as the *Dictionnaire philosophique ou la Raison par alphabet* (1764). He intervened in a series of court cases, such as that of the Calvinist Jean Calas, to speak out against what he called the crimes of intolerance or of superstition. He spent his last 20 years at Ferney, near the Swiss border.
- 9 Le Monde, 21.2.1979.
- 10 Le Nouveau Quotidien, Lausanne, 2 and 3.9.1996.
- 11 Valérie Igounet, *Histoire du négationnisme en France* (Éditions du Seuil, Paris, 2000), pp. 613-52.
- 12 See Henri Labroue, *Voltaire antijuif* (Les Documents contemporains, Paris, 1942).
- 13 Paul F. Boller jnr and John George, *They Never Said It: A Book of Fake Quotes, Misquotes, and Misleading Attributions* (OUP, New York and Oxford, 1989), pp. 124–26. Such is, in any case, the information that I have drawn from an article in *L'Intermédiaire des chercheurs et curieux* (November 1993, p. 1157), kindly sent to me seven years ago by the Belgian revisionist Pierre Moreau, to whom I had confided my failure to find the remark in any of Voltaire's writings.

Preface

The title of the fourth chapter of John Sabini and Maury Silver's *Moralities of Everyday Life* was 'On Destroying the Innocent with a Clear Conscience: A Sociopsychology of the Holocaust'. Therein they claim that *Kristallnacht* was 'an outpouring of hatred, vicious anti-Semitism, and unrestrained sadism [that] appears to display the essence of the Holocaust'. Sabini and Silver went on to say:

But *Kristallnacht* cannot be our focus: A pogrom, an instrument of terror, is typical of the long-standing tradition of European anti-Semitism, not the new Nazi order, not the systematic extermination of European Jewry. Mob violence is a primitive, ineffective technique of extermination. It is an effective method of terrorizing a population, keeping people in their place, perhaps even of forcing some to abandon their religious or political convictions. But these were never Hitler's aims with regard to the Jews; he meant to destroy them').

The premise on which the chapter rests is that there was a state-run extermination program. No mention is made of a forced program of deportations – except to extermination centres, the notorious concentration death camps. There is no doubt about that, and so wild speculation begins and the mental framework for an alleged academic chapter is set in concrete:

Consider the numbers. The German state approximately six million Jews. At the rate of one hundred per day this would have required nearly two hundred years. Mob violence rests on the wrong psychological basis, on violent emotion. People can be manipulated into fury, but fury cannot be maintained for two hundred years. Emotions have a natural time course; lust, even blood lust, is eventually sated ... Comprehensive, exhaustive murder required the replacement of the mob with a bureaucracy, the replacement of shared rage with obedience to authority. The requisite bureaucracy would be effective whether staffed by extreme or tepid anti-Semites, considerably broadening the pool of recruits; it would govern the actions of its members not by arousing passions, but by organizing routines; it would make only distinctions it was designed to make ... It was this bureaucratisation of evil, the institutionalisation of murder, that marked the Third Reich ... It is not the angry rioter we must understand, but Eichmann, the colorless bureaucrat, replicated two million times in those who assembled the trains, dispatched the supplies, manufactured the poison gas, filled the paper work, sent out the

death notices, guarded the prisoners, pointed left and right, supervised the loading-unloading of the vans, disposed of the ashes, and performed the countless other tasks that constituted the Holocaust.²

Daniel Goldhagen continues this theme on a grand scale, concluding that the Germans have a built-in disposition for murdering people, in particular Jews.⁵ Not once does Goldhagen question the premise on which his thesis rests, though it is interesting to note that he sidelines the homicidal gas chamber argument.

It must be noted that Sabini and Silver wrote their book before the 1988 Toronto Zündel 'false news trial' produced The Leuchter Report, and before Mikhail Gorbachev returned the Auschwitz death books in 1989. The latter created the sensation that the 4 000 000 death figure at Auschwitz was somehow reduced to between 1 000 000 and 1 500 000. Justifications for such a reduction are not detailed in any way. Dr Franciszek Piper claims that the above number contained 900 000 'unregistered' deaths. He suggests thereby that an efficient German bureaucracy would permit a process, such as the alleged extermination, to remain unrecorded. Further, if it did, then the bureaucratic efficiency claim becomes absurd, and one has to resort to an explanation that the murderous machinery of death was started not by any written order but by a mere 'wink and nudge' because everyone knew what had to be done. Hitler's hatred for the Jews was so great that the prime reason for the war effort focused on one goal only - to kill as many Jews as possible. When we hear such rubbish from so-called academic intellectuals, then we have reached the lowest level of scholarship.

Sabini and Silver's fourth chapter is divided into the following headings that sum up their moral argument, which rests on a false and unproven premise, namely, that the Germans systematically exterminated European Jewry in homicidal gas chambers:

Obedience to authority
Morality and the legitimacy of authority
Responsibility and intent - conscience and desire; entrapment
Brutality and emotional response
Moral judgment and peer influence
Coda.

Why bother reproducing the thoughts of those who, in my view, are either ignorant or liars? Two sentences in their penultimate paragraph in the chapter answer this: 'We are accustomed to think that once we have understood how someone came to do something, we then can forgive. In this case, we cannot allow understanding to mislead us to excuse or forgive'. This kind of talk hides a dissembling mindset – the eye-for-aneye policy – in this instance resting on a false premise. The temptation is there to draw attention to the Talmudic mindset with its 'revenge'

obsession. This would particularise the argument to the point where Jews would be singled out as the only factor influencing a concerted effort to continue a policy of hatred against Germany. Such a perspective is too limiting. The Jewish mindset has no monopoly over the eye-for-an-eye mentality because it is a human factor found wherever humans congregate.

Hence, the fact that the geriatric Schwammberger sits in Mannheim Prison until his death because he allegedly 'pointed left and right' is of interest here. Blame cannot be sheeted home to 'the Jews' for that. It remains an injustice that needs to be addressed by those groups who claim to defend human rights abuse around the world.

We may ask, 'Why does this persecution of former Germans and their fighting allies persist?'. It persists because the Germans let it happen. Why? It persists only because Germany still has not - 55 years after the end of World War II - signed a peace treaty with any of the wartime allies. In the meantime, the Soviet Union has ceased to exist, and France and Great Britain cannot maintain superpower status over Germany any more. Only the USA has the interest to retain control of a Germany that has, again, become the powerhouse of a united Europe. Any demands made on the German government (some would call it an illegal government) cannot be rejected because there is no legal mechanism with which it can be done. Japan successfully rejected compensation claims from former Australian soldiers on the grounds that Japan signed a peace treaty and paid some compensation to the Allies.

Why do the Germans let it happen to themselves? Why do they not rise up against this wicked lie of mass exterminations in homicidal gas chambers? The answer is manifold.

- 1. Those that do speak out in public are given the legal treatment: fines and imprisonment. German law prohibits any balanced discussion of the Nazi period. Hence, there is a state-protected ideology, just as the Soviet Union protected its Marxist ideology by sending its dissenters to the gulags. Did the ordinary Soviet citizens speak out against this outrage of sending individuals to labour camps because they refused to embrace the state ideology? Not really. Only when the economic situation worsened did individuals jump on the bandwagon of political dissent.
- 2. The majority of Germans would rather maintain their economic wellbeing and its accompanying social status than seek the truth about those gassing allegations.
- 3. Most of the younger generation is not interested in pursuing the truth about historical matters because consumerism-hedonism has enthralled them.

- 4. Dare one mention it? The Germans moved from National Socialism to National Masochism? The guilt trip, the *mea culpa* enraptures those who have still a semblance of moral awareness. Germans love to feel guilty about the non-event of the homicidal gassings!
- 5. Dr Wilhelm Stäglich claims that all it takes to bring down the Auschwitz myth is for a few courageous judges to stop pandering to it, and reclaiming the search for historical truth as a defence.

Such were some of the thoughts that moved me as I planned my second revisionist trip to Europe. The Adelaide Institute had held an International Revisionist Symposium in August 1998 and the logical step for me in 1999 was to pursue these matters in person. It seemed important for me to gain a deeper understanding of how the German judiciary operated. By judiciary I meant the individuals who interpreted the German Basic Law that sets the parameters for the German people's thinking.

During my first revisionist trip, I had made a brief acquaintance with state prosecutor, Hans-Heiko Klein in Mannheim, Germany in April 1997. He was familiar with our activities and had since received copies of our newsletters. I thought it would be a good idea to again discuss with him the results of my latest findings on this Holocaust topic, especially after teaming up in Prague with veteran revisionists Jürgen Graf and Carlo Mattogno.

I pride myself in being an approachable person, having few prejudices and being someone who seeks a dialogue not only with friend but also with foe. Talking with the converted is easy – talking with 'the enemy' requires a diplomacy that I think I possess. What makes the enemy tick? That is my worry to this day.

However, unlike Sabini and Silver in their surmise above, I wish to gain an understanding of the complexity of the issue, then to 'excuse and forgive' the ignorant but not to 'excuse and forgive' those that know they are telling lies. Why? Cowards and morally mutated individuals tell lies – often under the guise of wishing to protect others from some perceived hurt. A rigorous self-critical analysis can help in liberating such misguided individuals from the hate-filled chains of self-deception.

It is hoped that the following will shed some light on what goes on in the heads of those individuals who uphold the homicidal gas chambers lie.

Finally, at the 13th IHR International Revisionist Conference in California from 27 to 29 May 2000, I titled my talk, 'The Holocaust/Shoah Enforcers. The Flight from Reason and the Cravings for Superstition and Dogma'. Therein I asked how would historians in 100 years from now look upon the Holocaust myth, defined as the allegation that Germans

during World War II systematically exterminated European Jewry in homicidal gas chambers?

I thought I could see a trend emerging in a book by 93-year-old Jacques Barzun, a former professor of history at Columbia University, the author of some 30 books and twice president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. I looked in its Index of Subjects and there is no mention of the Holocaust nor is there anything about Auschwitz. Einstein is mentioned five times in the Index of Persons but Hitler only four times. The 'Jewish massacre' is mentioned; something that Jean-Claude Pressac said should replace the use of Holocaust.

Barzun wrote:

What distinguishes from other mass killings the two egregious examples of the 20C, the Russian of the kulaks (enriched farmers) and the German of Jews, Gypsies, and others marked for destruction by their beliefs, is that they were deliberate and systematic, and in the German, abetted by science. In neither instance was it the soldiers' frenzy in victory or the populace avenging against their neighbors some old grievance. There is no excuse for massacre in any case, but history set a kind of standard that these acts of national policy violated ... The modern attempts at genocide were ignobly intellectual: the kulaks' existence contradicted the theory of Communism, and the German victims were "racially harmful" to the nation. Granted the mix of other objectives - for the Germans a scapegoat, for the Russians, money and land, and for both a unifying effect- the blot remains that a pair of ideas, long matured and held as true by millions outside the scene of their application, should have produced a special kind of sophisticated crime.5

Barzun's opinion indicates that historical revisionism is alive and well, and that, for example, Germar Rudolf's scientific analysis of the homicidal gas chamber allegation is more important than ever before. Leuchter's 1988 report was groundbreaking; Rudolf's is definitive and remains unrefuted to this day.

Fredrick Töben Adelaide, South Australia 11 November 2000

Endnotes

1 John Sabini & Maury Silver, Moralities of Everyday Life (Oxford University Press, Oxford, 1982), p. 55.

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- 2 Sabini & Silver, Moralities of Everyday Life, p. 56.
- 5 Daniel Jonah Goldhagen, Hitler's Willing Executioners (Alfred A. Knopf Inc., New York, 1996).
- 4 Sabini & Silver, Moralities of Everyday Life, p. 87.
- 5 Jacques Barzun, From Dawn To Decadence: 1500 To The Present 500 Years of Western Cultural Life (HarperCollins, New York, 2000), p. 748.

Freedom of speech - a global issue

The Director of Adelaide Institute, Dr Fredrick Töben, will travel to Europe in March-April on a study trip that aims to challenge various European countries' free speech standards. 'As a barometer measurement, I shall seek the views of judges, politicians and other leading citizens on the alleged existence of the 'Auschwitz homicidal gas chamber' claims made by alleged survivors of this concentration camp', Dr Töben said.

'For over 50 years we have been led to believe that gassing claims are a fact – but this has never been tested in any court. What has been tested is the hurt caused to people by a questioning of this allegation – and that is pure emotional blackmail', he said. 'In particular, it is time to challenge the German legal system, which is an illegal system because the current political system is the creation of the Allies, the occupation forces of 1945. In effect, the German Reich still exists – de jura. This means that the draconian Paragraph 130 and Paragraph 220 of German law, designed to catch all dissent – and which imprisons for five years anyone who questions the details of derived Holocaust history – is illegal!'.

Dr Töben said that he has already telephoned two judges, who have imprisoned politician Günter Deckert and historian Udo Walendy for denying that homicidal gas chambers at Auschwitz ever existed. 'I have advised them of my coming and of my desire to speak with them and to show them documentary evidence that speaks against the extermination thesis. I cannot prove that the gassings never happened because how can I prove something that didn't happen?', he said.

Dr Töben hopes to win the support of the judges to establish an international committee that will look into the feasibility of homicidal gassings at the various concentration camps during World War II. 'We have to look into this with some objectivity because to date it is politically incorrect to express doubt on this issue,' Dr Töben said. 'The fact that Dr Joel Hayward, of Massey University, New Zealand, in 1993 wrote his MA thesis on this topic – and concluded that there is no evidence to support the homicidal gassing allegations – leads me to conclude that it is time to seek out the truth'.

For a running commentary throughout his travels into eastern Europe's archives, visit Dr Töben's diary at www.adelaideinstitute.org.

Edited from an Adelaide Institute media release of 3 February 1999.

Töben to challenge genocide stance

Controversial Goroke identity Dr. Fredrick Töben flies to Europe today to challenge the German ban on denying the Nazi genocide of Iews.

Dr. Töben said SBS television had expressed an interest in his crusade especially because other so-called revisionists, that is, historians who deny that there was a concerted Nazi campaign to eliminate Jews, had ended up in German jails because of their beliefs.

'I have no intention of breaking German law but I do want to talk to judges, prosecutors and others about the ban, I want to challenge the authorities there on the freedom of speech issue,' Dr. Töben said.

'The German authorities have to realise that discussing such things as the gas chambers is a legitimate intellectual exercise and that people should be able to discuss it without being called anti-semitic, anti-lewish or a hater of Israel.

'People have to be able to inquire openly into the whole question'.

'There are about 6000 people being held in German prisons because they have been convicted of holocaust denial. Many of them are members of various right wing extremist groups but not all of them. Some are academics who have been jailed for translating revisionist material into German.'

Dr. Töben said the law had been tightened up in Germany over several years. First it had been defaming the memory of the dead but now anyone questioning, either verbally or in writing, the holocaust could be jailed after the authorities took what was called 'judicial notice'.

'The whole problem is that no peace treaty was signed with Germany - technically speaking there is just a ceasefire,' he said.

Dr. Töben expects to be in Europe for six to eight weeks and will visit Ukraine and Poland as well as Germany. He will meet up with revisionists from around the world for a conference and study tour while away.

He has an appointment to see one German judge on April 9 and hopes to meet others. He has with him a masters thesis completed by a New Zealand academic and accepted by a university in that country which Dr. Töben said provided strong evidence for a revised view of what happened to Jews in the Second World War.

The former Goroke school teacher is now intimately involved with the think-tank, the Adelaide Institute, which is a forum for revisionists.

Where Truth Is No Defence, I Want To Break Free

German-born, Dr. Töben is a doctor of philosophy and taught at Goroke for two years until February 1985 when the Education Department dismissed him claiming incompetence and disobedience.

He then drove a school bus for four years. Melbourne County Court subsequently found his dismissal was invalid and of no legal effect.

He was not reinstated but did find work in 1994 as a relief teacher in Adelaide. He recounted his experiences in Goroke as a teacher in a book published last year.

Reprinted from The Wimmera Mail-Times, 22.2.1999. Töben's book is The Boston-Curry Party (Peace Books, Adelaide, 1998).

The Journey Begins

Monday, 22 February 1999

On the eve of my departure day, Sinn Fein leader Gerry Adams arrived. Prime Minister John Howard claims he will not meet with him while Premier Jeff Kennett in Victoria has said he would. Kennett also made a comment about South Sea Islanders having arrived in Australia before the Aboriginal peoples. Both Howard and Kennett are the best political leaders the Liberal Party can offer. I wonder whether both of them have heard Lao-tsze's wise saying:

Govern a great nation as you would cook a small fish. Don't overdo it.

Both, it seems, would agree to continue the ban on British historian David Irving who cannot enter Australia on account of his 'bad character' which stems from a conviction in Germany. What was Irving's crime? He merely told a German audience that the alleged gas chamber shown to tourists at Auschwitz is a fraud – which is true. So, truth telling is a criminal offence in Germany!

My flight with Qantas to Singapore was uneventful but while waiting for the connecting flight to Frankfurt I met a number of Germans who wholeheartedly believe in the Auschwitz homicidal gas chamber story. There was an elderly lady with a slight trace of a German accent. She informed me that she had been a refugee from Pommern after the war. I informed her that the war is still continuing because Germany still has not signed a peace treaty with its former enemies. She smiled and her English husband expressed surprise. I then wished to cheer him up a little by mentioning the facts about the alleged homicidal gas chamber story. I thought he would welcome my news. Instead, he became agitated and rose from his seat, exclaiming, 'I know people who lost their lives in gas chambers'. I responded by saying that there were no homicidal gas chambers anywhere within places under German control. He jumped about, then disappeared. I asked his wife whether I should pursue him. She smilingly advised against this.

At Frankfurt Airport in one toilet I read 'Kill all Germans with Zyclon B gas'. The myth continues to flourish!

Tuesday, 23 February 1999

After my arrival at Heathrow Airport I found my suitcase had missed its flight to London. What to do? Just keep the shirt on for another day – and meet up with the world's leading revisionist, Germar Rudolf. He has an interesting proposal concerning the future of world revisionist research coming together in one English language publication. More on that at a later date, suffice to say now that Adelaide Institute Online will most likely be involved in this venture.

He is continuing to publish his 'Vierteljahreshefte für freie Geschichtsforschung' (VffG). As well, Rudolf hosts a number of websites that carry the complete texts of books burnt by German authorities. It is his aim to thereby undermine these acts of barbarity.

Wednesday, 24 February 1999

Travelled with Germar Rudolf to Welshpool, Wales where Nick Griffin of the British National Party (BNP) lives on a farm with his family. Griffin was recently convicted at Harrow Crown Court for 'incitement to racial hatred'. He had to pay costs and his sentence was suspended which means that he has to be a good boy for a year to two. His proposed trip to Australia has been postponed owing to his deeper involvement with the BNP. Interestingly, the BNP is encouraging Welsh and Scottish patriotism–nationalism, something the Germans would dearly love to practice but cannot because the Auschwitz club awaits them. Wales is a bi-lingual country in all aspects. Schools teach Welsh as the first language and English as a foreign language.

Early evening we returned to our base and from there visited a fine English residence whose owner is steeped in tradition, stretching back many hundreds of years. We wined and dined with his family until the wee hours of the morning – slept well until the incessant crowing of two cocks awoke us.

Thursday, 25 February 1999

After breakfast and a tour of the estate it was time to journey to London, there to dine with Lady Michele Renouf at the Reform Club – again a most delightful and fruitful occasion. The Thackeray Society met and discussed aspects of the 'myths of the Tory Party … trial and error formalised … frivolous stalking horses sent to knacker's yard … constitutional outrage … Butler's 'If I'd been less of a gentleman' … '. In this context, some unpublished details were raised about British colonial policy, in particular towards Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence and the subsequent emergence of Zimbabwe. The speaker recounted how Lord Soames managed to pull Ian Smith in line and yield power to Robert Mugabe. I commented how the 'one man, one vote' slogan that initiated the transfer of power, after two decades, revealed its true colour of treachery and deceit, something those in Rhodesia at the time predicted would happen. I was in the Salisbury Airport tower just

as Soames' plane landed – on time! Tower personnel glowed with British pride as the plane came to a full stop at the terminal. It was predicted that such punctuality, such reliability would become a past event in the future Zimbabwe.

We had an evening's stroll, and I felt quite safe – past the Queen Mother's residence!

Friday, 26 February 1999

During the morning I visited the Old Bailey courtroom where alleged war criminal, Anthony Sawoniuk, was being tried for alleged crimes he committed in Belarus during World War II. I recalled my observing the proceedings at the first Australian war crimes trial in Adelaide where Ivan Polyukhovic, too, had to face hostile witnesses who had harboured a personal hatred against him – not because of what he was alleged to have done but because his actions had offended family honour. Whether this first British war crimes trial rests on similar subjectivism will be known in time.

On a 4 p.m. British Midlands flight to Prague, arriving at 7 p.m. local time. Per taxi to Maria's place, the diplomatic quarters of town. Even in the dark this area of the city recalls the grand old days at the turn of the 19th century where beautiful buildings and tree-lined avenues celebrated a glorious lifestyle of cultural affluence.

Since the 'liberation' from Soviet ideology, and national independence as the Czech Republic, only one thing matters – money.

Saturday, 27 February 1999

De-briefing with Jürgen Graf and Carlo Mattogno. Main archives closed owing to transfer to new location. Military archives and Ministry of Interior accessible, and 150 pages ordered. Most important, first formal Germans ordered destruction (Vernichtungsbefehl) but document destruction could not be done at random. It concerned military installations. It is possible that Auschwitz documents were destroyed in such a way. Maps of Birkenau: important for Mattogno's study of the meaning of Sonderbehandlung - without any doubt it means delousing, showering and sauna. Documents of Slovak Jews transferred to Auschwitz in October-November 1944. Acquire Chechian literature about Theresienstadt. By accident Graf discovers a Czech version of R. Vrba's book I cannot forgive with an account of the 1943 visit by Himmler and a description of the gassing of 3000 Jews deleted!

Poland

Sunday, 28 February 1999

Train journey to Walbrzych (Waldenburg) and from there, per taxi, to Gross Rosen Concentration Camp. Inspection of a mobile KORY furnace fired by petrol. Visit of showers and steam delousing chamber, and acquiring two important death books of the camp that contain 9000 names. During the communist era there was a claim of 200 000 deaths for Gross Rosen, now it is down to 40 000. And no homicidal gassing claim is now made out. Camp is of limited interest to revisionists.

Monday, 1 March 1999

A visit to the Walbrzych archives yielded some results – something strange: why would there be lists of Jewish prisoners who were transferred from Auschwitz to Gross Rosen Concentration Camp (and vice versa) as late as November 1944? Bearing in mind that the concentration camp commanders could only recommend transfers but not enact them, this late transfer raises interesting problems. A 1980 book on the Gross Rosen Concentration Camp mentions homicidal gas chambers but states that they were never used. The death toll of 40 000 cannot be verified though there are 9000 certified deaths.

Tuesday, 2 March 1999

The Walbrzych archives were closed and so we visited the editor and publisher of stanczyk, a cultural magazine that has in the past touched on revisionist topics. Tomasz Gabis has an interesting vision of the world. He talks of the European empire and the Judaic empire, the latter being the USA. He sees Israel as a ghetto of Judaica's Imperium and Netanjahu as part of the Judenrat. And he predicts that in time the Israeli population will be evacuated to the USA from where they will attempt to rule the world.

Since January this year it is not possible to talk about Holocaust matters because such things are off-limits. Nazism and communism are lumped together and any positive evaluation of same is a criminal matter – note well that the communist system escapes legal sanction and it is obvious that the legal restraint is aimed to control an open discussion about the Holocaust.

Gabis thinks that the concentration camps ought to be abandoned as places of grief. Those who want to retain them should be free to maintain them privately – but not funded by the state and taxpayer. The camps are a symbol of USA imperialism, and European sovereignty is thereby undermined. It is the Americans who constantly tell the Europeans that since 1945 it is the USA that has liberated the continent. The view of Europe is thus one formulated by USA and Soviet Russian imperialism – something that Gabis finds intolerable. He thus demands that the camps be eliminated because they legitimate the new USA-Russian imperialism. Gabis is against the victim cult which emerges out of this concentration camp industry.

Gabis advocates 'realpolitik' – not criminalise, idealise, ideologise Holocaust religion.

Wednesday, 3 March 1999

In Wroclaw-Breslau. A beautiful city, full of youngsters desperately seeking to join the Western consumer world. There are too many young beggars in the streets – young men asking young professional-looking women for money. Is all this necessary?

Jürgen Graf and Carlo Mattogno are in the archives but find nothing of value. I am attempting to send this report from a computer room at the University of Wratislaviersis. Here Charles Darwin and John Stuart Mill, on 4 August 1861, received honorary doctorates. Emperor Leopold founded the university in 1702; the Aula Leopoldina celebrates its Silesian baroque doorway.

Thursday, 4 March 1999

Katowitz archives. First relatively successful day – ordered some 100 copies, not sensational but of value. Excellent maps of the Auschwitz area, documents about the spotted fever epidemic raging in 1941–43; statistics about the Jewish population of this area. Copies not immediately available which upsets plans. To call the archives on Monday whether they will be ready Tuesday morning.

In the morning I travelled to Birkenau. On my walk along the long road to the end of the camp – along the railway line – where 20 plaques once stated that 4 000 000 people had been gassed in this camp, it is now reduced to 1 000 000 to 1 500 000. Halfway a guard appears but he does not challenge me. He seems to obey a whistle from the guard-house at the entrance to the camp. Another person followed me while I positioned myself near the alleged gas chamber at Krema II. I follow him and he gradually melts away. The roof of the alleged gas chamber, Krema II, is clear. It is a mild day and it is possible to look at the roof in detail and there is no evidence of four gas insertion holes.

There is a new sign next to Krema II which shows quite clearly that four gas insertion holes are there: they are labelled as such. How is such a

deception possible without being known by the Auschwitz administration? At the same time Auschwitz Stammlager is still showing thousands of tourists the fraudulent Krema I and selling that as a homicidal gas chamber.

Friday, 5 March 1999

Trip to Krakau into the archives of the local 'Commission for the investigation of crimes against the Polish people', formerly 'German crimes in Poland'. Aimed to obtain documents. About 13 500 West European Jews were treated at the hospital and sent back to the camp. The archives are being 'liquidated' and transferred to the 'Main Commission' in Warsaw.

Returned to Auschwitz museum. Carlo Mattogno was admitted and he presented a list of documents he wished to view. After half-an-hour waiting he was informed by a lady employee that he would not be admitted to the archives because 'You did not announce your visit' and because the assistant director, Dr Krystina Oleksy, was absent. Some useful reference books were acquired – almost complete Sterbebücher of the Zigeunerlager which will be useful for Mattogno's future book about the mortality rate at Auschwitz.

Saturday, 6 March 1999

Off by Intercity train to Warsaw. Difficult to get a hotel bed for the night. A tremendous influx of Israelis taking up all the expensive hotels. We find a small one outside the city limits at Lomianki. Work out our transport requirements and off to bed. These early starts and late nights are taxing my energy.

Sunday, 7 March 1999

Visiting Chelmno. Took some photographs of what little there is to see.

Monday, 8 March 1999

Graf and Mattogno visited the Jewish Institute but its archives were closed. Bought some useful books and some material from a Jewish historical review containing the genesis of the Holocaust legend.

I spend the day thus:

- Collected my Slovakia visa: efficient service done immediately and cheap.
- Observed a teachers' protest outside the Ministry of Education. A Mr Grabowsky informed me of the problems faced by teachers. I thought I was listening to a spokesperson from the Australian Education Union!
- Had a personal tour of the Polish parliament Sejm. My guide was a former teacher! The system appears to be democratic but quite

nationalistic. Two representatives from the German minority in parliament. Nationalism is flourishing in Poland – it is a unifying force.

 At the Ministry of Justice and the Polish Commission - worthwhile to recount the following:

I wish to find out what the public prosecutor had done with the Solomon Morel file after Israel refused to extradite this criminal to Poland. The guard, then various persons come along to help me find the right person to talk with – telephone calls are made to the Minister's office, Mrs Hanna Suchocka, to no avail. All the while the wardrobe lady – over 70, barely 5 ft 2 in. with her front teeth missing – makes some phone calls, then beckons me to follow her to the lift, while the guard protests, which she ignores. She takes me to an office where an extremely attractive Polish lady around 30 sits talking on the phone. The old lady informs her in no uncertain terms that I be attended to – and I am.

As the Polish government has used up its legal means to extradite Morel, this public prosecutor informs me, there is nothing Poland can do but close the case. I remind her of the recent Turkish episode in which Israeli's Mossad is rumoured to have had a hand in capturing the Kurdish leader – she smiles. I am also directed to another archive which handles delicate matters – but again something we heard upon entering Poland is told to me: the archive is being 'liquidated' and brought into a central place.

Tuesday, 9 March 1999

Jürgen Graf and Carlo Mattogno had a successful day – bought many books which are not available in Western Europe. For example, the complete Höss Aufzeichnungen not the mutilated version published in the West; some Polish books frequently quoted in Holocaust literature but not available or out of print; large portion of the Anne Frank diary.

Visited the AK partisan office for research in their archives in connection with David Brockschmidt's attempt to find out the truth of statements made by Yehuda Nir, one of a group of Jewish persons the Brockschmidt family protected during World War II. It appears that the Nir claim of having been a member of the partisan army is a lie.

National archives canteen very good and inexpensive food.

Ukraine

Wednesday, 10 March 1999

Another early start with Jürgen Graf and Carlo Mattogno – off to the Gdansk railway terminal for an 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. trip to Lvov (Polish, Russian)/Lviv (Ukrainian)/Lemberg (German). Delightful characters on the train and the following joke came over well:

Blair, Clinton and Yeltsin are in a Paris restaurant. The waiter asks Blair, 'Le gin?'. He asks Yeltsin, 'Le vodka?'. Then he asks Clinton, 'Le Whinsky?' (Whiskey). To which Clinton replies, 'Don't talk to me about that bitch!'.

Collected at the Lviv station by a lady, Dr R., my host in this beautiful town where the splendour of the Austrian–Hungarian empire is still in evidence.

Thursday, 11 March 1999

Visited Dr Orest Matsiuk, director of the Central State Historical Archives of Ukraine, who informs me that I require written authority from Kiev to delve into the Lviv archives. No use writing there – it would take too long and so I decide to make the trip to Kiev.

Dr R. informs me not to be optimistic because she thinks any negative references to Jewish personnel would have been sanitised by now – as is happening in many archives around the world. She informed me that she was in an education camp for Volksdeutsche in Chelmno – did not know about the concentration camp there – as late as June 1944 but the partisans were already sniping at them from the forest.

The Soviet regime plundered and demoralised Ukraine with its multicultural policy by fragmenting the nation and destroying the Ukrainian infrastructure and making all subservient to Moscow. Most NKVD people were under Jewish influence, if not outright Jews, she says. She was in a labour camp at Krakow. In December 1941 about 450 Jewish men, women and children were ordered to collect their belongings on their sleighs, then trekked out of town into the woods. Some people reported that they heard shootings and none of these people were ever heard of again. Their tailor was a blond, blue-eyed Jew.

Friday 12 March 1999

Today Poland joined NATO and thus becomes a listening post for the USA into the Russian empire (Latin script gives way to Cyrillic script) as Turkey is for Asia (Latin script gives way to Arabic script). More talk with Dr R. about her wartime experience and after, working in the 'demontage' section for the Soviets. The German firms apparently begged the Soviets not to dismantle their factories and promised to deliver goods to them in lieu of such destruction – to no avail. Most dismantled plants were never resurrected. Fortunately for the Germans, the loss of their dated factories benefited them. They had to begin anew and this gave them a start at the cutting edge.

Under the Austrian-Hungarian empire Lviv (Lemberg) and this region of Ukraine flourished. Many of the buildings of that period still stand in their splendour albeit in need of repairs. The Soviet administration sucked the lifeblood out of this region, something the naked capitalistic system currently flourishing here is also guilty of doing. Debt finance is blossoming – and Dr R. knows only too well who is responsible for such an inhuman system. I remind her that it is up to the Ukrainian people to resist – something she says they cannot because they have been demoralised for so many years by the Soviet slave system.

I write to Commissioners McEvoy and Cavenagh of Australia's Human Rights Commission:

Dear Mrs McEvoy

You should perhaps get a grant for a travel tour of Poland and Ukraine to then more effectively assess what our conflict with Jeremy Iones is all about.

I mentioned my HREOC conflict to a number of people from all walks of life – and they laugh because it reminds them of the Leninist-Stalinist show trials and its aftermath – until the ideology crumbled.

Now Poland and Ukraine suffer from exploitative capitalism.

Jeremy Jones's aim 'to stop them from functioning' – meaning to silence his critics by using words such as 'antisemite', 'hater', 'racist', 'anti-Jewish' – is in the true Leninist-Stalinist vein, and it has no place in Australia.

Jones tells lies about the Auschwitz concentration camp – and any judgment from you in his favour would support such lies. Do you want to be known as a supporter of liars?

Regards Fredrick Töben

*

Dear Mr Cavenagh

It would be of value for you to listen to what Poles and Ukrainians say about the Jewish influence on their lives during the

No wonder Jeremy Jones wishes 'to stop them from functioning', them meaning anyone who points out the evil side of Jewish influence.

Regards

Fredrick Töben

PS: I have mentioned my HREOC case to a number of people and they all agree that it is just like a Soviet-style show-trial that was controlled mainly by Jewish functionaries. Australia's social system is imperfect but still better than anything I have seen – and we have no room for liars and dictators like Jeremy Jones!

Saturday, 13 March 1999

A 14-hour train journey from Lviv to Kyiv (Kiev).

Sunday, 14 March 1999

After last night's departure from Lviv I have offended against the Kantian Categorical Imperative by sleeping with two married women yes, it has happened, but not to worry. It was in a train compartment that two ladies and I prepared ourselves for the night trip. The ladies even provided the food and wine and, in typical Ukrainian hospitality, invited me to partake. They also advised me when it was time for me to leave the compartment so that they could 'unrobe' for the night. They did likewise when it was my turn - in all just under five minutes. And then it was on until 1:30 a.m. - what? Learning English, of course. The ladies, Ira, in the hotel business, and Lyba, a lawyer's wife, are bent on learning English so that they can help their flailing economy in a 'tourism-led' recovery. Have I not heard that before? In fact, the social and economic problems I have witnessed here in Ukraine are a replica of what we are plagued with (except far more severe because we have an admirable social security network that picks up those who simply cannot look after themselves) - international finance plundering the country. It is all a repeat of what happened before the second world conflict began in Europe.

Some complaints I would make of the people – they smoke far too much, and spitting on footpaths is a terrible habit for most men. Then there are the public toilets – on the train and elsewhere – they all stink to high Heaven.

Yet the Ukrainian women are full-lipped and strong, and they work hard. But the younger generation of men and women – for example, sitting here in this Kiev Internet cafe – are already less robust in external appearance. At least they speak English – and my deciphering the

Cyrillic script has nose-dived since meeting my host here who is intent on making my Kiev stay as pleasant as possible.

Adelaide Institute's office is not plush but functional. It is in the heart of the city and I have a great view of its skyline.

With my host, Dr D. we visit the Babyn Yar memorial site – of interest is that since 1991, as a 50-year commemoration stunt, there is a Jewish memorial a few hundred metres from the official Stalinist site. We met a couple of elderly ladies and asked them about it. Both were not there at the time but had heard about the slaughter there. We then walked around the main Kiev sites: along the River Dnipro; the catacombs of Pecheyka Lavia – site of Ukrainian's early Christian cradle; St Sophia Cathedral; and so on. Kiev 1000 years ago was the third largest city after Rome and Byzantium. Ukraine accepted Christianity in 988 CE.

Monday, 15 March 1999

At the Central State Historical Archives I obtain permission to view documents. Nothing of importance is handed to me. Some reports of Jewish threats to Germany: 'It is our business to secure the moral and economic blockade of Germany in order to divide the nation ... It is our business, finally, to effect a war without mercy'12

(The Jewish Bernard Lecache in Le droit de vivre, Paris, 18.11.1938).

Within German military summaries, written in 1942, it is noted that Kiev's trams celebrated their 50th year having transported 4.4 billion people and travelled 423 000 000 km since May 1892.

Interesting to read that Germany invited unemployed Ukrainians into the Third Reich as 'guest workers' as late as 1942. And I thought *all* foreign workers in Germany during the war were 'slave workers'. Also, bureaucratic red tape documentation details everything the German occupation forces did to secure their hold on the newly acquired territories – and then there is no documentation to prove the alleged gassings at Auschwitz! Funny!

Before spending an evening with Dr D. in her beautiful apartment I met Igor, a Russian lawyer who prides himself in having shot bears with a Russian film star. He is an internationalist who has little time for Ukrainian nationalism and economic well-being. He reminded me so much of Jeremy Jones because Igor's policy is also to 'stop them from functioning'!

I feel sad that these types of people are wrecking the Ukrainian social structure – first by having imposed Soviet communism on the country and now unbridled capitalism which is ripping the soul out of the nation. Then again, if Ukrainians let it happen, then they deserve it, so someone said to me. Well, perhaps. But it is not easy to emerge from a communist soul-destroying system overnight. Even ten years is not enough to regain one's soul.

Speaking of souls, I had to walk on my heels to save my sole because my Chinese-made shoes that I bought for this trip sprang a leak by developing a crack. I had bought them in Adelaide because they looked comfortable – and they were. But in the snow-slush the leak worsened and I just felt uncomfortable with a wet foot to dry after a day's outing. I bought a similar pair of shoes for about \$60, this time a German model.

Tuesday, 16 March 1999

Nothing of importance at the archives – film material from 'The American Historical Association Committee For The Study Of War Documents, Washington 1959' seems to me pure propaganda.

Interesting material concerning transportation of POWs from Korinth to Saloniki, Greece on 28 May 1941; preparations of such transports is detailed – description of prisoners, their nationality: under this heading is also included 'Jewish'.

A document from bureaucratic guidelines states, 'Gelbe Armbinden mit der Anschrift 'Deutsche Wehrmacht' dürfen von Polen nicht getragen werden' (Poles are not to wear yellow armbands with the inscription 'German Armed Forces'). And I was led to believe that the wearing of the yellow Star of David was something unusual – lots of people wore all sorts of armbands, something that is normal in a state of war in which millions of people are being moved and categorised!

An entry: 12.10.1941 Dulag 241 Kommandantur:

Bitten um Zuweisung von 2.000 Broten für die in diesen Tagen eintreffenden ca. 6,000 Kriegsgefangenen. Es ist nicht möglich eine so große Menge Brot aus der Gegend zu beschaffen, um diese Kgf für 3 Tage während des Marsches zu verpflegen.

(Request 2000 loaves of bread for the expected influx of about 6000 prisoners of war. It is not possible to obtain such quantity of bread from this area in order to feed these POWs during the three-day march.)

There is also mention of Zwischenverpflegungslager (interim feeding camps). Reports about the POWs of 16 October 1941 – nationality: Ukrainian, Volksdeutscher, Russian, Bessarabian, Asian, Caucasian (Kaukasier), white Russian and Jewish.

There is a detailed instruction folder about the qualities that makes up a Jagdkommando – reminds me of the SAS or the Rhodesian Selous Scouts. Their training was just as rigorous – and all I can say is that the USA has its elite force as does Israel!

But that's another matter, is it not - the matter of double moral standards!

There is something from Gauleiter Erich Koch to Kiev General Kommissar Graf von der Schulenburg. Der Reichskommissar für die Ukraine Bücherei:

- I. Politik (politics)
- II. Fachwissen (science)
- III. Schöngeistige Literatur (literature beautiful for the mind).

Wednesday, 17 March 1999

Final day in archive and I receive what I wanted on the first day – the 'Document Collection of the History of World War II, no. 4620, vol. 2, Years 1941–45'. I assume this is the Fundbuch-Informator-Register of documents held by the Kiev archives. My translator – I can trust her because of her family's suffering under Stalinist's gulag policies which has deeply hurt her family – browses through this summary. There is something from a regional archive about the Buchenwald Concentration Camp – of no interest to me. More items perused, in Russian-Ukrainian, about eyewitness accounts of Babyn Yar, sabotage acts against Germans, partisan activities, illegal meetings of communist cells and the minutes of same! Eyewitness testimony is useless for us – we know what happened when the Ukrainian witnesses appeared at the Adelaide war crimes trials – did not one witness identify the accused sitting within the row of visitors, and the identified person turned out to be an American tourist!

List of Russian rail transport lists from France during 1947 – may be of interest and acquired. Includes list of nationalities – even Hebrew! So Jews were repatriated from west to east?

As I farewell the archives the person in charge of this particular section – Jakovleva Larisa Vasilivna – asks through my interpreter, Dr R., whether I have found what I was looking for. I say, 'No'. I then ask her how long she has been at the archives. 'Over 30 years and about 15 in charge', she replies. Well, she served the Soviet system and now she serves private enterprise by collecting handsomely from me for the copies of documents I requested. It is also of interest to note that she assisted the early researchers from the Australian government's public prosecutor's office who visited the archive in 1990–91 while preparing the first Australian war crimes trial. She then actually spent some time in Adelaide assisting with the trial.

My final question to her – and I look her deeply in the eyes – is this, 'Have any files ever been destroyed or is there anything that I have not been shown?' She also looks me closely in the eyes so that our noses touch and says, 'No'. Our Maori-style farewell amuses onlookers.

Thursday, 18 March 1999

A day of rest – a day of looking at cultural objects – and so ending an evening at a concert with Boris Zindels and his musician couple and child. Zindels is a specialist in producing CDs by performers of Russian classical music of the Soviet Union era. Friends had invited him to leave Ukraine within the Jewish immigration program but he refused. He did

make a partial effort to emigrate to Germany but after a few weeks there he returned to Ukraine. His external appearance reminds me so much of Serge Thion

Friday, 19 March 1999

Yalta. Besides the obvious historical interest in this place, meeting with Dr S. who spent many years certifying normal people as abnormal – as ordered by the courts. It is simple. On a sheet of paper he draws six squares, placing various items therein, in all except the last square which remains blank. In the first square it may be a drawing of a globe and an open book and in the following four a cross, a question mark, parallel lines, lines forming 90°. The blank square is filled by the 'patient' after the psychiatrist asks him a question anything. Usually *the* question is designed in such a way that the patient will 'incriminate' himself in some way, enough for the psychiatrist to fulfil the order handed down to him by a judge of a Soviet court.

Dissidents who dared criticise the Soviet Union were given this treatment – and I am reminded that our dear Jeremy Jones is desperately trying to get such a system established in Australia. After all, Jones' request to the Human Rights Commission is not to fine or imprison me but to have me counselled!

Although already sceptical about the nature of his work at the psychiatric hospital, Dr S. from the early 1970s supported dissenters – something that was later taken up openly by those who pushed the Jewish agenda. Jews were indeed persecuted in the crumbling Soviet Union because many had leading positions and expertise and their emigration would hurt the Soviet Union's standing in the world.

Hence the fact that dissenting doctors gained refugee status for Soviet Jews was somehow justified. But then we need to ask why would people leave a country in the first place and emigrate to Germany or the USA? Obvious, isn't it?

As recently as 1986 Dr S. was awarded a medal for his contribution to the Soviet's mental health development. He gave me the medal as a souvenir. [He died in 2000.]

Saturday, 20 March 1999

Yalta, on the south coast of the Crimean Peninsula, is worth a trip – even if it is only for the fact that a 2-hour continuous trolleybus drive joins it and the airport city of Simferopol. This must be the longest trolleybus line in the world! Also, the airport is massive – obviously a relic of the Soviet Union's military might.

A few kilometres out of Yalta lies the Livida Palace where from 4 to 11 February 1945 Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin held the Crimean (Yalta) Conference that adopted the 'Declaration of the Free Europe'. It aimed 'to obliterate the traces of Nazism and fascism and to build the democratic institutions by their own choice'. It was also here that the decision was

made to hold on 25 April 1945 in San Francisco a conference that would establish the United Nations. Interestingly, Ukraine and Belarus (albeit as Soviet Socialist Republics) were foundation members of the UN.

So, this trip for me was making contact with history – to wander in and about this beautiful palace. It once belonged to the Tsar's family which, of course, lost it when Nicholas II and his family were executed by Jewish Bolsheviks. The slim brochure from which I gleaned this information fails to mention this latter point. It still celebrates 'The Great Three' – Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin.

Sunday, 21 March 1999

I am happy to report that during a typical evening's Russian–Ukrainian–Polish drinking session (at which the women partake as equals) I acquitted myself handsomely. The dozen or so glasses of 50% home-brewed vodka did not knock me over, though the host was in a bad state the next day.

I was awake by 5.30 a.m., ready for a constitutional walk. This can be explained because while accompanying Jürgen Graf and Carlo Mattogno I must have gained some stamina while attempting to keep up with their blistering pace.

The 100-minute flight from Simferopol to Kiev in an ancient vibrating propeller Antonov reminded me how Soviet ideology locked up this part of the world for so many years – all for the sake of having a military war machine to match that of the USA – at the expense of its people's well-being.

Dissenters filled the gulags! The rather advanced and somewhat futuristicoriented national socialists of Germany, however, were no match for the materialism (unbridled consumerism coming out of the USA. The pinnacle today is, of course, Bill Clinton's mindset that generated a massive consumer turnover in the service industry.

Few Ukrainian politicians today care about an individual's well-being. After becoming independent of the Soviet Union, state enterprises and property were sold to politicians and others. One ex-prime minister is currently in the USA with a few billions trying to get USA citizenship. We may safely predict he will succeed.

And now it is time for me to board a kind of Orient Express which will take me from Kiev to Vienna in a couple of days. I am beginning to look forward to familiar surroundings in the West, though I admire how the Ukrainians attempt to get their country functioning properly.

This is a difficult task because there are too many people who sabotage things from within. It is so reminiscent of how some Australian industrial branches have been lopped off when there was no need to do so.

Next missive from Germany ... wish me luck!

Kiev Express To Vienna And Nuremberg

Monday, 22 March 1999

Still on the Kiev-Vienna Express. I have a three-person compartment to myself. This is the way to travel long distances – in pyjamas all day, and I justify this by claiming I deserve this rest after four weeks of travelling. I am trying to empathise with the refugees who travelled on these train tracks before, during and after the war – westwards and eastwards. Why are there detailed lists available of people who came into the Third Reich as willing guest workers from Ukraine? Why are the records missing for those who left Auschwitz? Well, there are records of those who did leave that camp during the war but these lists should be more extensive.

The train briefly stops at Lviv where my former host meets me at the station for a brief greeting. I inform her of my disappointing finds in the Kiev archives. She had anticipated such a clean-out. I reminded her of my own personal experience of having seen our Victorian education bureaucracy clean out my personnel file, and when it came to the exchange of documents just before the trial, the defence requested documents in my possession because the originals had been removed from the file.

So, what is new on this front of corrupt persons in bureaucracies? Is this not what is hurting the ordinary citizens in the former Soviet Union? When the Soviet Union disintegrated, it was former party functionaries, for example, who bought former state-owned hotels located on the Crimean Peninsula. That is the tragedy of the situation now. During Soviet days no-one went hungry and everyone had a job. Now we see hungry and jobless people who suffer when it is so unnecessary for people to be hungry and homeless.

For two hours at the bogie exchange stop, Tshop: the carriage is lifted 1 m into the air and different gauged axles are fitted to suit the standard tracks. We had such an exchange at Albury in Australia when up to the early 1960s the trains travelling from Victoria to New South Wales had

to have their bogies changed. How did the human transportation trains from and to the eastern nations of Europe do it during World War II? Same way, I suppose.

Around 8.30 p.m. the train arrives in Kosice, Slovakia and together with Rene and Sayarna, I enjoy the evening sights of this small but beautiful city. Sayarna is studying for a Masters degree in conflict resolution at the European Peace University. Situated in a castle at Stadtschlainging outside Vienna, its director is Dr Arno Trüger. We found the plaque dedicated to Dr Otto von Habsburg who two days earlier had visited this city.

Tuesday, 23 March 1999

Arrived in Vienna at 7 a.m. – and I am pleased to see a clean city with clean toilets, but pained to see three prepubescent girls at the tram stop smoking cigarettes. A grandmother, who read the reaction on my face said that the law courts give too much power to children. It is impossible to control one's children, she exclaims. What's new to me?

Briefly visited engineer Emil Lachout, the man who proved without a doubt that there is documentation that proves that there were no gas chambers on German Reich territory and on its annexed territories. He informed me how he was at Mauthausen Concentration Camp where he was in a medic position. On numerous occasions he had to take seemingly sick men on a stretcher from the camp hospital to a waiting car where their health quickly recovered and they were fit to be taken to the airport. These were Jewish spies for Germany who, when captured behind enemy lines, would defeat any allegation of spying by exposing their genitals. Lachout also lost his teaching job because of continuous persecution by the Austrian government, and he now has a judgment from the European court against the Austrian government. To date he has not received the claim which the European Court of Justice awarded him.

Brief visit to the Mauthausen Concentration Camp where the usual lies are told about human gassings. I am amazed in what good condition the Häftlinge Barracken really are. Interestingly, it is mentioned that the camp also had a brothel.

Called in on Klaus Huscher, Nuremberg and I stay for two days.

Wednesday, 24 March 1999

Klaus Huscher, publisher of *Denk Mit*, spent 18 months in a prison near the Bayreuth Festival Theatre in which Richard Wagner realised his dream. When 'Der Ring des Nibelungen' was performed at the theatre, Huscher could hear from his prison cell the trumpet fanfare calling patrons inside after an interval. Huscher is a learned man who has given the whole German identity question some considerable thought. He concludes that the 1919 German Reich constitution still exists. From this

assumption flow legal consequences that the present Federal Republic of Germany's politicians ignore. The matter is complicated by the fact that Germany still has not signed a peace treaty with its former enemies – as has Japan! In the latter case it was a peace treaty of the 1950s that legally aborted the attempt by former Australian and British ex-servicemen to claim compensation before the Japanese Supreme Court. Anyone who makes a similar claim on Germany to this day will succeed because there is no treaty mechanism that permanently seals the war period from such claims.

We visited Wagner's villa 'Haus Wahnfried' at Bayreuth. The entire Pforzheim City Council on an excursion to Nuremberg for some other matter made an unexpected call. This motley group of men and women commented freely about 'that man' with some surprises as they saw one photograph of Hitler standing on the balcony of the theatre.

This evening NATO began bombing Serbian armed forces. It is a scandal that this has happened. German politicians remind me of former Prime Minister Bob Hawke who joined the feeding frenzy with those bent on attacking Iraq during the 1990s Gulf War. Russia and Ukraine have agreed on how the Black Sea's former Soviet fleet is to be divided, and the Ukraine debt to Russia will be wiped. All this because NATO has begun its bombing runs? I think so.

Thursday, 25 March 1999

A splendid walk through Nuremberg town before I took off for Bayreuth where I briefly met Richard Wagner's grandson, Wolfgang Wagner. Then it was off to Dresden – and with the current Balkan military action in my mind I could not help but think about this beautiful city's holocaust – the real 'death by fire and burnt offerings' which engulfed the entire population. And Bomber Harris is celebrated as a war hero!



With BNP leader Nick Griffin at his home in Wales.



Final drink with Germar Rudolf before setting off to Prague.



A toast during a briefing session with Jürgen Graf and Carlo Mattogno (right).



Carlo Mattogno and Jürgen Graf researching at Chelmno.



For posterity – Jürgen Graf (centre) currently resides in Iran because his home country, Switzerland, wishes to imprison him. The charge arises out of his writing books that deny the existence of, among other things, homicidal gas chambers. For that he has been branded a racist!



With Mr Grabowsky during a teachers' strike in Warsaw.



Archivists at the AK partisan office, Warsaw.



My host family in Lviv (formerly Lemberg).



'My' office in Kiev.



At the Ukraine State Archives.



The Kiev archivist who came to Adelaide in order to assist the prosecution in the war crime trial against Ivan Polyukhovick. There is nothing in the archives that proves the homicidal gassing theory. During 1990 the Nazi hunters went through all eastern European archives – and found no proof.



Resting with my tireless and generous guide in Kiev.



Those who know Ukrainian will be able to decipher the graffiti.



Boris Zindels (right) and friends at the concert in Kiev.



The foursome that indulged in a vodka session!



The two ladies with whom I shared the train compartment - they were both married!

Things Are Hotting Up

Friday, 26 March 1999

At 10 a.m. I arrived at the Berlin Landgericht, Turmstraße 91, Moabit, Court B 305, where Ingrid Weckert had to appear before Judge Hollmann and his two assistants, Frau Jancke and Frau Groß. A youthful state public prosecutor presented the state's case in this appeal against an earlier decision which fined Weckert DM3200 for having written an article wherein she compares the entries of two diarists who spent time at Dachau Concentration Camp.

Dr Klaus Göbel as defence lawyer admirably defended Weckert's position, which the aggressive and rude state prosecutor sneeringly rejected. He even stated to the court that he would have liked to see 71-year-old Ingrid Weckert imprisoned for her horrendous crime of trivialising national socialist atrocities. The whole atmosphere in court was Kafkaesque – unreal! It was this kind of atmosphere that I endured at Goroke during my 2-year teaching stint there.

Weckert's article was published in Andreas Röhler's bi-monthly magazine *Sleipnir* (PO Box 350264, 10211 Berlin, Germany) and the Berlin state prosecutors latched on to it. They would have made a quick personal assessment of the situation as well. Weckert is on a small pension and flying to Berlin for these hearings is a costly matter.

I note some parallels with my case before the Human Rights Commission in Sydney. Jeremy Jones succeeded in having the hearing set down in Sydney when in fact the alleged deed – my placing the 'offending' material on our website – was committed in Adelaide.

When the public prosecutor saw me making notes he quickly drew the judge's attention to it. I was asked to cease writing, which I did because the judge would not accept my explanation as to why it was important for me to make notes. Then something funny happened, and this is best set down in the letter I wrote:

Dear Judge Hollmann

Further to my presence in your court and to what happened during the proceedings. When your public prosecutor objected to my taking notes, and you sided with him by ordering me to stop, I did just that. In Australian courts it is possible for magistrates and judges to do likewise – yet I have not been ordered to stop writing by any of them, not even during the 1990s Adelaide war crimes trials. Perhaps it would be wise of you to have less fear of publicity about your activities in court.

I am aware of the fact that amongst German public prosecutors it is considered 'unserious legal work' to be involved in such a matter as this current case before you. We have the same situation in regard to matters before the Australian Family Court. The conceptual woolliness within this jurisdiction is despised by those who care for truth and justice. It is also a blatant political and not judicial proceeding wherein it is impossible to mount an effective defence. It reminds me so much of what I learned in Ukraine – how good people were sent to the Gulags because they dared to dissent. You have asked Ingrid Weckert to conform to an ideology which dictates a fixed view of history – and that is a bad thing for those who value free thinking and free speech. Don't you know the song 'Die Gedanken sind frei'?

When you so condescendingly asked the defendant why she wrote the article, with the obvious intention of eliciting from her something that was not in her mind, I could not help but interject with my comment – 'she is looking for truth'. When your public prosecutor warned me that he would fine me if I interjected again, he became aggressive and emotionally unbalanced. His head became red and his jugular veins threatened to burst – that's what I saw when I looked at him. I merely asked him the simple question how high the fine would be. He snapped at me, 'Das verrate ich Ihnen nicht' (I will not tell you that). Such a statement is immature, offensive and dictatorial because it threatens but does not explain. Why did he not tell me that it would be up to you to listen to a recommendation from him, then you would make a determination on the matter? You then cleared the court so that you could take down my particulars – which you did.

I then asked you for your name and for the name of the public prosecutor. Both of you refused to give me your names. I find this a rather childish, immature attitude, and I was surprised that in the Weckert case the public notice outside the court room does not mention your name – which is unusual. You asked that my interjection be recorded and you rightly asked that my apology also be recorded. I then left your court to find out your name. Then the public prosecutor started at me again and you also said something. This confused me because both of you were saying things to me. I therefore asked, 'Who is in charge here', and you rightly and much to the public prosecutor's dismay said, 'I am'. Fortunately the court administration seems to be quite normal and democratic in its approach to this matter of judges' names. I was given your name and so, during the break, I was able to address you by your name.

Things Are Hotting Up

This was not the case with your chain-smoking public prosecutor whom I personally approached and asked for his name. In a most rude manner he stated, 'mit Leuten wie Sie rede ich nicht', 'I don't talk to people like you'. And yet, this young fellow sneeringly snapped at Mrs Weckert throughout the proceedings – and at Dr Göbel! I have never seen anything like it. Perhaps it is because Dr Göbel is a gentleman when he presents his considerations in such polished manner that your Mr Krüger(?) feels personally inadequate. Then again, I must say that when you delivered your judgment, you also snapped at 71-year-old Ingrid Weckert.

I have never seen such verbal abuse coming from a judge. Earlier you said to me that even Australian courts would not tolerate abusive interjections – to which I agreed, but I added that my interjection was not abusive, to which you agreed. Yet you chastised Mrs Weckert for falsifying history and that she should have realised it is different to how she sees things. For example you said that experiments with typhoid fever (Flecktyphus) took place at Dachau and that Jews, Gypsies, Bible researchers, homosexuals, political opponents and criminals were at Dachau. You concluded that Mrs Weckert actually trivialised the facts. This is not so.

Yet even your public prosecutor stated that Mrs Weckert falsified history under the guise of historical research and in a 'grotesker Weise verherrlicht und verharmlost' – 'grotesque way celebrated and trivialised' – which is not true. You showed yourself to be a nasty person and your state prosecutor, in my view, would shoot his own grandmother were she to dare to disagree with his views. Both your attitudes are undemocratic and immature – and had I the power to intervene in this matter – which I have not – I would test the truth content of your judgmental statement about Mrs Weckert's genuineness as an historian who seeks nothing but the truth of a matter.

Only in this way can we show the world that those who are attempting to historically enlighten us are now being accused of falsifying history – an absurd claim which is simply untrue. Why don't you open yourself to the facts as Mrs Weckert stated them. In Australia a judge has moral, social and legal duties to fulfil. In my view you have not fulfilled any of these duties by abusing a 71-year-old defenceless and gentle lady. I was ashamed of your and your public prosecutor's behaviour towards Ingrid Weckert. Both of you owe her an apology for being so rude to her.

I am sending a copy of this letter to your superior and it will also be placed on our Internet website.

May I expect a reply from you?

Sincerely Fredrick Töben

Where Truth Is No Defence, I Want To Break Free

In the past I have stated that in my view the German judiciary is 'mad'. We need to particularise this general statement by looking at the men and women who are involved in court cases of the Weckert kind. We now have the name of the judge (Hollmann) and his two assistants (Jancke and Groß). Publicly these individuals are carrying out the wishes of evil people. We understand that personal constraints sometimes force a judge to declare him/herself Befangen (biased) and he willingly steps down from the case – that is a good development.

[Sometime during 2000 an appeal court set aside this judgment and ordered the matter be retried. I think this makes it the third time that Ingrid Weckert has to go through the humiliation of a court procedure that cannot but find her guilty – unless there is a judge whose moral integrity is still intact and who then has the courage to dispense justice and throw the matter out of court.]

Revisiting Old Friends, Meeting New Ones

Saturday, 27 March 1999

This morning I left Berlin around 6 a.m. and travelled via the Hansestadt Rostock and Kiel to Flensburg–Glücksburg on the Danish border, there to spend the weekend with Dr Wilhelm Stäglich. This border area of Germany is peaceful because a referendum in the 1920s by the people concerned settled the issue whether this former Danish territory ought to be returned to Denmark.

In the afternoon I attended the Glücksburger Literaturcafé where Dr Helmut Ries presented an interesting talk 'Sister friendship – letters of Empress Auguste Viktoria to her sister Duchess Caroline Matilde in Glücksburg'. The period concerned began in the 1850s and ended just after World War II. Ries, who obtained the letters from family members, presented a very interesting talk as seen from the view of the letter writer. It was in some respect a commentary without delving too much into politics.

Sunday, 28 March 1999

I attend church service with Ries and sister at St Laurentius Church, Glücksburg. The priest's lesson is apt: he recalls this Sunday of 1945 at Rostock which had been bombed – and he reminds his congregation to spare a thought for the Balkan suffering. And he reads from the Bible Christ's predictions of treachery. It applies to today's revisionists.

I glance through Faurisson's 4-volume work, *Ecrits Revisionnistes* 1974-1998, which he sent to Stäglich. At long last the Faurisson book is out – about time, but understandable considering he is still consumed by time-wasting court trials. Stäglich says that Weckert would be better off not contesting any further her conviction in Berlin last Friday. He says this and recalls his own battle. The further up the ladder of appeals one goes the less the matter has something to do with the facts in dispute. Perhaps Stäglich is right, but then Dr Göbel, Weckert's counsel, wants to have a written record of such processes. I

spend a delightful day relaxing in this tranquil part of Germany – do I need a rest? I am amazed how I have lasted the distance!

Monday, 29 March 1999

Serbia shoots down a Stealth bomber – what an event. The cost of such a plane is downplayed by the media; varying from billions to mere millions – and the different USA counting system is not at fault here.

Early morning start to Husum, the place where novelist Theodor Storm wrote *Immensee*, among other stories to do with life in this area. His stories still bring tears to many readers' eyes. I send a copy of this book to my parents who years ago named their farm 'Immensee'.

I retire near Bielefeld - Hotel Waldesrand Herford - a most enjoyable stay.

Tuesday, 30 March 1999

After a good rest I pressed on to Bielefeld, the workplace of Justice Lützenkirchen who further condemned 71-year-old Udo Walendy to prison for the 'things he did not write'. I ring Anna Cooper of SBS-TV who had expressed an interest in following my endeavours in talking to those judges who have made like or similar absurd judgments against dissenters of the Holocaust story. Anna informs me that her producer has put the story on hold and that there are not enough funds for such a coverage.

I meet a Mr Henschke, a skinhead from the former East Germany who has spent a number of years in prison for alleged right-wing activities. He is now 27, has a partner and a job as a qualified butcher. He wears his shaved head proudly, pointing out its aerodynamic form; it is also cost effective – no shampoo etc. I meet an old barrister, around the age of 65 to 70, who informs me that an antique dealer was recently convicted for displaying a plate with a swastika, a remnant of someone's deceased estate. He believes the German judiciary has become more independent since 1949 because to that time it was there to serve the powers that be. He says that Germany has not yet fulfilled the ideal of the British separation of powers. Wish Evan Whitton would believe this story!

Again I am struck by the similarity of the various social, economic, academic etc. problems facing the countries I have visited so far. More on that at a later date.

I continue my journey to Paris on that splendid freeway which costs! I wonder why the Germans do not impose such on their Autobahns. Imagine the roars of protest from those who are already bleeding Germany with unjustified claims for compensation – over 50 years after the war.

I exit the freeway at Disneyland and find a cheap hotel in one of the villages outside of the Disney complex. Disneyland: Discoveryland;

Adventureland; Fantasyland; Frontierland; Mainstreet USA; Disney Village. It is all there within an imposing complex. The only structure that can compete with it, not in size but in number, is the countless McDonald outlets that dot any French road map.

Wednesday, 31 March 1999

I continue my journey without a road map – and miraculously arrive at La Ville Du Bois after negotiating French road traffic for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. As I entered the centre of the village, I saw a corner house with 'Pharmacie' on its wall; there I found two lovely gentle ladies tending the shop. In my poor French I asked whether this was the Pressac pharmacy – it was, and Monsieur Pressac would be in at 5 p.m. I used the spotlessly clean squat toilet – that's the way to go! I noted the time factor and asked whether a message could be sent to Mr Pressac. It was done – and we were to meet at noon which gave me 90 minutes to fill.

Just then the church bells sounded sonorously the commencement of a funeral procession, which I joined to the cemetery about 500 m away. A drummer led the procession and at the gravesite his drum-roll was augmented by two trumpeters. And, so I learn, a mother farewelled her only son, having buried her husband a couple of years earlier at the same spot. The 60-odd mourners all had care-worn faces. Life has been hard for them. I thought of my tripping, now in its sixth week, and how important it is to have a family, a home, be part of a community when the certainty of pain and loss strike us.

Around noon I returned to Pressac's pharmacy and awaited his arrival – which he did in a rush 15 minutes later because he double-parked his BMW outside. We set off at a brisk pace to his home where he introduced me to his charming companion – another delightful lady. Later Pressac said that without a woman life is not worth living. He has good taste.

In his overflowing study he played a new CD simulation of Krema II's undressing room which stops at the door of the alleged homicidal gas chamber. What would I give to get in there! He advised that a computer simulation by engineers in Italy was underway which would settle the dispute within three months. I showed him our speaker's list for the August 1998 revisionist symposium. Without hesitation he endorses most of the known speakers.

Then we spent the next two hours looking through his treasure – an extensive file on Topf & Söhne, the manufacturers of the Auschwitz cremation ovens. Detailed blueprints and letters were handed to Pressac by the successors of this firm; the actual firm has now ceased to exist. Pressac bemoans the fact that two boxes of documents went missing during or shortly after the war, presumably destroyed because of incriminating evidence. He plans to complete a book on Topf & Söhne with a tentative title: La Topf & Fils, Une Enterprise Allemande 1878 – 1963. Pressac showed me photos of various Topf buildings with the

swastika flag hoisted, and explains that was quite a usual phenomenon during that time. His fully-developed chronology of the company's activities around the world, from beginning to end, is admirable but problematic for me because it can prove something else as well, which must be obvious to those who can see through the ruse of the 'free market' ideology. Topf was a formidable world force not only in cremation technology but also in grain care (Getreidepflege).

I asked about the holes in the alleged gas chamber of Krema II - showing him my photos of same: I advise him of the new sign placed by the Auschwitz museum at Krema II which shows the four holes in one line, contrary to what is on the gas chamber model displayed at Auschwitz and at the Holocaust Memorial Museum in the USA. He dismisses all this and returns to the four wavy lines - the squiggles which would make the gas insertion holes huge; certainly visible for a close inspection as I and many others have done in the past. I ask about the reduction in deaths; he says that this is what brought on the break with the Klarsfelds and himself. He received an abusive phone call from them. After working for 20 years on the problem, he felt he did not deserve to be 'spat at' like that. He says he is finished with French Jewry but hastens to add that the equivalent Milan Jewish group is still dear to his heart. Serge and Beate Klarsfeld insist on staving with the 6 000 000 figure. Pressac says this is a nonsense from which they have to distance themselves if they wish to be taken seriously in the field of Holocaust studies.

We then get to what is important to him - the documentation which 'can prove' the gassing story:

- 8 September 1942 Prüfer letter in which the capacity of Krema II is stated as 800 per day;
- 14 September 1942 letter about new constructions for concentration camp;
- 17 February 1943 information on new induction and extraction plant Be-und Entlüftungsanlage;
- 2 March 1943 Prüfer asks for 10 Gasprüfer gas testers.

Pressac also claims that Hitler and Goebbels did not know what was going on in the concentration camps because Himmler kept it among the SS organisation. This reminds me of Weckert's and Irving's dispute – Did Goebbels know about Kristallnacht? The former says no and the latter says yes. Stäglich says Goebbels would have been a real fool had he sanctioned such an act at such a time. He also questions the authenticity of the 'original find' of the Goebbels diaries in the Moscow archives.

Pressac says that Topf & Söhne worked all over the world. They even designed a cremation plant for Paris – an elaborate building which would have done proud any crematory today. We must recall here that to this day Jews, many Christians and Moslems abhor the burning of bodies while the Hindus celebrate it. I can imagine that this factor was also an issue when Topf & Söhne submitted its detailed cremation plans to city

administrations around the world. In current terms the firm offered a total package with typical German efficiency and exactitude, still the envy of those who believe money is everything in this world. But also remember that this firm was a leader in grain care – the destruction of this tradition-laden family enterprise by evil forces makes sense.

I am reminded of the judicial murder of the two leading persons of the firm that produced Zyklon-B. No wonder the witch-hunt must continue because here there is some unfinished business called justice.

Pressac is sincere in his belief that the material in his hands can prove the gassing story. He frowns on van Pelt and Dwork's *Auschwitz From* 1270 To The Present and says they stole his material. So, what's new?

However, the many folders of Topf material is so extensive that I fear anything can be proven with it. Pressac claims that Topf & Söhne's prime position in the market place made it the ideal manufacturer of homicidal gas chambers. And this is where Pressac begins to believe in the gassing story. The documentation is not conclusive because there is an hiatus – he may have documents which deal with gassings as such but it is his interpretation to read into letters and plans the existence of the murder weapon.

The best approach to date seems to be the one suggested by Dr Robert Countess who refers to the method of Dr E. Yamauchie, a University of Ohio history professor, which focuses on traditions, inscriptions and materials (see Adelaide Institute newsletter, no. 91, May 1999).

The possible relationship of these three is presented in three overlapping circles. It is possible that similarity or agreement is reached among all three sources. An obvious disclaimer is needed – 'all historiography is based on fragmentary evidence' – because completeness, like any absolute value, is aimed at but never achieved. That is why the search for truth is so fundamental for our civilisation. If we give this up – as the German judiciary is forcing Germans to do – then we are in a downward spiral into physical and mental slavery. In this respect the revisionists have won the war – the argument – on paper but not within the general population because the enemy of truth and freedom of thought and speech uses legal means to muzzle this search.

My travels and visits to former concentration camp sites has shown me how entrenched the gassing myth has become. People get angry at me when I tell them that technically the gassings were impossible – this is even after viewing Pressac's formidable documentation. I bring good news but many Germans want to believe in the gas chamber story. Every day on radio, television and in the print media in Germany and France there is something about Jewish suffering – as if they are competing with the Balkan tragedy!

Pressac holds his views firmly but, so it appears to me, tentatively. He says, 'I believe' and 'It can be shown'. We must now wait for his book to appear – it is then a race between Carlo Mattogno and Jean-Claude Pressac because both deal with the Auschwitz crematoria.

I sincerely hope that either will not present another van Pelt and Dwork book wherein Krema I's homicidal gas chamber was finally declared a fraud – something for which David Irving, Ernst Zündel, Robert Faurisson et al. paid dearly for asserting.

I shared a cup of coffee with Pressac and we indulged in small-talk. We are both 55 years old and he considers himself to be younger-looking. He suggests I ought to cut my hair short, like his. I am reminded of my twin brother who has a Pressac haircut – and with my longer and wavy hair I consider myself not to be as ugly as my brother! When you reach my age it is important to display those things that you've got left – and I have my hair!

I am reminded of the comment I made when the Dolly-cloning issue was aired in 1998 at a science conference in Adelaide. I wished to dispel the myths surrounding identical twins and pointed out that my brother and I never shared the same taste in women – and that I do not consider myself to be as ugly as my brother!

Thursday, 1 April 1999

Before I left Jean-Claude Pressac, he gave me his rather worn French road map that served its purpose well. Without any difficulty – except for another search for petrol – I found my way to Vichy, Robert Faurisson's territory. Regarding service stations – I found one in a small village; but it was unmanned and you needed a plastic card to make it work. Luckily there was another driver at the bowser who had a card, and who accepted my cash in exchange for the use of his card. It would have been a frustrating moment to be delayed by a search for petrol.

As I neared Faurisson's home I was reminded of his 'no holes, no holocaust', and his challenge, 'show me or draw me a homicidal gas chamber'. Pressac could not do it with all his Topf documentation; and Mattogno will not do it in his forthcoming book on the Auschwitz crematories. Why not? Because the homicidal gas chambers are a figment of people's imagination! Faurisson would later in the day state again his position, 'It is a lie!'.

Professor Robert Faurisson looked well as he welcomed me into his home, and his wife seemed to sparkle as she offered me a drink. Her passion for painting continues to manifest itself in the numerous pictures – delicate bordering on the romantic – that adorn the walls of their home. Faurisson is still in combat form and I had to listen to his lecture – no, I chose to listen to him.

A telephone call from a former *New York Times* correspondent, Adam Nossiter, interrupts our conversation. Nossiter requests permission to use material he collected during an earlier interview with Faurisson. Now he wants the material for a book he is writing about Vichy in 1940-44, and how the French remember it. Faurisson possesses an original diary of a former *New York Times* correspondent who in 1942 covered a political trial in Paris. The fact that it was possible to write such reports in occupied France alone makes the diary valuable. Nossiter also attended the Maurice Papon trial in Bordeaux, and he spent some time in Tulle where in June 1944 the Germans hanged 99 people in a reprisal act. Communist partisans had earlier massacred a small German garrison stationed there. It was later reported that French communist women had mutilated then defecated on the bodies.

Faurisson has to be careful about giving interviews because the 13 July 1990 Fabius (Jew and socialist) Gayssot (communist) Law. Nossiter refuses to give Faurisson an assurance that anything he writes about Faurisson will be vetted in the light of that law. In effect, Nossiter could cause great harm to Faurisson and so Faurisson terminates the discussion. I am reminded how some Australian reporters who have covered our HREOC trials gave us the opportunity to view articles they wrote about the case – giving us natural justice and balance to the argument. Of course this does not suit those who say, 'There is no debate with the revisionists'.

Faurisson and I walk through the streets of Vichy, along the river. It is a glorious spring day and I recall how I was here two years ago. What has changed, what developments have occurred since then in the revisionist scene? We had a symposium in August 1998 – but the Holocaust lobby has also increased its output. In all countries I have visited so far there is an incessant bombardment on Holocaust matters: on TV and radio and in the print media and general conversation. The world, it seems, is being holocausted, and we are the only ones who are doing anything about it.

We continue our walk through Vichy, past the World War I memorial that contains thousands of Vichy residents' names of those who died senselessly – much to Faurisson's disgust. This, he says, makes it understandable why France capitulated to the Germans in World War II. No-one wanted a repeat of that slaughter. At the former Hotel Radio – now an apartment block – during August 1944 the Swiss Ambassador to the Vichy government, Walther Stucki, visited the many soldiers who were recovering in this hotel-turned hospital. He reported that he was impressed how the wounded bore their pain with dignity. At the Opera Faurisson points to the plaque that celebrates the 80 dissenting parliamentarians of the third Republic who, on 10 July 1940, opposed the 564 parliamentarians that voted to stay with Marshall Philippe Pétain.

Friday, 2 April 1999

The Faurisson lesson continues, 'Do not do what is easy – do what is difficult'. Going into the archives is easy – it is full of old men and women! Visiting Pressac is easy – he cannot show or draw a homicidal gas chamber; no matter how many documents he has in his hands. What is difficult? It is difficult to go to a spot where an alleged massacre took place, for example Skirotawa or Babyn Yar. Stop and ask old people about what is alleged to have happened there. Were they there? Is it true? Let them show you the places, the ditches, where they buried the bodies. This is difficult because by doing so you take risks: no success at all; false witnesses; no traces; the possibility of incidents if you are seen as a revisionist, or worse, a Nazi.

Faurisson sums up, 'You need physical courage do such research!'. A word of explanation regarding Skirotawa, 10 km northeast of Riga. David Irving suggests that Major-General Walther Bruns witnessed the massacre of over 10 000 Jewish women and children on one day. The three ditches' dimensions were given as 3 m by 24 m. Irving reports on this in his War Path and Hitler's War. He bases it on a British war report of 29 April 1945, 'Notes on German Atrocities'. Faurisson says that because the report's reliability is graded as B-2, this alone should make it suspect to researchers. The question is, 'What did they do with the bodies?'. Then it is into the archives to see whether there are any written reports anywhere. That is difficult work because Bruns at his own trial said he never witnessed this alleged massacre. There is a sole report from a POW who was eager to cooperate with the Allies' investigation.

Faurisson reminds me that we must always make material investigations and avoid becoming pedantic in our research – perhaps even produce books that say nothing new.

And so we continue our walk in the park, and as happened when I walked with Dr Stäglich through the woods in Glücksburg, ravens greeted us with their indecipherable messages. This kept me humble because I had not as yet – as had Wotan – developed the gift to understand the ravens' messages. When I do, then it will be time to quit writing – full stop!

Saturday, 3 April 1999

Back in Paris. I digested Faurisson's latest critique, dated 5 March 1999.

Sunday/Monday, 4/5 April 1999

Paris – Easter Weekend. Watched the Paris Marathon. Later walked around Paris, noting that the Notre Dame is getting a face-lift. The Chateley Opera is closed for renovations. It is from here that Adelaide received its production of Wagner's 'Ring Cycle'.

Car broken into during the night. The door was levered open but no other damage, except the hire contract folder was stolen – left behind was the actual contract and a single leather glove jammed in the door.

Tuesday, 6 April 1999

Visited Martin Walser, a gentle and sensitive man, who lives in a lovely rustic house overlooking the Bodensee (Lake Constance). He has not recovered from how he was treated following his speech at Frankfurt's Pauls Kirche: 'Ich habe Erfahrungen gemacht, die ich nicht für möglich gehalten hätte. Das ist alles zu blöde gewesen' (I have had experiences I never thought possible. It has all been too silly).

On this day *The International Express* features an article by Alex Hendry and John Coles (Appendix 1).

Wednesday, 7 April 1999

Visited Judge Clapiér-Krespach at the Bruchsal Amtsgericht who, a while ago, increased Günter Deckert's prison sentence by an extra three months for having written a letter to a Jewish person, Max Mannheimer, in Munich asking him questions.

I ask her what she knows about the gas chamber operations at Auschwitz. She replies, 'Was ich so höre' (What I have heard).

I show her the photos of the Auschwitz Krema II homicidal gas chamber and say that the holes are not to be found – what is up, something is wrong here. She says that she is not able to make any further comment but will take note of this new information.

Chapter 7

The Mannheim Arrest

Thursday, 8 April 1999

I leave my host family and drive to Mannheim Police Headquarters because public prosecutor Hans-Heiko Klein's office is nearby – that is all I remember since visiting him in April 1997. I park the rented car in the side street next to the police station, and make it safe so that I can honestly state that I have arrived on foot at Klein's office.

I enter the station through large wooden doors, and ask the attending officer where Klein is to be found. He rings Klein's office and confirms our meeting is for 2 p.m., then writes this on a piece of paper and hands it to me. Owing to the fact that I have another appointment to see Dr Lützenkirchen in Bielefeld on Friday, I decide briefly to visit Klein at his office and request an earlier time for our talk. I make my way to the fourth floor clutching the small piece of paper on which the officer wrote 'Staatsanwalt Klein, 4th floor, traffic branch, after 14.00 hours, L10', and a small cassette recorder for the purpose of taping our interview – with compliments of Marc, my good friend in Paris.

As I exit the lift, I walk straight to the door in front of me, clearly recalling from my visit of two years ago that this is Klein's office. His name does not appear on the door. Why not? Is he frightened of something? I knock, and respond to a muffled sound from within which I take as an invitation to open the door. Yes, that is Staatsanwalt Hans-Heiko Klein, the man I had visited two years earlier. It is the same office with the swastika in the form of a road speed restriction sign hanging on the wall behind his desk. A tall man, dressed in jeans and open shirt, his casualness belies his lusting for power, albeit with a limited intellectual capacity to understand what responsibilities an exercise of power demands. Klein embodies the lie that absolute power corrupts absolutely. Absolute power is just that: absolute. However, in the hands of a morally and intellectually corrupt and bankrupt individual such power merely reflects the user's character. So it is with Klein.

Töben: Guten Tag, Herr Klein. (Good day, Mr Klein)

Klein: Zwei Uhr! (Two o'clock!)

Töben: Guten Tag, Herr Klein. (Good day, Mr Klein)

Klein: Zwei Uhr! (Two o'clock!)

Töben: Ich habe mit Herrn Richter Lützenkirchen in Bielefeld auch einen Termin. Ist es möglich, nur ein paar Minuten? (I also have an appointment with Judge Lützenkirchen in Bielefeld. Is it possible, just a few minutes?)

Klein: Nein, es geht wirklich nicht. (No, it is really not possible.)

Töben: Nur ein paar Minuten? (Just a few minutes?)

Klein: Kann es elf Uhr sein? (Is it possible at 11 o'clock, then?)

Töben: Ja, bitte, ja, also terminmäßig schaffe ich es sonst nicht. (Yes, please, otherwise I'll not make my other appointments.)

Klein: Glaube ich, ja, ja. Elf Uhr, dann. (I believe that, yes, yes. Eleven o'clock, then.)

Töben: Das würde sehr nett sein. (That would be very kind.)

Klein: OK.

Töben: Vielen Dank. (Thanks.)

Klein: Tschüss. (Cheers.)

I now have just on two hours to kill, and so I walk through the City of Mannheim – the 'city of squares'. The inner core has since the 17th century not had street names but rather letters and numbers, hence Klein's address: L10.

A gentleman at a 1-hour photo developing shop promises he will have my film ready within the hour.

I return around 11 a.m. and this time as I exit the lift to the fourth floor I see Klein's office door is open, and Klein beckons me in.

Töben: Das ist aber nett. Sie haben Gäste? (That is nice. You have visitors?)

Klein: Ja, heute gehts alles runter und rüber, nehmen Sie doch Platz. (Yes, today is all topsy-turvey, take a seat.)

Töben: Vielen Dank. Freut mich Sie wieder zu sehen. Ich komme gerade von Pressac in Paris. (Thank you. Glad to see you again. I've just visited Pressac in Paris.)

Klein: Ja, nehmen Sie doch Platz, bitte. Ich muß diese Sachen noch fertig machen. (Yes, do take a seat, please. I still have to complete these things.)

Töben: OK. Und der sagt wir haben keine Probleme. In drei Monaten ist die Sache entschieden. Sie machen eine Komputersimulation, und das beweist die Sache. (OK. And he says we have no problem. In three months the whole matter will be decided. They are developing a computer simulation and that proves the matter.)

Klein: Was beweist die Sache? (What proves the matter?)

Töben: Die Vergasungen in Krema II, das es funktionierte, die wir da anschauen, und das wird in Italien gemacht, in Milan. (The gassings in Krema II, that it worked, those we are looking at, and that is done in Italy, in Milan.)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Und das ist für uns interessant. Da haben wir schon lange drauf gedrängt, daß das gemacht wird, weil es ja ein Problem ist. (And that is interesting for us. We have pressed for for a long time, that this is done, because it is a problem.)

Klein: Für Sie! (For you!)

Töben: Für viele, jeder – ich darf Ihen die Bilder zeigen? Ich bin wieder da gewesen und das Problem. Wissen Sie was sie jetzt machen mit den Löchern? Ich suche ja die vier Löcher. (For many, everyone – may I show you the photos? I was there again and the problem. Do you know what they are now doing with the holes? I am looking for the four holes.)

Klein: Ja, ja, ja. (Yes, yes, yes.)

Töben: Jetzt, anstatt eins-zwei, drei-vier (gegenüber-gesetzt), sagen sie eins, zwei, drei, vier in einer Linie. (Now, instead of one-two, three-four [opposite], they are saying one, two, three, four in a line.)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Ich habe es Pressac gesagt, und er sagt es ist nicht sein Problem. Die Löcher ... (I mentioned this to Pressac, and he says it is not his problem. The holes ...)

Klein: Ja, reden Sie weiter. (Yes, go on.)

Töben: Ja, die Löcher sind das Problem des Museums, das Komputerprogramm in drei Monaten zeigt alles. Und sie gebrauchen den John Ball – den *Ball Report* kennen Sie ja. (Yes, the holes are the museum's problem, the computer program in three month's time will reveal all. And they are using John Ball's – you know the *Ball Report*?)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Sie gebrauchen die Bilder davon. Pressac sagt es ist gut, aber er hat den falschen Schluß gezogen. And that is it. (They will use those pictures. Pressac says it is good, but he has drawn the wrong conclusions. And that is it.)

A slightly-built man in his 30s, sitting next to me on a chair, rises. My response is instinctive because I sense there is something in the air. For two years I had been sending Klein our newsletters with the request that were any of the contents to offend against the German law, that he please advise us accordingly. His silence I had taken as a good omen. Even my current appointment I had made per letter, and although Klein did not

acknowledge receipt of same, I took that silence as an affirmation of my coming to Germany to be in order. That is how other German legal persons willing to receive me have acted. I shake Mohr's hand.

Töben: Sind Sie hier für mich? (Are you here for me?)

Mohr: Mein Name ist Mohr. (My name is Mohr.)

Töben: Mohr?

Mohr: Kriminalpolizei, bin hier wegen einer anderen Sache, rein zufällig ... (Criminal police, am here because of another matter, just coincidence ...)

Töben: Ach so. Ja, ja. (I see. Yes, ves.)

Klein: Der ist zufällig hier wegen einer anderen Sache. Bleiben Sie ruhig da, ich bin noch nicht fertig. (Coincidentally he is here because of another matter. Just remain here, I am not yet finished.)

Töben: Ja, und ich sehe jetzt Richter Lützenkirchen. Ich habe gestern Frau Clapiér-Krespach gesehen, die hat den Deckert seine Berufung ... (Yes, I will see Judge Lützenkirchen. Yesterday I saw Mrs Clapiér-Krespach, she is the one in Deckert's appeal ...)

Klein: Ja. ... (Yes ...)

Töben: ... hatte sie, er hat verloren und muß weiter sitzen. (... did she, he lost and remains locked up.)

Klein: Ja, ja, ja.

Töben: Ich habe sie von Australien angerufen und möchte mit ihr doch sprechen. (I rang her from Australia and wished to speak with her.)

Klein: In Bruchsal? (In Bruchsal?)

Töben: Ja, in Bruchsal. Die habe ich gestern Abend noch gesehen. Also, terminmäßig läuft es erfreulich. (Yes, in Bruchsal. I still saw her last night. So, I am managing nicely with my appointments.)

Klein: (lachend) Was wollten Sie den von ihr? ([laughing] What did you want from her?)

Töben: Fragen was sie weiß über diese Sache. (Ask her what she knows about this matter.)

Klein: Ach so. (I see.)

Töben: Ich hab ihr die Bilder gezeigt. (I showed her the photos.)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Vorgestern hatte ich den Martin Walser gesprochen, und der Walser sagt er ist so erschüttert wie man ihn behandelt hat, nachdem er diese Ansprache wegen dieser Holocaustkeule – daß man sie nicht mehr anwenden soll. (The day before I spoke with Martin Walser, and Walser says he is shocked at how he has been treated after he had given this talk because of the Holocaust club – that one ought not to use it anymore.)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Also, er war nicht bereit für ein Gespräch. Er sagt, er kann nicht schreiben, er zittert noch. (Well, he was not prepared for a talk. He says he cannot write anymore, he is still shaking.)

Klein: Ach, da gibts überall Vorträge drüber ... (Oh, there are talks all over the place about ...)

Töben: Nein, wegen dieser Sache. Er hat nicht Angst, aber er glaubt nicht, daß so etwas möglich ist. (No, about this matter. He is not fearful, but he just does not believe that such is possible.)

Klein: Gottseidank ist das möglich. Es ist doch ein Mist, was er da erzählt hat. (Thank God it is possible. He is just talking nonsense.)

Töben: Herr Klein, da sind wir eben verschiedener Meinung. Oh, darf ich fragen, sind Sie bereit, australisches Fernsehen hier herzubringen? (Mr Klein, this is where we just have a difference of opinion. Oh, may I ask, are you prepared to have Australian television here?)

Klein: Jawohl.(Yes.)

Töben: Das würden Sie machen? Gut, dann müßte ich das arangieren. Ich bleibe in Deutschland in Berlin, da niste ich mich ein und werde alles rechtmäßig tun, so alles in der Öffentlichkeit. SBS (Fernsehen) weiß, ich habe Publizität in Australien bekommen, daß ich diese Reise mache, weil ich mit allen Seiten spreche. Zum Beispiel sagte ich, daß ich auch Herrn Klein spreche. Ich muß doch wissen, was er denkt! Und da sagen sie, 'Was? Der Klein, der ...!', und so weiter; oder Richter. 'Warum die Richter?' Ich sag, das englische Prinzip des 'Natural Justice' ... (You would do that? Good, then I will have to make arrangements. I am staying in Germany, in Berlin, there I will make my nest, all according to law, all in the open. SBS (television) knows, in Australia I received publicity about my trip because I talk with all sides. For example, I said that I would also speak with Mr Klein. I must know what he is thinking! And then they say, 'What? Klein, that ...!', and so on, or judges. 'Why judges?' I say, the English principle of 'natural iustice' ...)

Mohr: Hmm. hmm -

Töben: Und das bedeutet, wenn wir aufhören zu reden, dann ist der Informationsfluß zu Ende, hört auf, und dann können wir nicht unsere Gedanken klar machen. (And that means, when we stop talking, then the flow of information ends, stops, and then we cannot clarify our thoughts.)

Klein: Hat sich eigendlich Ihre Internetaddresse geändert? (Has your Internet address changed at all?)

Töben: Nein. (No.)

Klein: Oder ist das Adelaide Institute nicht mehr? (Or does not the Adelaide Institute exist anymore?)

Töben: Doch, doch, das läuft weiter, das läuft weiter. Ich bin ... (Certainly, certainly, that is still continuing, I am ...)

Klein: Haben Sie die im Kopf? (Do you have it in your head?)

Töben: Nein, es ist zu lang, zu lang, weil wir ganz früh – und wir haben nie geändert – wir haben einen Server, wir sind jetzt seit '96, also drei Jahre – sie ist immer noch die selbe. Ich ... (No, it is too long, too long, because very earlier – and we never changed it – we have a server, we're now since '96, so three years – it is still the same. I ...)

I hand him a copy of Jürgen Graf's *Der Holocaust auf den Prüfstand*, the copy Jürgen had given me before we parted company in Warsaw, Poland. Klein reacts oddly, a mixture of cynicism and exasperation marks his response.

Klein: Ach Gott, ach Gott, ich bitt' Sie! (God, oh, God, I beg you!)

Töben: Ja, Ja, also für mich ist das interessant, das wollte ich der Richterin geben. Ich fragte, 'Was für Information kennen Sie?'.(Yes, yes, well, for me it is interesting, I wanted to give this to the judge. I asked, 'What kind of information have you?')

Klein: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Töben: Moment, moment. Herr Klein, Sie lachen. (Just a moment, Mr Klein, you're laughing.)

Klein: Der größte Mist den es gibt. (The greatest rubbish that is available.)

Töben: Aber, wie wichtig! Man versucht uns einzustufen in ... (But how important! Attempts are made to categorise us ...)

Klein: Sie wissen, daß Graf auch verurteilt worden ist? (Do you know that Graf has also been convicted?)

Töben: Ja, natürlich. Wir haben ihn doch bei unseren Symposium gehabt. Wir haben doch eine. Haben Sie gesehen, unser Symposium? (Yes, of course. We had him at our symposium. Did you see, our symposium?)

Klein: Alles. (Everything.)

Töben: Im August letztes Jahr. Wir haben den John Sack da gehabt. Kennen Sie doch, John Sack? (In August last year. We had John Sack. You know him, John Sack?)

Klein: Natürlich. (Of course.)

Töben: Ja, da sagen einige Unterstützer, 'Der Jude Sack! Warum bringt man den?'. (Yes, some supporters say, 'The Jew Sack! Why do you invite him?'.)

Klein: Hmm.

Töben: Wir haben einen Meinungsaustausch. Ganz, ganz wichtig, und andere wollen das nicht tun, und auch das ich zum Pressac

gehe. Ich bin anschließend zum Faurisson gegangen. Ich sagte ihm das in aller Offenheit, weil man zu mir sagte, 'Wenn Sie zum Pressac gehen, dann spricht Faurisson nicht mehr mit Ihnen'. Ich kann doch nicht mehr bevormunded werden. Ich bin 55 Jahre alt, habe das Studium - wie ich ja letztes mal ihnen sagte - in der Philosophie gemacht, wo das Prinzip einer Revision von allen Sachen stattfindet, daß man nicht ideologisch sich fest setzt, und dann darf ich nicht den Pressac besuchen? Ich habe den Pressac besucht, das soll der Feind sein. (We have an exchange of views. Very, very important, and others do not want to do that, and also that I visited Pressac. Afterwards I visited Faurisson. I said that to him in all openness because I was advised, 'If you go to Pressac, then Faurisson will not talk with you anymore'. I cannot be told what to do. I am 55 years old, studied - as I informed you last time - philosophy where the principle of revising all things is found, so that one is not ideologically fixed, and then I am not permitted to visit Pressac? I visited Pressac, he is supposed to be the enemy.)

Klein: Hmm, hmmm hmm.

Töben: Wir haben ein gutes Gespräch gehabt, und da habe ich Informationen bekommen. Sehen Sie, und das ist unser Standpunkt. Das hat nichts mit Politik zu tun. (We had a good conversation, and I received information there. You see, this is our point of view. That has got nothing to do with politics.)

Klein: Was haben Sie da? (What have you there?)

Töben: Das ist doch der Rudolf, ach so, das ist der Brief. Das hat der Rudolf, Germar Rudolf hat das, das hatte ich, das habe ich ihn geschickt, oder er hat gefragt ob er das übersetzen kann. (That is Rudolf, ah yes, that is the letter. Rudolf did, Germar Rudolf did that, I did that, I sent him that, or he asked me whether he could translate that.)

Klein: Zusammengestellt? (Compiled?)

Töben: Ja, ja, zusammengestellt, aber es ist Information, das hat der Rudolf geschrieben, er, ja, ja, das ist ... (Yes, yes, compiled, but it is information, Rudolf wrote that, he, yes, yes, that is ...)

Klein: Der ist auch verurteilt und auch abhanden gekommen. (He is also convicted and he has also disappeared.)

Töben: Wer? (Who?)

Klein: Rudolf.

Töben: Weiß ich nicht. Ich hab nur die Internetaddresse ... (I do not know. I have only his Internet address ...)

Klein: Ach so. (I see.)

Töben: ... und was er macht, ist die ganze revisionistische Sache zusammen, bringt sie zusammen, nicht, und ... darf ich sagen, den Horst Mahler wollte ich sehen, seine Schrift da ... (and what he is doing is to bring together the revisionist thing, collects them, not, and ... if I may say, I wanted to visit Horst Mahler, his writings there ...)

The material in question from Germar Rudolf's website (in German) is in Appendix 2.

Töben: Mein Argument, darf ich das nochmal vorbringen. Ich war vor zwei Jahren da – das sind Pressacs Pläne hier – Krematorien, Topf und Söhne, die hatten die ganze Sache da. Sehr, sehr interessant. (My argument, if I may state it again. Two years ago I was there – these are Pressac's plans – Krematorium, Topf & Sons, they had the whole matter there. Very, very interesting.)

Klein: Ich kenn das. (I know this.)

Töben: Kennen Sie alles? OK. Ja, für mich ist das alles – sehen Sie, Sie haben den Informationsvorsprung und deswegen können sie ... (Do you know everything? OK. Yes, for me it is all – you see, you have the information advantage and that is why you can ...)

Klein: Das ist ja auch drei Jahre alt. (That is already three years old.)

Töben: Nein, nein, was sie jetzt da machen. Krema I, das kennen Sie ja. (No, no, what they are doing there now. Krema I, you know that.)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Das ist keine Gaskammer mehr. Seit '96 wurde das keine Gaskammer, und van Pelt und Dwork in ihr Buch, *Auschwitz: From 1270 to the present.* (That is not a gas chamber anymore. Since '96 it has not been a gas chamber, and van Pelt and Dwork in their book, *Auschwitz: From 1270 to the present.*)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Da sagte Pressac der van Pelt hat all seine Information gestehlen. Der ist böse auf van Pelt. Also, dies wurde gesagt 1996 offiziel, daß die Löcher im Dach so symbolisch darstellen für die Gaskammern in Birkenau. Birkenau hat auch die vier Löcher. Gehe ich nach Birkenau - Sie kennen das - da ist die Eisenbahn. Hier gehts rechts zur Arbeit und links zur Gaskammer. So ist die Geschichte. Auch übrigens, kennen Sie? Daß ist der Swimmingpool, ein schöner Swimmingpool, das wird nie gezeigt den Touristen; und das ist nur um den Wasserspiegel zu zeigen, daß man nicht leicht Körper im Boden verbrennen konnte. Und jetzt. das ist unsere Lokalzeitung, daß ich da nach Europa gehe. Dies jetzt kennen Sie ja. (Pressac said that van Pelt stole all his information. He is angry with van Pelt. Now, this is what was said in 1996, that the holes in the roof symbolically represent the gas chamber at Birkenau. Birkenau also has the four holes. I go to Birkenau - you know it - there is the railway line. Here it is right to work and left to the gas chamber. That is the story. Oh, by the way, do you know? That is the swimming pool, a beautiful swimming pool, that is never shown to tourists; and that is only to show the water level, that it was not easy to burn bodies in the ground. And now, that is our local newspaper, that I am travelling to Europe. This now you know.)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

I show him the photographs of Krema II and how there is now a new sign that places the four gas induction holes in a line near the edge of the alleged homicidal gas chamber.

Töben: Da die Wand, das ist die Gaskammer, Technisch müssen da vier Löcher sein. Man findet zwei, und diese beiden sehen so aus und das ist eingemeisselt, und ich sage das ist kein richtiges Ding. das ist nicht - und da kann man auch reingehen. Ich bin auch reingegangen. Und hier, ich lache nicht, der Fotograf sagte ich soll herschauen, da schlage ich mich am Kopf. Ich suche jetzt die vier Löcher - vier soll man sehen - eins, zwei, drei vier, Im Holocaust Museum in Washington war ich ... Sie kennen das Modell? Ich habe gefragt, 'Wo sind die?' und Pressac sagt, das ist nicht sein Problem. Das Computerprogram wird in drei Monaten alles lösen. OK. Ich warte. Aber, das war vor zwei Jahren. Jetzt komm ich und da sagen die, so: eins-zwei-drei-vier! Und da sage ich, was hat das mit Politik zu tun? Ich als Wissenschaftler - meine Meinung ist das, sonst nichts, und mehr nicht, (There the wall, this is the gas chamber, Technically there have to be four holes. One only finds two, and these two look like this - that is chiselled-in, and I say that is not a real thing, that is not - and in that you can enter. I also entered. And here, I am not laughing, the photographer said to look at him, and I hit my head. I am now looking for the four holes - four should be visible - one, two, three, four. In the Washington Holocaust Museum I was ... you know that model? I asked, 'Where are they?' and Pressac says that is not his problem. In three months time the computer program will solve everything. OK, I wait. But that was two years ago, and I now arrive and they say thus: one-two-threefour! And I say, what has this to do with politics? As a researcher I it is just my opinion, nothing else, and no more.)

Klein: Ja, aber ich frage, ich will einmal ganz dumm fragen: Sind Sie der Überzeugung das in Auschwitz, oder Birkenau, oder Maidanek keiner vergast worden ist? (Yes, but I will ask, I will ask a stupid question: 'Are you convinced that at Auschwitz or Birkenau, or Majdanek, no one was gassed?'.)

Töben: Maidanek kenne ich nicht. Nach meinen Nachforschungen ist es meine beste begründete Meinung, daß hier, die Geschichte, wie sie jetzt erzählt wird, da stimmt was nicht. Wir müssen eine Kommission haben um ... (Majdanek I do not know. According to my research it is my considered opinion, that here, the story, in the way it is told, that something is not right. We need a commission to ...)

Klein: Auschwitz?

Töben: Nach der offiziellen dogmatischen – Dogma – ist ein Dogma, ist ein Glaube ... (According to the official dogmatic – Dogma – it is a dogma, is a belief ...)

Klein: Was glauben Sie jetzt? (What do you now believe?)

Töben: Ich will nicht glauben, ich will wissen. (I do not want to believe, I want to know.)

Klein: Na gut, was wissen Sie denn? (Oh, well, what do you now know?)

Töben: Man sagt eben daß es Vergasungen gab, und ich will das jetzt verstehen, wenn jetzt ... und das ... sagt man ... die vier Löcher sind da, und dann sag ich, ich schaue, meine Nachforschungen, wo sind die Löcher? Also meiner Meinung nach müssen die Löcher da sein. Der Pressac, da bin ich jetzt ... das ist jetzt mein nächster Schritt ... der Pressac sagt, es kommt, es kommt. OK, dann ... uns ist es egal wie die Sache läuft, ob es für oder gegen. (It is said that gassings occurred, and I now want to understand this, if now ... and that ... one says ... the four holes are there, and then I say, I will look, my research, where are the holes? So, according to my view the holes should be there. Pressac, that is where I am at ... that is my next step ... Pressac says, it is coming, it is coming. OK, then - we do not care how the matter develops, whether it is for or against.)

Mohr: Ja, Herr Töben, Sie haben gesagt, Sie wollen in Berlin bleiben. (Yes, Mr Töben, you said you want to stay in Berlin.)

Töben: Ja. (Yes.)

Mohr: Die ganze Zeit? (The whole time?)

Töben: Ja. (Yes.)

Mohr: Um Ihre Sache durchzuführen? (To do your business?)

Töben: Ja, um noch mit mehreren Richtern zu sprechen. Diese Information – zum Beispiel Frau Clapiér-Krespach fragte ich, 'Was wissen sie über diese ganze Sache?' 'Ja, was man so auffängt', und da denke ich, das geht nicht. Wir haben, zum Beispiel in Neuseeland ist der, wir hatten ihn zum Seminar eingeladen, ein Akademiker – der hat so ein dickes Buch geschrieben – über die Vergasung – die Revisionisten. Sie kennen den Hayward? (Yes, to speak with more judges. This information – for example I asked Mrs Clapiér-Krespach, 'What do you know about this whole complex matter?' 'Yes, just that which one has just picked up.' And I think that is not good enough. We have, for example, in New Zealand an academic – he has written a big book – about the gassing – the revisionists. You know Hayward?)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Er hat beschlossen, 1993 es gab keine Vergasung. Vertreibung, Erschießungen, all das gab es. Aber nach seinem besten Wissen hat er gesagt, nein, er kann das nicht akzeptieren. Er hat für fünf Jahre auf diese These gesessen, and jetzt frei gegeben. Ich habe gefragt, 'Warum haben sie das gemacht?'. Da sagte er, ja, er möchte den Nazis keine – 'not to give them ammunition'. Da sagte ich, OK, als Wissenschaftler, um die Sache weiter zu führen, um die Sache zu lösen, muß man den Informationsfluß hegen. Ich weiß, wie heikel es ist in Deutschland, das weiß ich. (He concluded in '93 that there were no gassings. Deportations, shootings, all that happened. But according to his knowledge he said, no, he cannot accept that. For five years he sat on this thesis, and has now released it. I asked him why did you do that? He said that he did not

wish to give the Nazis any – 'not to give them ammunition'. I said, 'OK, as a researcher, in order to bring forward the matter, in order to solve the matter, one has to nurture the information flow'. I know how delicate it is in Germany, I know that.)

Mohr: Warum gehen Sie nach Deutschland? (Why do you come to Germany?)

Töben: Ja, das ist ja das Problem, wenn eine kleine Gruppe von Leute sagen, 'Hey, wir müssen das untersuchen'. Ich verstehe auch ietzt so langsam wie es zu einer Nazi, oder eine Widerstandsbewegung kommen kann. Ständig ist das im deutschen Fernsehen 'Holocaust'. In Frankreich ... ich war eine Woche in Frankreich, ständig, ständig; in Australien – mein Bruder rief vor zwei Tagen an. Er sah ein Film vor Mitternacht über Hitler. Leider wird er so dargestellt - ja, der hat die Arbeitslosigkeit abgeschaft - ich komme eigendlich aus Frankreich, aber vorher war ich in Polen und Ukraine, und was ich nicht wußte ... in Kiev war ich in den Archiven ... (Yes, that is the problem, if a small group of people say, 'Hey, we have to research this'. I slowly understand how it can come to a Nazi, or to a revival movement. German television is full of the 'Holocaust'. In France ... I spent a week in France, all the time, all the time. In Australia - my brother rang two days ago. He saw a film about Hitler just before midnight. Unfortunately he is represented ... yes, he did eliminate unemployment - I actually came from France but before that I was in Poland and Ukraine, and what I did not know ... I was in the Kiev archives ...)

Mohr: Hmm.

Töben: Ich wusste garnicht, daß Deutschland, aus den besetzten Gebieten, Ukraine nach Deutschland schickte – Gastarbeiter – bis 1944. Also, das sind Sachen, für mich sehr interessant. Und andere Sachen. Als sie die Jüdischen Gemeinden auflösten, wie das Kulturgut bewertet wurde. Diese Dokumentation haben wir … (I did not know that Germany sent from the occupied areas, Ukrainians to Germany – guest workers – till 1944. So, these are interesting things for me. And other things. When they dissolved Jewish communities, how the cultural objects were evaluated. This documentation we have …)

Klein: Und Babyn Yar, sagt Ihnen das etwas? (And Babyn Yar, does that mean anything to you?)

Töben: Ja, Babyn Yar. Das lass ich abgrenzen. Wir haben das Monument gesehen und ich kenn eigentlich ... ich muß, das ist ja mein Problem. Ich habe keine Geschichte studiert. Die Geschichtler ... (Yes, Babyn Yar. That I bracket. We saw the monument and I actually know ... I must, that is my problem. I did not study history. The historians ...)

Mohr: Was haben Sie studiert, Philosophie? (What did you study? Philosophy?)

Töben: Philosophie, ja. Die Gedankenfreiheit. Wie Sie ja wissen, ich komme aus dem Angelsächsischen, und für uns ist es wichtig, die

Gedankenfreiheit zu haben, ohne daß jemand sagt, 'Sie müssen'. Wenn ich Sie jetzt frage: 'Do you believe in the Holocaust?' (Philosophy, yes. Freedom of thought. As you well know, I come out of the Anglo-Saxon, and for us it is important to have free speech, without anyone saying, 'You must'. If I now ask you, 'Do you believe in the Holocaust?'.)

Klein: (answers in English) Of course I do.

Töben: Gut, das ist Ihr Glaube, und da haben Sie recht. (Good, that is vour belief, and it is vour right.)

Klein: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Töben: Der John Sack, der hat eine Rede gehalten bei uns im August, da sagt er, 'I believe in the Holocaust'. Einige Leute wurden unruhig, da habe ich sofort ihn verteidigt und sage, das ist sein Glaube. Aber wenn er sagt, der Holocaust - also wir müssen erst mal - Pressac sagt der Holocaust, die Terminologie muß weg. Pressac will nicht mehr das Wort gebrauchen. Er sagt es war ein 'massife massacre', so nennt er das. Und andere reden von dem Dresden-Holocaust, undsoweiter, und natürlich im Jüdischen wird es als Shoah dargestellt, was viele sagen, anstatt Holocaust, weil heutzutage gibt es so viele Holocausts. Und wenn Sie dann sagen Sie glauben an den Holocaust, dann muß man eben fragen, 'Was verstehen Sie?" Sie müssen in die Details gehen, und dann, weil Sie daran glauben, ist es Ihr Glaube. Also, da wollten Leute den John Sack indirekt fertig machen. Das geht nicht. Er darf doch glauben was er will. Ja, das ist, was ich sage, wenn ich jetzt jemand beleidige, aus geschmacklichen Sachen, dann entschuldige ich mich. Wenn ich aber ein, zum Beispiel wie jetzt mit dieser Sache, das sind reine Fakten, das sind meine Untersuchungen, das ist dann meine Meinung ... (John Sack, he addressed us in August, and he said, 'I believe in the Holocaust'. A few people became restless, and I immediately defended him and said, that is his belief. But if he said, the Holocaust - so we must first - Pressac says the Holocaust, this term must not be used. Pressac does not want to use that word anymore. He says it was a massive massacre, that is what he calls it. And others talk about the Dresden Holocaust, and so on, and naturally in Jewish it is Shoah, as many term it, instead of Holocaust, because today there are so many holocausts. And if you then say you believe in the Holocaust, then one has to ask, 'what do you understand?' You need to go into the details, and then because you believe in it, it is your belief. So, there were some people who indirectly wished to embarrass John Sack. That is no good. He is allowed to believe what he wants to believe. Yes, that is what I say, if I now offend anyone, because of matters of taste, then I apologise. If I now, as in this present example, this is my research, that is then my opinion ...)

Mohr: Wie sind Sie darauf gekommen sich für diese Geschichte zu interessieren? (How did vou get to interest vourself for this history?)

Töben: Philosophisch habe ich meine Dissertation mit den Max Bense in Stuttgart gemacht. Bense war ein Radikaler: einmal war er links, einmal war er rechts, mal war er Braun, mal war er alles. Im Endeffekt war er Max Bense. Er hat Leute angestachelt, die Sachen zu durchdenken. Ich habe meine Arbeit über den Karl Popper geschrieben der jetzt ... (I wrote my philosophy dissertation at Max Bense in Stuttgart. Bense was a radical: sometimes he was left, sometimes he was right, sometimes he was brown, sometimes he was everything. In effect, he was Max Bense. He stimulated people to think things through. I wrote my thesis on Karl Popper who now ...)

Mohr is all ears and glares at me. Klein leans back in his chair, with a grin on his face.

Töben: ... also ich spreche, das ... also, Ich denke Sie sind, Sie sind also hier weil ich hier bin? ... (... so, I am saying, this ... so, I think you are, you are here because I am here?)

Mohr: Ah, ja, das kann man sagen, ja. (Er, yes, one could say that.)

Klein: Herr Töben, ich wirds ganz kurz machen. (Mr Töben, I will be very brief.)

Töben: Ja. (Yes.)

Klein: Ich erkläre Ihre die vorläufige Festnahme \dots (I am now arresting you \dots)

Töben: Die Festnahme von mir? Warum? (My arrest? Why?)

Klein: Wegen des Verbreitens der Dinge. (Because of distributing the things.)

Töben: Ich verbreite doch nichts! (I am not distributing anything!)

Klein: Sicher verbreiten Sie ... (Of course you are distributing ...)

Töben: Das ist Adelaide-Institute, das sind ... (That is the Adelaide Institute, these are ...)

Klein: Verbreitung der Volksverhetzung. (Spreading incitement of [racial] hatred.)

Töben: Also, das ist Ihre Sache. (So, that is your business.)

Klein: Ich nehm Sie vorläufig fest. (I am arresting you.)

Töben: Ja, und, also ... ha, ha, ha, ich muß nur lachen. Darf ich ein Anruf machen? (Yes, and, so ... ha, ha, ha, I just have to laugh. May I make a call?)

Klein: Sicher. (Of course.)

Töben: OK. Und, und was für Akten sind das? (OK. And what kind of files are they?)

Klein: Das kriegen Sie alles noch gesagt. (You will be told.)

Töben: OK.

Mohr: Wohin? (Where too?)

Töben: Australien.

Mohr: Geht das von hier? (Is that possible from here?)

Klein: Ne. (No.)

Mohr: Australien, Ausland? (Australia. Overseas.)

Töben: Leider, muß ich Australien anrufen. (Unfortunately I have to

ring Australia.)

Mohr: Muß er von uns aus machen. (Has to do that from our place.)

Klein: Habt Ihr ein Apparat? (Have you a phone?)

Mohr: Ja. (Yes.)

Klein: OK.

I look through the collection of cards in my wallet and pick out a couple.

Töben: Moment, und wen noch? Ja, OK. (One moment, and who else? Yes, OK?)

Mohr: Gut, wir können ja noch weiter reden, weil mein Chef ... (Good, we can continue talking because my chief ...)

Töben: Ja. (Yes.)

Mohr: ... mein Vorgesetzter, spezialisiert sich auf Philosophie ... (... my superior is specialised in philosophy ...)

Töben: Woher kommt diese Sachen jetzt? Wer hat dies inszeniert? Auch Sie haben es gemacht? (Where does this matter come from? Who initiated it? Even you were in it?)

Mohr: Ia. (Yes.)

Töben: Das ist ja ... was sind Sie für ein Mann! Ich komme hier in Offenheit und werde festgenommen! Oh, Herr Klein! (That is a ... what kind of man are you! I come here in all openness and am arrested!)

Klein: Das hab ich damals leider verpaßt! (Unfortunately last time I missed out on that.)

Töben: Verpaßt? (Missed out?)

Klein: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Das ist ja ... (That is ...)

Klein: Ich hab Sie nicht hierher gelockt. Sie sind hier erschienen. (I did not entice you to come. You turned up here.)

Töben: Ich habe geschrieben, weil ich die Leute besuche – das ist so ... naja. (I wrote, because I am visiting people – this is such ... so, what?)

Klein: OK. (OK)

Töben: OK, gut. (OK. Good.)

Klein: Ja, also, Sie machen das? (Yes, so you will do that?)

Where Truth Is No Defence, I Want To Break Free

Töben: Sie brauchen mich nicht mit Handschellen ... (You do not have to handcuff me ...)

Mohr: Nee, nee ... (No, no ...)

Töben: ... und so, ich bin zivilisiert ... (... and, I am civilised ...)

Mohr: ... nee. (... no.)

Töben: ... also ich laufe nicht weg – Ich bin nicht ein Leuchter. (I will not run away – I am not a Leuchter.)

Mohr: Haben Sie ein Fahrzeug dabei? (Have you a vehicle?)

Töben: Nein, nichts. (No, nothing.)

Mohr: Sie sind zu Fuß? (You are on foot?)

Töben: Ja. Also ich darf das Ihnen sagen, Ich bin kein Leuchter. (Yes, I may sav it to vou. I am not a Leuchter.)

Mohr: Ja, Fred Leuchter ist auch nicht fortgerannt. (Yes, Fred Leuchter did not run off.)

Klein: Doch, doch. (Yes, ves.)

Mohr: Der ist fortgerannt? (He ran off?)

Töben: OK, gut. (OK. Good.)

Klein: Ich mach die Tür auf. (I will open the door.)

As I leave with Mohr for the door, I extend my hand to Klein.

Töben: Herr Klein, bitte schön, schauen Sie mich in die Augen an. Vielen Dank. (Mr Klein, please, look me in the eyes. Thank you.)

Klein: OK. (OK.)

But Klein looks down and avoids eye contact, almost like a big schoolboy who knows he has done wrong.

Töben: Vielen Dank, Herr Klein. (Thank you, Mr Klein.)

Klein: Bitte sehr. (Pleasure.)

Mohr and I exit and enter the lift that opens its door as soon as he presses the button. In almost a tense whisper, Mohr mumbles on.

Mohr: Was ich Ihnen noch sagen wollte wegen Popper. (What I wanted to say to you about Popper.)

Töben: Ja? (Yes.)

Mohr: Mein Chef ... (My chief ...)

 $\overline{\text{T\"oben:}}$... und das ist meine Motivation ... (... and that is my motivation ...)

Mohr: Es ist eigendlich eine Unverschämtheit, von diesen Herrschaften, hat er gesagt, von diesen Leuten in den Revisionismusgruppen hier, sich des Poppers zu bedienen. (It is

actually disgusting of these gentlemen, he said, of these people in these revisionist groups, to avail themselves of Popper.)

I gasp for air – I am amazed to hear this from Mohr. How can he be saying this? Has he ever thought seriously and deeply about the fundamental value of free speech, the open society and its enemies? He continues in almost a whisper while the lift travels down slowly from the fourth to the ground level. In an even softer, almost threatening, tone he continues his intimidation.

Mohr: Wissen Sie was ich meine? (Do vou know what I mean?)

Töben: Ja, was ist Unverschämtheit? Das müssen Sie begründen. Das ist meine Lebensaufgabe, aber wir müssen uns unterhalten. (Yes, what is disgusting? You have to give a reason. That is my life's task, but we must talk.)

Mohr: Müssen Sie sich unterhalten. (You need to talk.)

Töben: Unverschämtheit, das ist seine Meinung. (Disgusting, that is his opinion.)

Mohr: Genau. (Exactly.)

Töben: Ach, ja ... (Well, yes ...)

As the lift door opens Mohr gets more excited and threatening in his approach towards me. The noise outside is in stark contrast to the enclosure of the lift.

Töben: ... verstehe ich alles, verstehe ich alles ... (... I understand it all, I understand it all ...)

Mohr: Herr Töben? (Mr Töben?)

Töben: Ja? (Yes?)

Mohr: ... weil diese Behauptung, wenn Sie diese Behauptung ... (... because these assertions, if you assert ...)

Töben: Ich behaupte es ja nicht - ich bin ja nicht ... (I am not asserting it - I am not ...)

Mohr: ... so verbreiten ... (... spread them ...)

Töben: Ja, ja, ja. (Yes, yes, yes.)

Mohr: ... auf dem Internet ... (... on the Internet ...)

Töben: ... in aller Offenheit ... (... in all openness ...)

Mohr: ... gegen die Gesetzgebung ... (... against the law ...)

Töben: Nein, nein, nein. Sie haben Meinungsfreiheit in Deutschland. Sie haben hier ... Sie sind eine Demokratie ... (No, no, no. You have free speech in Germany. You have here ... you are a democracy ...)

Mohr: Ja, aber Ich denke das ist eine andere Gesetzgebung. (Yes, but I think that is another kind of law.)

Töben: Moment, moment. Die Wahrheit muß uns schützen. Wenn ich jetzt Wahrheit suche, können Sie nicht sagen, also, ich muß mein Mund halten. Sie sind dann keine Demokratie. (One moment, one moment. Truth has to protect us. If I am now looking for truth, then you cannot say, I have to keep my mouth shut. You are then not a democracy.)

Mohr: Ich persönlich hab die Gesetze nicht geschrieben. (I personally did not write the laws.)

Töben: Nein, das hat nichts damit zu tun, dann müssen die Gesetze ... (No, no, that has got nothing to do with it, then the laws have to be ...)

Mohr: Ich bin der Arm der Exekutive. Wissen Sie was ich meine? (I am the arm of the executive. Do you know what I mean?)

Töben: Ich verstehe. Sie, Sie... (I understand. You, you ...)

Mohr: Ich weiß davon praktisch garnichts ... (I know practically nothing about that ...)

Töben: Ja, ja, alles klar ... (Yes, yes, it is all clear ...)

Mohr: Ich muß Ihnen das sagen, es ist ja das gleiche noch mit dem Zahlen. Wieviele verstehen, aber Sie können falsch sein in Ihrer Auffassung. (I must say this to you, it is the same with the payments. How many understand, but you can be wrong in your views.)

Töben: Nicht falsch. Das ist ein Verstoß gegen das Grundgesetz, und das Grundgesetz sichert uns Meinungsfreiheit zu. Das ist alles, was wir machen. (Not wrong. That is an infringement against the basic law, and the basic law secures for us free speech. That is all we are doing.)

Mohr: Ja, die Meinungsfreiheit geht ja nur soweit ... (Yes, but free speech is only free ...)

Töben: Nein. (No.)

Mohr: ... indem ich andere Meinungen nicht verletze. (... until I offend another person's views.)

Töben: Nein, nein ... (No, no ...)

Mohr: Wissen Sie was ich meine? (Do you know what I mean?)

Töben: Nein, nein. Das ist ein Verstoß gegen die Meinungsfreiheit. Würde ich Politik betreiben, wie die Neonazis es tun, das tun wir nicht. Ich sehe ja beide Seiten, oder drei Seiten. Ich geh zum Pressac. (No, no. That is an infringement against my free speech. Were I to become political, the way the neo-Nazis do, that is what we do not do. I can see both sides, or three sides. I go to Pressac.)

As we enter the Mannheim Polizeipräsidium, where I had just after 9 a.m. called in to confirm my meeting with Klein, our conversation loses any semblance of substance. We walk past reception and along some corridor, and walk up some stairs. The station's architecture is a turn of

the 19th century design and its interior reminds me of the rabbit warrens that characterise many of those police stations. Even our local Norwood Police Station can compete – corridors and doors and courtyards that confuse and, possibly intentionally, disorientate the newly arrested person.

We walk into Mohr's department on the first floor. The political police are part of the traffic police department. Herr Schenkel, Mohr's superior, is a slender, suit-wearing man around his late 40s. A poster of Charlie Chaplin decorates his office wall.

Töben: Guten Tag. (Good day.)

Schenkel: Guten Tag, Schenkel. (Good day. My name is Schenkel.)

Töben: Sie sind der Chef? (You are the chief?)

Schenkel: Jawohl. (Yes.)

Töben: Habe schon gehört das Sie den Karl Popper ... (Have already heard that Popper for you ...)

Another person offers me a chair for which I thank them.

Töben: Ich bin ja verhaftet, danke. Sie sagen es ist eine Unverschämtheit, daß man Popper so verwendet. (After all, I have been arrested, thanks. You say it is disgusting that Popper is used in such a way.)

Schenkel: Ja, das ist meine Meinung, ja. (Yes, that is my opinion, yes.)

Töben: In Deutschland hat man ja Meinungsfreiheit. (You have free speech in Germany.)

Schenkel: Ja.

Töben: In meiner philosophische Ausbindung habe ich ja Popper persönlich kennengelernt, und über ihn meine Dissertation geschrieben. (During my philosophical studies I personally got to know Popper, and I wrote my thesis about him.)

Schenkel: Ja. (Yes.)

Töben: Das find ich dann absurd wenn Sie jetzt hier diesen Schritt tun. Darf ich anrufen nach Australien? (I then find it absurd if you now take this step. May I make a call to Australia?)

Schenkel: Ja. (Yes.)

A slight commotion occurs as individuals leave the office but I say to them they ought to feel free to stay. I confirm with Schenkel that it is on the orders of Klein that I have been arrested. My first call is to Murray McLauchlin, and I give him the office number: 49 621 174 22 50. My second and final call is to my twin brother, so that he, too, knows I have been arrested on suspicion of incitement to racial hatred (Verdacht der Volksverhetzung).

After the calls I have a long discussion with Schenkel and Mohr, during which I firmly state that I consider this arrest an act of mental rape (geistige Vergewaltigung) because they wish to force the Holocaust dogma on me with the force of the law.

Both Schenkel and Mohr explain to me that publishing any revisionist material on the Internet is a criminal offence in Germany. I tell the joke about the old lady complaining to the police officer about a man who is doing dirty things in her house. The fellow who checks out her story is invited by the old lady to enter her bathroom, stand on a chair, then look out the small window and look in the direction of the house across the road where a man is seen doing 'dirty things'. The volition message does hit home to Schenkel and Mohr, and so I reinforce it by saying that I do not want to 'believe' in the Holocaust but I want to 'know' the truth about the homicidal gassing allegations.

I again call this action the beginnings of mental rape and a misuse of state power because Klein cannot offer me any rational argument that settles the problem of the missing four square holes on which the Auschwitz homicidal gas chamber story rests. I say that Klein is the upholder of a dogma that cripples a person's mind. I suggest that they ought to welcome the free flow of information that liberates our minds.

Both Schenkel and Mohr have had enough and the latter bids me to rise so that he can take me to the police station's cell block.

We enter the police prison cell corridor, at the end of which to the left an officer awaits my arrival. He asks me to empty my pockets, take off my tie and belt, and it is 12.15 p.m. as I hand over my watch. Then Mohr frisks me, 'to ensure that you carry no pistol or knife. I carry the responsibility for that', he says.

I compare this action with the physically checking out of the details of the homicidal gassing story at Auschwitz. Mohr thinks it is a good comparison and says I should state this clearly in the statement that he wishes me to make later during the afternoon.

It must be about 12.30 p.m. and I sit in my 2 m x 4 m cell where a wooden slab on a concrete base is now my chair and bed combined. A small window is set high up in the 2 m wall from which some light enters the otherwise dark cell.

The police warden in charge of the cell block unlocks the door and offers me lunch, which I accept. It is Sauerkraut and mashed potatoes with a slice of ham. I consciously and slowly eat the former and reject the latter because of my vegetarian leanings. I then lie down on the wooden slab for a rest. Is not that what I have been doing for a long time, rest after a meal? The atmosphere is rather depressing and my mind is connecting with countless impressions, and thoughts intermingle this flow. The church bells, barely audible, indicate that it is 1 p.m. Out of the cell at 1.20 p.m. and talking with the two police officers (Wachtmeister [the

watchman]) while waiting for Mohr to take me elsewhere. I talk about freedom of speech (Meinungsfreiheit), how this freedom to think and to speak makes us human, and how the free flow of information optimises our mental development. I oppose any dogmatic structures because that is mental rape.

One of the watchmen says he is a German nationalist 'but crimes were committed' (aber Verbrechen gab es). I agree, pointing out that the Germans did not have a monopoly on committing crimes because the Allies were likewise deeply involved in such activity, war crimes even.

One of the watchmen informs me that he had received a call from Australia from David Brockschmidt who had strongly voiced his disgust at my imprisonment. I respond by saying to him that Brockschmidt is one of the few concerned citizens and supporters who, like myself, does not fear anyone – especially when it concerns the eliciting of truth on an alleged historical happening.

A watchman hands me my belt and tie, and I ask him whether there is a mirror I can use because I wish to comb my hair. I do not wish to look like a desperado on that up-coming mug-shot. Mohr jumps in and says there are no mirrors here. This is contradicted by one of the watchmen who beckons me to the staff toilet, opens it with his key, then says to close it after finishing. The mirror and washbasin are clean and I am able to do a reasonable job on my dry wiry hair and unshaven face. My tie also gets a straightening out. I return and thank the watchmen for the use of his toilet. We continue an interesting discussion, among other things, about dirty toilets and what it tells us about a nation's health and well-being.

Mohr watches our animated discussion and visibly twinges as I stress again and again that there were no gassings at Auschwitz because the evidence – the murder weapon – is nowhere to be found.

I also inform the two watchmen that Mohr and Klein had lied to me right at the beginning of my entering Klein's office. Both claimed that Mohr's presence was a coincidence, something that is now quite evidently a blatant lie. Why would Klein have invited me to report to him, knowing full well my position about the alleged homicidal gas chamber holes, the alleged four square gas induction holes?

I make the comparison between the former East German Stasi tactics of ruling through fear and upholding the Marxist dogma and the current German method of suppressing people's thoughts and speech through the Holocaust dogma. Mohr waves his index finger in my face and exclaims, 'Das ist eine Beamtenbeleidigung einen Vergleich mit der ehemaligen kriminellen DDR zu machen'. (That is insulting a public servant, to make a comparison with the former criminal DDR [German Democratic Republic].) As he continues to poke his index finger into my face, I give it a quick swipe with my right hand saying, 'Bedrohen Sie mich nicht!' (Do not threaten me!).

In a kind of boyish huff, he bids me to accompany him to his office so that a formal statement can be taken down.

Frau Greulich, a young woman, sits at a typewriter and is ready to write down my statement in the context of Verdacht der Volksverhetzung (to incite folk hatred). I stand next to her while Mohr dashes off to his superior's office at the end of the corridor. I can hear his animated voice, 'Es ist nur show' (It is only a show), Mohr tells Schenkel. Well, I thought to myself, that is why I am being arrested, just for putting on a show. That makes matters worse.

Mohr re-enters the room and requests that I give him a statement. He is nervous and I press home the point about his lie to me. I also inform him that he is twisting everything I say so that he can use it against me.

Immediately he launches into the usual 'Es ist eine Beleidigung' (It is an insult) and I counter by asking him why he is twisting everything I say so that it is an insult to him. Mature individuals seek clarification, even if the truth hurts. I will not, I say, sign anything he dictates to his secretary. I shall write my own statement, or at least I demand that our interview be recorded on audio or video-tape. Since the 1980s even in Australia the police have this basic safeguard that protects suspects from police verballing. Not so in Germany. There the police dictate whatever will clinch the case for the prosecution.

Mohr storms out of the room almost shouting, 'Der Ofen ist aus, die Geduld ist zu Ende' (The oven is out, patience is at an end). He dashes off to his superior again and I can hear him saying, 'Ich dachte mit ihm könnten wir uns vernünftig unterhalten ... unverschämt, dieser Mensch' (I thought we could have had a reasonable discussion with him ... disgusting, this human being).

By this time it is 2.20 p.m. and Mohr returns to take me away for processing (Behandlung). I am reminded of the Sonderbehandlung claim made by alleged Holocaust survivors and alleged eyewitnesses of such 'special treatment'. I then think of those who during the witch trial era would witness to the special courts how a certain person, usually a woman, was seen doing strange things, even having sex with the devil! These eyewitnesses then caused the court to condemn alleged witches to their death. So, too, it is with these individuals who make unfounded claims about homicidal gassings.

In my case the processing consists of my being fingerprinted, weighed and measured, and photographed – all within 15 minutes. Typical German efficiency. I am now on the German file of dissidents that is ever increasing in size.

Naturally, I draw Mohr's attention to the parallels between the former East Germany and how it treated its dissenters. I consider this kind of treatment undeserving because I am not a criminal, and I shall in time

have to make a claim on the German government. He responds by falling back on his 'Das ist eine Beleidigung' (That is insulting), but he had no rational response to my comment.

In a telephone conversation with David Brockschmidt after my arrest, Mohr admitted to Brockschmidt that he had no conscience, otherwise he could not do the job.

By 3.30 p.m. I am back in my cell and I make notes on pieces of paper that Mohr during his frisking failed to locate. My thoughts focus on the process of detention, of my attempting to grasp a pattern that sheds light on what makes men like Mohr, Schenkel and Klein tick. Whenever Mohr is challenged into explaining his actions, he cries out 'That is an insult'. Klein is ideologically well-versed, and whenever he is challenged, he either mumbles inaudibly or he nonchalantly abuses his adversary, a classical case of a person mentally challenged.

Around 4 p.m. I ring the bell for a toilet call. I do not wish to use the hole in the floor to the left of the door. After 6 p.m. the door opens and an officer brings me a cup of coffee and a piece of bread with jam. I inform the officer that I have been waiting for two hours for this call. He snaps at me, how would I know it is two hours, did I have no watch on me? I advise him that I heard the church bells ringing in 6 p.m. 'Ich höre keine' (I heard none), he says and lets me walk over to the toilet. Upon re-entering the cell I have to leave the shoes outside the door, and so I tip-toe back inside.

I prepare myself for a night on the wooden slab, but it is stuffy and humid inside. I again press the call button and surprisingly another officer opens the door. I ask him whether he can open the window at the top of the wall. He obliges, but reminds me that the nights are still cold at Mannheim. I say that I do not mind because I prefer cold but fresh air.

I take off my clothes bar the singlet and underpants, then use the suit as pillow and prepare the three blankets that will make up my bedsheets. Thoughts race through my mind:

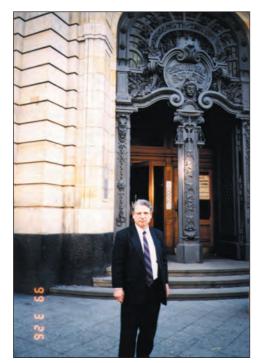
- I conduct my work in all openness in detail on the Internet.
- I am aware of the German law that prohibits a discussion of World War II history - the 'Holocaust' - in public. Hence the need to contact judges and prosecutors and lawyers to get their views on this kind of legal constraint.
- I had met Klein in April 1997 and he was fully aware of what the Adelaide Institute had on its website, showing me his file.
- Before the current trip I wrote to Klein, to Bundeskanzler Schröder and to a number of legal persons.
- · Klein legally ambushed me in his office, then even lied about it.

- I do not intend to break a German law and I have no intention of conducting public meetings. If I am not welcome in Germany then I shall leave. I would not have entered Germany and visited Klein had I known he intended to arrest me.
- My research has nothing to do with politics, and I speak to all sides
 of the debate. I recall how during the 1970s I was the student
 representative of the philosophy students at Stuttgart when the
 left-right political divide was at its peak. I failed in my attempt to
 synthesise the views but I tried, nonetheless. With revisionism it is
 different because the proponents of the Holocaust lie the homicidal
 gassing allegations are the ones that stifle debate.
- Freedom of thought and speech makes us human, and the German Basic Law is supposed to ensure this. Why, then, is it not applied in my case?

Another walk to the toilet, after another considerable wait. It is criminal what these individuals are doing with me – light on all night – as if I am in danger of committing Volksverhetzung (incitement to racial hatred)! I am researching the gas chamber story at Krema II: there are problems, especially with the holes that are not there.

Why would Mohr's superior say that it is a disgrace that revisionists use Popper for their purposes? That is the essence of philosophical enquiry – a free flow of information. But not in poor Germany (armes Deutschland).

This is Gesinnungshaft (political imprisonment). The fellows who work here cite rules and regulations (Vorschriften) that they follow. Mohr says, 'Wir sind nett zu Ihnen' (We are polite to you), but I am still treated as a criminal and put in a cell. Is this not the tactics used by an authoritarian-totalitarian state? They know I have come to Germany to speak with its judiciary, and there is no danger in my absconding. Is this detention designed to soften me up? Both Fred Leuchter and Hans Schmidt were given the opportunity of leaving Germany without facing a trial.



The entrance to the courthouse where Judge Hollmann sentenced Ingrid Weckert for having compared diary entries of two Dachau prisoners - one was positive and the other negative. This lessens the Nazi crimes!



Visiting Richard Wagner's grandson, Wolfgang Wagner, at Bayreuth.



On a pleasant weekend with Dr Wilhelm Stäglich in Glücksburg.



I met this man, who wants to be a good German patriot, at Bielefeld Court.



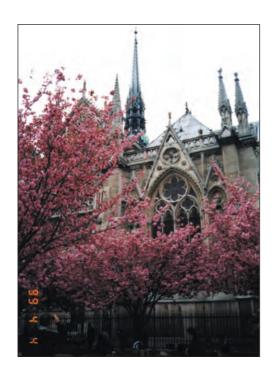
Visiting Jean-Claude Pressac at his home in Ville du Bois.



With Professor Robert Faurisson at his home in Vichy.



 $Sending\ e\text{-}mail\ messages\ from\ my\ hotel\ 'office'\ to\ the\ Adelaide\ Institute's\ webmaster.$



The splendour of Notre Dame in Paris in April.



Chateley Opera from whence came the Wagnerian 'Ring Cycle' to Adelaide in 1998.



On the run through Paris over the Easter weekend. No, I did not participate.



 ${\it In\ Professor\ Serge\ Thion's\ study}.$



With Martin Walser at his home.



A prized possession for some; the dream for some as well.



The Bruchsal courthouse where I met Judge Clapiér-Krespach.



Günter Deckert's prison home at Bruchsal for almost five years. In 1997 I was permitted to visit him but not in 1999.



In 1997 I visited Hans-Heiko Klein in his office. Two years later I walked out of these doors not a free man.

Chapter 8

Prison Night, And Day In Court

Friday, 9 April 1999

Strange night's dream – the cell enlarged and filled with lots of people. I was not alone. I see this as a comforting omen. No way am I going to fall into self-pity or hatred for Klein. I already feel sorry for him, and this diffuses my ability to generate the energy needed to hate this cowardly liar.

I dress and prepare myself for morning fresh-up. I talk with the officer who calls himself a German nationalist. He advises me that if I am not brought before a judge within 24 hours, then a judge has to set me free. For a moment I hope that the German bureaucracy may, for whatever reason, become inefficient and fail to draw up the necessary arrest warrant in time. What wishful thinking!

The officer says that after appearing before the judge, I will be sent to remand. He asks, 'Was haben Sie davon?' (What do you get out of that?). I respond by pointing out to him that truth liberates. I am looking for truth about the gassing allegations. Klein is attempting to rape my mind – and this I oppose. It is not a matter of win-lose, but a search for truth.

He informs me that a reporter from Australia had rung the police station late last night but he could not divulge any information about my person. So much for the privacy provisions of German law.

The officer then asks me whether I had a real doctorate because Mohr had been talking about Fred Leuchter who claimed to be a doctor. I reassure the fellow that mine is legitimate, and that Fred Leuchter never to my knowledge claimed to have a doctorate. I then mention how the University of Göttingen used a Hitler law with which to take away Dr Wilhelm Stäglich's doctorate. He did not know about that.

Our conversation again touches on the history of Germany and the officer says, 'Ich schäme mich Deutscher zu sein' (I am ashamed to be a German). I am astounded to hear a member of the political Republican Party say such a thing. It just does not make sense. I ask him why is he ashamed to be a German. He says that what the Germans did to the Jews

was criminal, shameful and shocking. I ask him what did the Germans do to the Jews. He looks at me with a stare, then says, that the Germans gassed the Jews. What evidence has he to back up this assertion, I ask. He says that everyone knows the truth about the gassings because he has seen it on TV dozens of time. I inform him that I have looked at the murder weapon at Auschwitz-Birkenau, the second time just a couple of weeks ago – and I did not find the four alleged square gas insertion holes. Without these holes, I say, there is no murder weapon, and the gassing claim is then either a lie or it is propagated by those ignorant of the physical facts.

He does not respond but offers me a cup of coffee, which I accept. When he returns with the cup he has also two slices of bread for me, which I reject. Quite hurt, he says, 'Ich habe mir viel Mühe gemacht' (I made a great effort). I almost apologise to him but then compose myself and inform him that he had not asked me whether I wanted bread.

At 10 a.m. I walk to the toilet. I ask the watchman not to be angry at me for refusing his bread. I explain to him that I come from a different cultural background, from a society based on voluntarism. I return from the toilet and pace around the cell for a while, then lie down on the wooden bunk.

At 11 a.m. Mohr comes along and asks me where I stayed on the night before my arrest. I advise him that I would never tell him because he would merely persecute them. I may have stayed the night in an hotel or in a pension. I say that in time all this would be on the Internet, and he had better read my travel diary which appears on our website. He says this means that he will have to ring up all the hotels in Mannheim. I say that he had better get started right away.

He then wants to have a closer look at my airline ticket that is still with me. He writes down the itinerary, and I advise him to just read the diary. I ask him whether I could make a phone call and he joyously says, 'No'. I say he is behaving just like a Stasi agent of the former East Germany. He begins to fluster again and says I am insulting him.

His next question aims to find out where my personal belongings are. I inform him that my base is at Andreas Röhler's in Berlin, and that I travel light. He departs in a huff.

At noon I am offered lunch but I decline. I am not hungry. It is the last thing on my mind. I recall the turmoil I felt when my wife took off, and how pained I was. This is mild compared to the personal pain I felt then. That was over 10 years ago – and that pain is now a rather faded memory. I think of the alleged Holocaust victims who claim never to forget the hurt and suffering they experienced during the war. Heavens, that is a sick attitude to have – forever pulling out the emotional blackmail card of hurt feelings. This must have an effect on your mental wellbeing. I concede that a few years of grief – publicly displayed – is in order for a

healing process to begin. Yet to keep it going for over half a century, then get the second generation into this as well – children of the Holocaust survivors! That is a perversion in itself.

First Court Appearance

At 1.15 p.m. Mohr arrives and asks me to accompany him to a car. We are on our way to the Amtsgericht (Magistrates Court). The police officer driving the car is in uniform and his weapon is visibly displayed. Not so Mohr's. However, before we set off he opens his suit and displays his pistol saying, 'Wir sind schwer bewaffnet' (We are heavily armed) and both would use their weapons were I to attempt an escape. 'So what?', I respond to him. 'In my world my pen is my weapon and you fear that more than I fear your weapon. In any case, escaping is the last thing on my mind. Where would I flee to? Back to Australia? The world is my prison, if you like'.

Mohr has already turned away from facing me and I sense that he is about to have the huffs again and feels insulted by my response.

I am taken to a large room where I am asked to sit at a small table facing the larger judge's desk. To the right side of the desk the court typist sits at her table and is busily fumbling with her large electric (not electronic) typewriter. Copies of the arrest warrant lie before me on the table. I pick up a copy and I read through it. A quick glance indicates to me that it was written up in a hurry, or Klein is merely going berserk with glee at having arrested 'one of the world's leading revisionists'. Hey, I thought to myself, if I am one of the leading persons, then where are all the others behind me?

The arrest warrant document includes material on Germar Rudolf's website, and I am supposed to be the author of so much revisionist material that Klein flatters me. Professor Gerald Fleming also appears as an 'accuser' in the context of my critical letter to him some time ago. What a hotch-potch of nonsense.

Mohr sits behind me on a bench, and another two officers sit to my left. An interpreter sits with me at the desk. She briefly informed me that she also was there for Fred Leuchter when he was brought before the court at Mannheim in 1995.

The judge has as yet not arrived. I see Klein standing near the window. He comes over and asks me, 'Wollen Sie uns nicht sagen wo Sie waren?' (Do you not want to tell us where you were?). I tell him that he can find out for himself. Why should I help him when he has lied to me? Aware that my comment was audible to the others in court, he mumbles something about not having had any option but to arrest me, 'da Sie schon einmal hier waren' (Seeing you were here).

Then a slender and almost frail silver-haired man enters the court. He smiles at everyone in that sweeping gesture which gives each one in the

room a sense of having been touched by him personally. It is Judge Neuenreither, the Haft und Ermittlungsrichter (the arresting and investigative judge), who now seats himself behind his desk. His entry does not elicit any formal response, neither from the typist, the two police officers, nor from Klein or Mohr. The court setting is quite informal and public prosecutor Klein leads the way. He appears wearing jeans, and his demeanour is a strange mix of indifference and disdain for the judge – a boyish insolence that borders on ignorance.

The hearing begins with Judge Neuenreither advising me of my rights to remain silent, and that I have a right to a defence lawyer. I inform him that I did not come to Germany to offend against any law and that I do not intend to cost the state any money by availing myself of legal assistance. I shall defend myself because truth will be my defence.

Klein says to me, 'Erzählen Sie den Richter über die vier Löcher in Krema II'. I open my folder and show and tell the judge of my concerns, as I had done for Klein. The room falls silent and in my best German I slowly and in detail explain what the problem is about – those lacking four square holes at Krema II.

Klein then says something about this proving that I am a hard-core revisionist, and that is offending against Section 130 of the German criminal code. The charge is 'Verdacht der Volksverhetzung' (incitement of the people – the Australian equivalent term to this allegation is 'racial hatred').

I object to Klein labelling me an anti-Semite, and I invite the judge to call Hermann in Stuttgart who has known me for many years. His father had been the Stuttgart public prosecutor before World War II, and was dismissed from his position when Hitler assumed power in 1933.

The judge places the call and Hermann relays to the judge that he considers me to be a man of my word, an upright person. The judge passes this character reference to Klein who is unimpressed and simply scoffs at it. It seems to me that Klein is totally corrupt and any talk of moral uprightness is beyond his understanding. He is morally bankrupt and fears truth. Perhaps he does not even concede that there is such value as truth telling.

Judge Neuenreither listens to my plea for bail, but Klein violently opposes my request, claiming that the last time he granted bail, the accused fled. He is referring to Fred Leuchter's appearance before a Mannheim court where bail was granted and Leuchter fled home to the USA.

It is just on 3 p.m. and the judge's telephone rings. The judge advises that I have been given a lawyer to represent me before the court, Ludwig Bock, who will be here in 15 minutes. I am almost stunned by this news. Who is Ludwig Bock? Who engaged this man on my behalf?

Prison Night, And Day In Court

The judge adjourns the court, and I file out with my police escort and Mohr beside me. The interpreter also files out. I advise Mohr that my legs require me to sit down whenever I can avoid standing, and that I will sit down on the bench-seat in the corridor. He does not object, and he relaxes as he sees the interpreter sitting next to me. We briefly look at the arrest warrant again. The arrest warrant as translated by Mark Weber:

Mannheim District Court

Legal No. 42 Gs 830/99

Public Prosecutor, Mannheim

Reference No. 503 Js 95551/99

ARREST WARRANT of 9 April 1999, against the accused:

Dr Gerald Fredrick Toeben, born on 2 June 1944, resident of Adelaide, Australia. Australian citizen.

The accused is remanded to investigative custody, because,

Since 1996, and most recently between January and April of 1999, among other things, he sent, by post from Adelaide, Australia, to recipients in the territory of the Federal Republic of Germany, a monthly Adelaide Institute newsletter, for which he is the responsible editor, as well as in the *Vierteljahreshefte für freie Geschichtsforschung*, which he produced, the contents of which was also circulated worldwide by Internet.

Among other things, in these 'newsletters' the accused claims and present, often with the use of supposed quotations, as well as by reference to 'supporting' literature that is available, among other places, on the Internet, consciously contrary to historical truth, and at least partially identifying with the Nazi persecution measures, in a pseudo-scholarly style, characterised by a tendency to exonerate National Socialism of the stigma of the murder of the Jews, to intensively influence the sensibilities and passions of the reader, by denying the annihilation of the Jews planned by the National Socialist rulers, the denial of the existence of gas chambers for the genocide and of the memory of the Jews murdered during the mass annihilation, with the claim that the mass annihilation is an invention of the Jews, and serves to oppress the German people.

An example is 'A KGB Novelist: Gerald Fleming', which was downloaded from the Internet *Vierteljahreshefte* on 8 April 1999. [Text of 'Ein KGB Novelist: Gerald Fleming', an exchange of letters from 1996, with commentary, two and a half pages in length.]

Through Internet links the accused presents 'supporting literature' to interested persons. These include, among other things, references to extreme right-wing and anti-Semitic sources, including, for example, the Institute for Historical Review, the Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust, Germar Rudolf, Jürgen Graf, David Irving and, in particular, the 'Zündelsite'. [Listing of titles of 22 items, including *Did Six Million Really Die?*,

The Holocaust: Let's Hear Both Sides, The Leuchter Report, The Liberation of the Camps: Facts vs. Lies, Auschwitz: Myths and Facts.]

The claims of the accused as well as the literature offered and distributed by him are suited to awaken and stir up emotionally hostile attitudes towards Jews in general and, in particular, against Jews who live in the Federal Republic of Germany. They are also suited to shake the confidence in public security of the targeted Jewish portion of the population.

Thus, on repeated occasions, the accused

A acted in a manner suited to disturb the public peace,

- 1. incited a portion of the population to hatred, and
- attacked the human dignity of others, by insulting, by malevolently making contemptuous, or by libelling a portion of the population,
- B publicly denied, in a manner designed to disturb the public peace, a genocidal act carried out under National Socialist rule,
- C insulted others, and
- D denigrated the memory of the dead.

These acts are violations of the German criminal code (StGB), punishable according to Sections 130 (sub-sections 1 and 3), 185, 189, 194, 52, 53, and 9 (sub-section 1).

Toeben is suspected of these things on the basis of an investigation, seized evidence, and a review of Internet material.

The accused faces severe punishment. If released, the danger exists that he will avoid punishment by fleeing to his homeland of Australia.

Even to the interpreter it is a hurriedly cobbled-together document, no doubt because it had to be done today before the 24-hour period was up.

I then walk back to the court door area and see an intense-looking man arrive. It is Herr Bock. I note Mohr visibly wilts in Bock's presence. Bock asks me for a copy of the arrest warrant and I refer him to Mohr, at the same time introducing Mohr to Bock. 'Mr Mohr and I know each other', Bock says with a smile, and Mohr slinks off to his police mate. Bock and I are alone. He asks me what I wish to do about this arrest warrant. I say I want to get bail and be free to prepare a big Holocaust trial. 'I'll fight this allegation all the way', I say to Bock. 'I do not mind going to prison if this will help the fight for truth and justice'. Bock advises me to say nothing further to the judge who will now send me to prison, and we shall then go on from there. I sign a piece of paper giving Bock the power to represent me in court.

Off to Prison

This is what happens when Judge Neuenreither resumes court. With some prompting from Klein, the judge decides I be sent to 'Justiz Vollzugsanstalt' (Mannheim Prison). He justifies this decision by pointing to the possibility of my fleeing Germany. My assurance that I shall not even think about fleeing the country falls on deaf ears. The number on the arrest warrant is 503 Js 9551/99: this becomes my prison file number.

The judge rises and departs. I am handcuffed and led away to a prison van. I am placed in one of six 1 m x 1 m cubicles. The van, obviously heading towards the prison, makes about three stops and loads up more prisoners. Through a meshed window I manage to view the street scene. I hope that the police officer whom I asked to feed the parking meter for my car standing outside the police station had done his job. Individuals are hurrying along the footpaths – there is movement of people. Inside the van it is a different scene. I sit in a cubicle. It is eerie for me. It is all so unreal, me in handcuffs with allegations that I have committed a criminal act. Oh, what a feeling!

The van pulls up before the prison gates and the driver and co-driver alight and hand over the paperwork to the security guards. The large metal gate opens and we continue our journey for another few metres, then the van door opens and I get out, and the handcuffs are taken off my wrist. We enter the main prison building through the doors of the administration wing, walk along a corridor, are asked to enter the processing office, there to sit down on chairs. There are four of us: a 20-year-old Albanian, a middle-aged Vietnamese whose command of German indicates he has lived in Germany for many years, and a Palestinian. The latter is agitated and obviously under drugs.

We are processed (Behandlung) again: the term reminds me of Sonderbehandlung, the alleged euphemism for gassing people!

I am prisoner number 528 of 1999. We are handed our bed sheets, blankets, basic toiletry items: (toothbrush and toothpaste, soap and razor blade) and eating utensils (cup, cutlery, jug and an all-purpose tray-plate).

Then it is off to the holding cell for the night – I share the cell with the Albanian. As we settle in our 2 m x 4 m cell with its two beds, the youngster begins to weep. His German is good enough for me to converse with him. He came to Germany without papers, but his sister and other members of the family are already living here. He thought it would be easy to get the necessary permission from the mostly efficient German bureaucracy. He was wrong.

As night falls, we hear voices from the remand wing communicating in strange languages. They intensify – shouting, laughter, laments. The Albanian informs me that the loudest come from Albanians. I ask him

what is being said. He, with some embarrassment, says that jestingly one fellow is abusing another by shouting aloud that once out, 'I will fuck your mother'.

During a lull in the conversation flow, I can hear a German conversation. It is clearly audible because the sound resonates from within the courtyard. It is not a barking shout but an ordinary quiet conversation two prisoners are having via the window from one cell to another cell.

At an opportune moment I join their conversation and am immediately asked what is my crime. As I put it to them, they laugh about it. They think the crime of 'defaming the memory of the dead' is funny – and we break off all laughing about German justice that does not tolerate free speech. We arrange to identify and meet at my first Hofgang (a 1-hour exercise walk) at 8 a.m.

By this time it is quite dark outside. I make my bed for the night, my second night in a prison cell. The young fellow does not bother to undress to his underwear nor does he bother with his sheets. Fully dressed and feeling sorry for himself, he sobs himself to sleep.

I let my mind wander. The unreality of it all hits me – me in a prison! What for: for what? Instead of determining how I will structure my night, I think of all those individuals who for some reason or other, are likewise not free to do as they please. It comforts – I am not that badly off. I have a bed for the night and surely tomorrow morning I will enjoy some breakfast. The continental breakfast is always a delight for me.

*

On this day in 1948 the Jewish terrorist groups Etzel and Lehi massacred the men, women and children of the Palestinian village of Deir Yassin.

Chapter 9

A Real Prison - And Hope

Saturday, 10 April 1999

I wake a number of times during the night, but I do not feel any panic at the prospect of spending more time in a prison cell. I am amazed how calm I am, especially when I see frightened faces and wild eyes around me. Bewilderment and fear is visible in the faces and eyes of the newcomers into this prison.

About 7.30 a.m. I dress and shave in cold water, using soap instead of shaving foam. This is going back in time. Prisoners have been provided with a shaving brush, something I have not seen for decades. It all works – I do not need shaving foam anymore! Nor do I need the brush because just applying the soap to my face, then using my hands for a lather-up, is good enough. I am trying to be as reductionist as possible, without going all the way. And what is that? Stop shaving, start growing whiskers! The essence of surviving in this restricted environment, where I have no say in what happens – with the exception of caring for my personal hygiene – is to offer the least resistance.

There is no breakfast at Mannheim Prison. Lunch is served in the cells – room service! There is no community mess-hall, something I envisaged owing to my watching American movies on TV. It reminds me of that stupid saying: 'I know it is true. I saw it on TV so it must be true'. The 'it' is, in our instance, always related to some World War II incident involving alleged German inhumanity to mainly Jewish people.

After 8 a.m. a warden comes along and takes us, clutching our bedding, to the remand wing. We walk along to the end of the corridor and enter the centre of the prison complex where in the middle stands the Zentrale (central watchtower). From here all doors can be remotely locked or unlocked. Anyone seeking an escape through the various main and side doors of the prison will have to overcome this central locking system controlled from the tower.

Herr Hoffmann allocates me to cell 1102, the first cell on the right side as you enter the wing from the Zentrale, facing south, next to the shower cell.

A bearded fellow, about 30, is asleep in the bottom of the double bunk. My single bed stands opposite the double bunk. I throw my newly acquired belongings on the mattress, and my meal utensils I place on the table that separates the beds.

Uwe, that is his name, wakes up and lights up a cigarette – immediately I can tell he is a chain-smoker. How? The whole cell is full of evidence of his delights. He is a pleasant fellow in his own way and is in prison because of a drug charge. He has been working as a storeman at the Daimler-Benz truck and bus factory, just across the road from Mannheim Prison, for over 20 years. He tells me that he has received a character reference from his boss who will wait for his release. 'I am a good, dependable worker', he says with pride, 'I have served the company well these past two decades. I have even got two houses that I rent out to women'.

He says that the drugs the police found on him were not for re-sale but for his own personal consumption. His women friends come and stay with him, then perhaps sometimes they share a joint, but nothing else.

He tells me that when he rents out his houses, he always looks for good girls. That is difficult at times because now with the tenancy laws operating, it is difficult to say no to a prospective renter. This does not bother him. Once a young student, whose prudish behaviour he did not like, wanted to rent his home. After accepting the house, she asked whether there were any conditions attached to the rent agreement. He advised her that there is one simple condition, 'Wenn ich bock habe, fick ich Dich' (If I am randy, then I will fuck you). She never came back.

The second cellmate, Lutz, is a youngish 27-year-old who is up on a charge of stealing a Game Boy from a supermarket. He is quick to point out that he could never complete his 'Abitur' because of a lack of finance. This is owing to his being an orphan. This excuse rings hollow because he is obviously a bright young man. However, he, too, is drug-dependent and now has to get used to swallowing substitute tablets that somewhat comfort his cravings.

Without a doubt his mind is super-active. He has four prison library books next to his bed on the top bunk and he is reading them simultaneously while chain-smoking. And his conversation is stimulating. He delights in celebrating his homosexuality because, he says, 'No woman can give me the beauty I desire. I just have not found my ideal woman'. The wall next to his bed is plastered full of photos of women – none of them in the nude, something that is common in the cell across the corridor which had its door open as I arrived.

Both my cellmates are sociable, willing to share their cigarettes with me, something I decline, and this pleases them. With a sigh they simultaneously voice their relief at not having to share their cigarettes. That is, Lutz always has cigarettes but, he tells me, he has no money to

purchase any. And so he has become a Schnorrer (a person who will trade anything for a cigarette).

When lunch arrives, announced by a rustling key opening the cell door, and the duty warden calling out a loud 'Mahlzeit' (Good appetite), Lutz is at the door with towel in hand, ready to collect the hot tower of stainless steel pots wherein we receive our food. He is a most obliging person, helpful and courteous. I wonder to myself why did he ever steal a stupid Game Boy.

The three of us sit at the table, but I rise again and go to the toilet corner, there to collect some pieces of toilet paper that is going to be turned into serviets. Both Uwe and Lutz appreciate this and say something about not letting standards drop. Uwe has been in for just on three months and Lutz just on four weeks.

My tea tastes terrible but Lutz and Uwe love theirs – with as much sugar and milk as possible.

Half-an-hour later the empty pots are collected and both fellows lie down for a sleep, as do I, though I am fighting an upcoming headache. In no time they are asleep – until 3 p.m., just in time for afternoon tea, which is supper-cum-breakfast. It consists of slices of bread and cheese with some jam or a piece of fruit. I try the bread again but again I quickly develop a stinging headache around the eyes up to my temples.

Lutz reads his book. Uwe just lies there dreaming of his women, and occasionally lets out a spontaneous plaintiff moan, 'Gaby, I want to grab your tits'.

And what do I do? I am trying to get an overview of the arrest warrant with all its deficiencies, incorrect statements and fabrications. I have seen something like this before: the Support Group Report written up during the Orwellian year of 1984 by a gangster principal. Then again, gangsters, in their own way, have honour and often an innate sense of justice, which were both lacking in those education administrators who led Victoria's system during the 1970s to the late 1990s.

As twilight casts its shadows through our barred window, around 5 p.m. we decide to play some card games. I do not know any. They do – Mau-Mau, Rommé and Skat. The latter is too demanding for us so we settle for the easiest and fastest – Mau-Mau.

Cups of coffee and tea are brewed by heating water in the jug with an electric water heating element – a Tauchsieder (tauchen = dive; sieden = to simmer). These Tauchsieder have a habit of fusing, and then it costs another DM15 for a replacement. Uwe has overcome this problem by latching together a razor blade between the two exposed wires that initially were housed protected in the metal coil of the heating element.

Around 9 p.m. it is time to turn in and dream of the radio or TV set that we should have in our cell, as do other prisoners. Watching TV is the best way of whiling away one's time, of which we have a lot here.

My first prison letter is from Günter Deckert that he wrote on this day, which I naturally received a week later (Appendix 3). The letter includes stamps and envelopes – something so vital for me in this instance. I immediately wonder how prosecutor Klein liked Deckert's reference 'Psychopath'. Klein was busy censoring my mail and so he could not have failed to notice. The lifeline to outside, albeit another prison, has been established. I eagerly await my first visitor.

The Adelaide Institute's Victorian Associate, Michael Mazur, writes on this day also (Appendix 3). And journalists Barbie Dutter (Sydney) and Andrew Gimson (Berlin) have their story published in *The Daily Telegraph* (Appendix 3).

Sunday, 11 April 1999

At 5.30 a.m. I awake to the hollow sounds of a real prison. There is always something moving about and making some noise. I had a restless night though I dreamt of something quite pleasant. I woke up when I heard screeching and shouting from prisoners who despair in their confinement.

7 a.m.: the warden arrives, opens the cell door, bids us a good morning, then closes the door again. The early morning call is there to count heads.

Then at 8 a.m. it is time for Kirche (church = the prison chapel), with the Catholic and Protestant services alternating. It is Catholic Father Voltz's turn today, and so when the announcement is made over the public address system that church service will be held at 8 a.m., we are invited to press our buzzer that turns on the red call-light outside our cell. A couple of minutes later Herr Hoffmann opens our cell door and only I exit; Lutz and Uwe need their beauty sleep! They care little for a walk to the fourth floor of the admin. wing where the end section has been turned into a fine prison church. It is not a mere small prison chapel, but rather a large imposing acoustically well-constructed church.

About 25 men drawn from all four floors make their way out of the remand wing to the entrance of the fourth floor with its large wrought iron gates. The warden opens one gate-door and we file in and walk along the corridor, past half-a-dozen doors on each side. We continue to walk along the corridor until we walk through a second door, wooden this time. A piano stands in the corner of this room, and there is a table to our left next to the door that leads into the church itself. On this table a stack of Bibles waits for the prisoners to take them inside. To the right is a room. I hear someone say that is where the Bible discussion group meets. The service itself is well performed and the organist is

lucky that there is such a fine organ to play. After the 1-hour service, the prisoners file out again, and it is back into the cells.

Half-an-hour later, at 9.30 a.m., it is time for Hofgang – a 1-hour exercise walk in the courtyard. We walk anti-clockwise around the yard – why? I know not and I do not ask. I am still in my suit, the one I wore when I was arrested. I look conspicuous and easily recognisable. The only other persons wearing a tie are the two wardens standing watch over us.

A young fellow approaches me with plastic bag in hand. He introduces himself as Rudi Brunn, one of the fellows I had spoken to Friday evening. He hands me the bag and says the fizzy tablets are for vitamin supplement, the bags are peppermint tea of a better quality than the stuff we get here, and the Rittersport chocolate is there to sustain my energy level and, most importantly, my morale. He also hands me a cutting from the local newspaper, *Mannheimer Morgen*. It is the Saturday article that details my arrest in Mannheim (Appendix 4). I thank Rudi for his gifts. He continues his walk with a couple of other fellows who had not stopped as he began talking with me.

I continue my solo walk but I do not feel alone. I am in no hurry to attach myself to any group – natural selection will do that in time. And now the local press is getting in on the act. The article seems reasonably written.

As I continue my anti-clockwise walk, my eyes now feel the confines of the walled-in surrounds. So, this is what it is all about! Rudolf Hess did this on his own for over 40 years, then surely I can do it for at least a couple of years. I prepare myself for a possible 2-year stint behind bars – that would be a maximum for my 'crime', although a 5-year maximum is set down for offending against Section 130, that notorious incitement to racial hatred paragraph.

After one hour of walking it is time to move back into my cell. Uwe is there but not Lutz. He did not come out into the courtyard but took the opportunity of visiting someone on another floor. Uwe tells me this is not permitted but Lutz has a way of slipping through any net.

It is almost lunchtime and Uwe informs that after lunch we have Umschluß - where prisoners can freely get together and stay with mates in a cell for three hours. The maximum number in a cell is limited to three. Supper time at 3 p.m. will end this Umschluß. Then we remain locked up until the following day when the 6 a.m. call will waken us again.

And that is how I spend my Sunday in my new home - cell 1102.

Appendix 4 records other relevant material of this day: Adelaide Institute's Victorian Associate, Michael Mazur, writes to the Minister for Foreign Affairs in Australia; Nigel Jackson wrote to the Australian Prime Minister to which he received a reply over a month later; *The Sydney Morning Herald* runs an article by Andrew Clennell; the Acting

Director of the Adelaide Institute, Geoffrey Muirden, and his team fire up the media campaign; Ingrid Rimland heats up her Zündel Internet website, including my arrest adding to the already long list of those who have suffered persecution at the hands of the Zionists; David Irving's revisionist website publishes correspondence; and even the German-speaking National Journal website takes up the battle, no doubt causing Klein a mild headache. Thomas Brooks, who signs as the responsible person of the National Journal site, resides in England the birthplace of parliamentary democracy. He cites Article 19 of the United Nations Charter of Human Rights as justification (and protection) for his work: 'Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers'. He has also developed a most interesting concept, that speaks for itself. Unbeknown to me, the media is demanding information from the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, which activates its Consular Operations.

Monday, 12 April 1999

I already feel the routine coming along. Lucky I know what boarding schools are all about, and having completed elementary military service also helps to place my predicament into context.

I am determined to keep the morning walks going. One hour's brisk walk is about 4 km

Around 10 a.m. I visit the Revier (the prison hospital) just across from the remand wing, through the small courtyard. A group of about 20 prisoners drawn from all floors of the remand wing make their way there.

Dr Kilian listens to my dietary complaint and suggests that I be placed on 'Knäckebrot' (rye bread wafers) that we eat as snacks. She thinks this will eliminate my headache and stop my body from throbbing after a meal. She also suggests that I be placed on a vegetarian diet. I voice no objections to that. It also means that, because of my Sonderbehandlung (special treatment), a green dot will be placed next to my name tag on the cell door. She will not confirm whether additives are in the food that reduce the sex drive and cause listlessness and sleepiness. It is obvious to me that this alone justifies the need for physical and mental stimulation while behind bars, otherwise one's mental and physical condition deteriorates rapidly and I may exit a broken man. I also inform the doctor that there is no prospect of my suiciding, and hence I request a single cell as soon as there is one available.

Once their consultation is over, the prisoners are herded into an exit cell that can easily house 20 prisoners. As I enter this cell, I quickly do a count – eight are waiting to be taken back by any warden returning to the remand wing.

Just then a warden opens the door and invites us on this return journey, from the prison hospital to the remand wing, just about 100 paces away.

I notice the faces of those prisoners who are going back to their cells. Many are frightened of having to spend years behind bars for their crimes. No wonder I have no fear – I am not a criminal – I did not commit a criminal act. Take away my freedom of thought and speech, then you take away my humanity. This is mental rape! We are fortunate in Australia that this basic human right of free speech still stands. But there are forces that want to take it away from us. Are we going to let them get away with it? I think not and I shall resist this move, I shall oppose them.

Comforting to know, also, is that the Australian government has its eye on the proceedings and is still seeking information (Appendix 5).

Tuesday, 13 April 1999

I shall not mention the routine of prison life anymore, unless there is something to report that sheds new light on some aspect of my incarceration.

At 11.45 a.m. still no feeling of drowsiness as has been the case in the last few days. I send the food down the cell toilet bowl and I drink self-brewed tea, and thereby retain a clear head.

I find a Laufzettel (a running-note or permission slip to leave the cell) on the table after the Hofgang.

1 p.m.: I am to be taken to the visitors' barracks because someone from the Australian Embassy in Bonn will visit me. I feel glad that something is happening on that level.

It is a Mr Ernest Edwards who has been busy trying to find out since my arrest where I had been sent. He tells me that Frankfurt airport and even Mannheim police did not reveal anything about my arrest. The former did not have my name on their computer and the latter were guided by privacy regulations not to reveal any information to the media. The newspaper publicity in Australia has been extensive, and there was even a suggestion made by some ambassadorial staff that the Embassy contact the British historian David Irving in London to see whether he knows anything about my whereabouts.

I must have made a good choice in making my two permitted telephone calls from Schenkel's office on the day of my arrest. Individual reporters followed up the leads given to them about my arrest, so much so that the embassy in Bonn had to feed Foreign Minister Alexander Downer with information useful as a 'door stopper'.

I detail my situation and fill-in the background to what Adelaide Institute is all about. Ernie Edwards informs me that here is little he can do as there are no provisions for an Australian sentenced to imprisonment in a foreign country to be returned to Australia to serve out such sentence.

He leaves with me some copies of *The Bulletin* and a couple of newspapers. This delights me to no end and I am amazed how I suddenly value *The Bulletin*, as something from home, another lifeline to hang on to.

A guard takes me back and there is a definite spring in my walk. I feel lighter than I did when I arrived at the visitors' barracks.

Geoff Muirden's media release is picked up by nationalists (Appendix 6).

Wednesday, 14 April 1999

After lunch Uwe informs us that he is free to leave prison. About three hours earlier the social worker had advised him that his release would not be before next Monday. He is overjoyed, but a rapid departure – which seems common here – creates problems when you have to repay debts. Uwe owed a packet of tobacco (Koffer) to one of the fellows in the neighbouring cell. Uwe disappears without repaying his debt and the fellow is angry. Then we locate his address on a slip of paper. He lives within the inner city block, and warnings of pursuit and punishment are sounded if that debt is not somehow repaid.

Lutz and I hope that we shall have the cell to ourselves for a while, but no such luck. At around 3 p.m., just before supper is served, a 23-year-old boy arrives. He has just broken the bail conditions imposed on him as part of is attending a drug rehabilitation scheme. He says it was sleeping with a woman, something the drug program does not permit, and so expulsion from the program is automatic, which in turn then is a breach of the bail conditions. Then it is back inside from whence he had come only a few months before and now, without a doubt, he wails that he will have to serve out his full 24-month's sentence.

That he is back on drugs as well, is obvious. He is attempting to sleep but continuously writhes, twists and turns as his body fights the withdrawal pain. And that is the tragedy of the drug addicts here in prison. Are they really suited to be placed behind bars when their mental and physical system is in chaos?

My own problem looms large. I do not consume any drugs and the prison food supply causes me to develop headaches and a general feverishness in my body and limbs. For years I have consumed fruit and vegetables, and almost no dairy products – and now? Our supper-breakfast always consists of slices of bread and Auschnitt (slices of sausage or cheese). I eat the cheese slices and my body tenses up; I eat the bread and almost immediately a headache develops.

Lutz tells me that Steffi Graf's father spent some time in this prison, but he is a wealthy man and could afford to have special food brought into prison.

Now to the problem faced by drug addicts as they enter prison, leaving aside the radical solution implemented in China and elsewhere in South East Asia where drug addicts are shot like an animal.

In most Western democracies the drug problem is the one industry that can report rapid growth. We saw it emerge unhindered within our school system. Why? Too many teachers actively promoted it, and especially within the Victorian education bureaucracy, it was encouraged as just another challenge requiring in-services and dubious counselling seminars.

Lutz gives me a run-down of how the addict suffers soon after the police pick him up. If picked up by the police at night, the addict will sleep reasonably soundly on the wooden bunk in the police cell. It is usually an 8-hour sleep, then once he awakes, the fear is there of the expected pain caused by withdrawal. This painful withdrawal period can be alleviated by placing persons within a community, rather than within a prison cell.

Still in the police cell, breakfast is served at 8 a.m. It consists of two slices of bread with margarine and a cup of water, but it is misplaced because the person is not hungry. Lutz says that this offer of food is perceived as a form of torture, and this compounds with the knowledge that the pain process will continue for some time.

At 10 a.m. there is a visual/physical change. The person's eyes enlarge and mild hallucination begins with everything becoming hazy. Objects reflecting light, such as a metal knife or fork, become icy, cold, hard. Objects become the opposite to what one feels, that is the normal balance between physical and mental changes and the self becomes frail. There is continuous yawning with weeping eyes, and one begins to sweat which, if it gets into the eyes, burns like hell.

Lutz claims that the police do not offer the person a towel to wipe the sweat from his brow, then says any help would be futile because of the fatty secretion.

At this point the addict usually remembers to ask for a doctor, something the police callously reject by saying to him, 'Beiss Dich durch' (Fight your way through this). It is at this time that the addict needs a supportive hand to hold on to for comfort.

11 a.m. comes along and it is time to be transported to court. But the person feels unclean – dirty, sweaty and stinking – because there is no opportunity of freshening up. Up to this point the person has also been isolated from family, friends and lawyers. All too often, Lutz says, the reply to the request for a lawyer is, 'We are not here in America'.

Now the pain is localised in the backbone, limbs and wrists with head and stomach aches. The skin hurts and there are constant goose pimples because of the cold perceived by the addict.

The transport to court is generally swift, but then it is again into a cell – alone, something that makes the situation worse because of the uncertainty of it all. Prison is not feared because you have a good chance of meeting friends that can stand by you when withdrawal occurs.

Noon. Time to appear before the judge. It is a bad state. The judge should not fail to notice the large pupils, the shaking and the sweating. It is also not possible to speak clearly because the mouth is full of saliva and the concentration span is zero.

German judges have been known verbally to abuse those standing before them through ridicule. Uwe claimed his judge had come down heavy on him with a 2-year sentence because a school class was watching the proceedings. His lawyer successfully appealed against the sentence on those grounds.

Lutz says that some judges exploit an addict's uncertainty and general pain so as to extract a confession on matters that the accused did not do. I say to Lutz that a judge usually assumes something until it has been verified. To this he laughs and reminds me never to forget that German judges 'know'! This is how he depicts his incarceration process, and possibly that of other addicts:

The accused sits in court with two police officers behind him. He is still without a lawyer. In five minutes it is all over and the arrest warrant takes effect immediately. The further isolation as he is led to the court lock-up cell increases the pain.

The wait in the cell brings relief because there are other prisoners also waiting to be taken to prison. This helps in establishing some empathetic understanding.

1 p.m. the transport to prison arrives. Once there, the persons are quickly processed. Some addicts then really put on a show and this achieves the desired result – immediate transfer to prison hospital.

The doctor hands out tablets but usually only to induce sleep. So it is ineffective. The addict is again left alone. If you are lucky there will be someone else in the room with you. This is important because then comes the suicidal state brought on by an extreme longing for help. It is a kind of nervousness brought on by the fear of having to suffer alone in this state of extreme helplessness, especially if the tablets are ineffective. The cry for help is urgent because there is the overpowering need that something must stop this painful withdrawal process.

Matters get worse because most addicts know that help is there; for example, in the form of Valium tablets.

3 p.m. fully clothed in prison hospital bed. The tablets against vomiting take effect causing a dull, giddy sleep with slight hallucinations with colour changes. One hears isolated voices and the rustle of the warden's keys.

Then a 2-day blackout follows in which one does not consume any water or food, and hence loses about 15 kg in weight. Getting up for the toilet is not remembered. The many dreams are also not remembered.

A Real Prison - And Hope

After the 2-day's sleep, he slowly becomes aware of the outside world. The nurse and doctor look after the new prisoner's well-being; a saline drip takes the place of drinking water, blood pressure and pulse is measured, and he is encouraged to hang in there because it will be all over in another five days.

During the next four days the patient can decide on tablet use. There is extreme physical fatigue – the seven steps to the toilet bowl can take eight minutes.

After that, the pulse, pressure and weight are checked. Then he is ready for moving into the remand wing.

Carrying his personal belongings at this stage was still difficult for Lutz and Herr Hoffmann helped him, something Lutz really appreciated. Then, with Uwe sharing the cell, Lutz began smoking again with some food intake. But the Valium and drops still had their effect and he slept the night through.

Then for the next eight days he does not sleep at all with pupils enlarged and eyelids opening automatically. Time passes as the body clears itself of the massive chemical intake. Hallucinations begin again and there is more loss of weight and headaches. He has no balance and no hunger.

But after this period, from day to day, sleep becomes a little more regular and Lutz, so he tells me, takes his first shower, something that was not possible before because water in the past would have felt like steel because the body had become supersensitive.

I ask him whether he will ever get back on to drugs and he says that he is not sure about that because it is quite in order to consume small amounts, especially in the form of the substitute drug – tobacco.

I leave it at that - I do not moralise, for once!

On this day Adelaide's *The Advertiser* carries an item on the City Council wanting to stop the misuse of the city's name (Appendix 7).

Thursday, 15 April 1999

I receive another blue Laufzettel that instructs me to be at the visitors' barracks at 1 p.m. to meet my lawyer Ludwig Bock. It is good to see Bock again. He advises that bail of DM100 000 could perhaps 'open' doors. Then again, the court may not even agree to any bail on account of my being perceived to be a prime candidate for flight from Mannheim. We literally have to play it by ear.

Bock lodges a Beschwerde (formal complaint against the arrest warrant) wherein he asks that the warrant be withdrawn, or at least that bail be granted to me. He points out that the warrant does not specifically cite anything that has been published in the Adelaide Institute's newsletters, and that no supporting evidence is cited for many of the specific allegations made against me in the arrest warrant.

One specifically cited item, 'A KGB Novelist: Gerald Fleming', is simply a record of an exchange of views from 1996 and is not a sufficient basis for arrest and detention.

The 22 listed items are only punishable if they have been indexed by the federal indexing agency (Bundesprüfstelle). The warrant says nothing about this, nor anything about the contents of these items. Hence, says Bock, the arrest warrant should be withdrawn, considering the possible damage to the reputations of the German Federal Republic, especially in Australia.

Mentally I am preparing myself for a longer stay here, at least two years. The mental rape which Hans-Heiko Klein is conducting on me is, however, not acceptable. For over five years I have spoken and written about freedom, now I am in jail because the Adelaide Institute's website proclaims free speech, and because I dare to think aloud about this stupid and vicious homicidal gas chamber lie!

Friday, 16 April 1999

New cellmate, Andreas, directly from Thailand, had been on the run for fraud for two years, then turned himself in at Bangkok's Lufthansa office. It appears that the airline has an agreement with the German state and provides flights home for those Germans who are in dire straits.

Visit to doctor again and request that I be given rye biscuits because the bread gives me a headache – wish granted.

Saturday, 17 April 1999

Nothing much – again routine, but I am not bored. I try to understand my new environment.

9.15 a.m.: Hofgang.

Lunch on return - rice, vegetables and gravy.

3 p.m.: supper - bread and cheese, and lemon tea from Thailand.

On this day Penelope Debelle's articles appear in *The Age* and *The Sydney Morning Herald* (Appendix 8). This time it is not quite the hatchet-job she did on us in 1995. When I finally receive this copy, I am amazed how 'reasonably' balanced she has become in her writing. Must be latent maturity creeping up on her. In Germany itself, it is Andreas Röhler, editor and publisher of *Sleipnir*, who takes up the fight on my behalf (Appendix 8).

Sunday, 18 April 1999

Off at 8 a.m. to church. The clergy – the clean-shaven Voltz and the bearded Kunzmann – alternate their Catholic and Protestant services. Today it is Pfarrer (Pastor) Kunzmann, and his service seems more

thoughtful, less ritual. His message is almost a thinking aloud about life, then offering these thoughts to us prisoners, thereby perhaps helping us to understand and come to terms with our imprisonment. I appreciate the man's sincerity, even though his message was about 'Querdenkende Leute' (loosely, dissenting people).

Rudi urges me to join the Bible Group and the choir, and I duly fill out the Antrag (form) so that my request makes tomorrow's internal mail delivery and will be correctly processed.

Hofgang from 9.30 a.m. I walk with the white collar criminals, Rudi et al. Interesting conversation.

After lunch it is possible to do Umschluß with mates until 3 p.m. I stay in the cell with Andreas, while Lutz slips through all barriers and somehow gets to the fourth floor, all against the rules. Andreas retells his adventure in Thailand - has a woman there and will return to her.

We laugh a lot, especially when I recall the graffiti I saw on a wall: 'Mannheim, Du Scheisse Stadt' (Mannheim, you shit city).

Our conversation ranges far and wide, until well past midnight.

Monday, 19 April 1999

I decide to visit the prison barber this morning but the small room holding 20 men is full of cigarette smoke. I return to my cell.

11 a.m.: lunch - soup and vegetables: body tensing, perhaps because of salt content.

1.30 p.m.: I call in to the Kammer to collect a pair of thongs so that I can go into the shower without fear of contracting footrot. That is the only reason why I have not as yet entered the shower room, not because of my prejudice against shower heads spewing forth lethal gas!

2.30 p.m.: just resting and listening to the local radio piped into the cell: SWR-3 (Süd-West Radio), all USA pop music.

2.50 p.m.: called out by Hoffmann - the letter from Günter Deckert containing writing material etc. is here. Then I write nine letters and by 9.30 p.m. I am off snoozing.

Tuesday, 20 April 1999

Hofgang: it is Klaus I's birthday, no joking! During Hofgang, I give him one of my lollies. Klaus is the fellow walking around with Rudi. Both advise me that I ought to ask Pastor Kunzmann to get me a guitar so that I, too, can begin to learn. I am also advised to ask for a single cell on the 'dritte Stockwerk' (third floor) which is actually the second floor as the German method of counting begins with the ground floor being the first floor.

At the Revier from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.: I refuse to have my blood taken.

For lunch it is mashed potato and Sauerkraut - headache afterwards.

Mail from Blahal, Ralf Mayer, Roggentin, Voss, Brockschmidt et al.

2.30 p.m.: I take off for the visitors' barracks where Bock is waiting.

7-9 p.m.: Bibelstunde (Bible hour) with Pastor Kunzmann. About a dozen fellows first enjoy the cups of tea and biscuits, then work on Matthew 9.

On this day, Adolf Hitler's birthday, ABC-TV's *The 7.30 Report* screens a report in Australia and the Perth-based E.J. Wall & Associates, Barristers and Solicitors, write to the Minister for Foreign Affairs (Appendix 9).

Wednesday, 21 April 1999

A little tired at the 6 a.m. wake-up call, but pleased to see my letters taken out for posting. At least a week for Klein to read them and then pass them on for posting – or retain them because of possible incriminating evidence!

Raining, so no Hofgang, not even if requested. White bread for supper – lovely to eat but gives me a headache. Play cards with Lutz and Andreas – Mau-Mau and Skat.

Today the Adelaide Institute's Tasmanian Associate, Olga Scully, writes to Prime Minister Howard and Mrs M. Whitmore writes to the Minister for Foreign Affairs (Appendix 10).

Thursday, 22 April 1999

Longing for fresh fruit and vegetables, a slight headache within the eye extremities.

Mail: Judge Burk has denied my receiving a letter from Eric Rössler because Klein thinks it may be used in evidence against me.

11.30 a.m.: fellows sleep soundly until 3 p.m. - they have drunk well of prison tea, something I did not.

5–6.30 p.m.: choir practice in the church – Pastor Kunzmann and Ernst Kratzer, the choirmaster, who is a burly jovial fellow with the sweetest voice ranging from bass to baritone. The 14 individuals are categorised into 1st and 2nd Bass and 1st and 2nd Baritone. We sing 'Meine Zeit steht in Deinen Händen' and 'When the saints go marching in'. All this is good relaxation for me. Good fun.

I pen a letter to *The Age*, in response to Penelope Debelle's articles of 17 April in *The Age* and *The Sydney Morning Herald* – will it pass the censor? (Appendix 11).

Friday, 23 April 1999

8 a.m.: Hofgang - a brisk walk for one hour.

Bock arrives again at 11 a.m., and he shows me the Andreas Röhler correspondence with Professor Gerald Fleming. Also thinking about possibly breaking the stranglehold Klein has over the Mannheim judges, ever since the Orlett matter traumatised them all.

In the afternoon listening to music - Presley's 'In the ghetto' and Tom Jones' 'Green, green grass of home'.

By 4.14 p.m. Andreas returns and sleeps off his day in court.

Today in *The Washington Times* the International Coalition for a Democratic Germany inserts a full-page advertisement headed 'Germany and Human Rights – a NATO Disgrace'. It raises, among other things, my imprisonment and ends expressing an important sentiment: 'And we remind Mrs Albright and all the NATO delegations here assembled, that, without freedom of speech, 'democracy' is meaningless'. Indeed!

Saturday, 24 April 1999

Routine for the Saturday – why should I complain that I am with smokers? Bear it, Fred, do not be a whinger!

Sunday, 25 April 1999

7 a.m.: awake - wash.

9.30-10.30 a.m.: Hofgang.

11 a.m.: lunch – lettuce, noodles, tomato-something, ice cream – passed it on to Lutz, who will eat anything, including your cock.

11.30 a.m.-3 p.m.: Umschluß.

3 p.m.: supper - cheese, bread and a cucumber (no, not what you think it is for).

Then it is night time. Most wardens are courteous and have a heart, and they bid you 'Gute Nacht!' (Good night). The brutalisation that apparently goes on in the USA's prisons, is certainly absent here at Mannheim. It is civilised.

I have a headache because I continue to try the food, thinking that it is in my mind that it is unsuitable for me. Resting until 7 p.m. then three games of chess with Lutz. Listening to the radio and the musical thumping that reverberates from many cells. We are chickens in a battery except that we do not lay eggs – unless they are for the state prosecutors but they wish to have fried eggs only for their feelings of success, that which gives them a sense of being alive, of doing something important for humanity!

From 9 p.m. browsing through files – truth is no defence – fuck the bastards! Friedrich Nowottny's comments are reprinted in the church paper *Geistliche Woche* (Mannheim, 21.4.1999): 'Wir brauchen Menschen, die mit anderen im Dialog Problemlösungen erarbeiten' (We need humans who, together in a dialogue with others, work on solving problems). How true, how true. But do not tell Klein – he would be offended by such a challenge because he is mentally challenged by such imperatives.

11 p.m.: the jungle noise begins, actually it is first farmyard noises. I join in by turning into a sheep. Powerful voices roar and bark until it is a jungle's delight, with equally powerful voices calling out: 'Halts Mau!' (Shut your mouth). All this noise reverberates around the prison's four wings. Andreas, Lutz and I laugh heartily as a guard outside with a German shepherd dog tries to persuade the fellows to lower their voices. This is loutish behaviour so reminiscent of boarding school days or national service times. Laughter relaxes us. I think of free speech, the concentration camps and how inmates there would have developed similar humour. One joke would have been the rumours about the homicidal gas chambers. Jewish Kapos would use that to their advantage, to their racketeerings within the complex to deal their way through horrible situations – off to the Kammer, Gaskammer!

Monday, 26 April 1999

Andreas off to Kammer to exchange his clothes for prison clothes, and to get some more things out of his shoes that he left there upon arrival at the prison. He comments about going to the Kammer, the Gaskammer, and we laugh. This is Galgenhumor (gallows humour). Why go down fearful when you face the gallows?

A new fellow here, a white collar criminal, is fully conversant with my topic. Is that why he has been taken out of circulation? Is it not a fact that many of the former Stasi spies have been taken over by the USA and now work for them as Wirtschaftsspione (industrial spies)?

After lunch there is a crisis in the cell. Lutz discovers his cigarette papers in the water jug. Who was it? Both Andreas and I deny having done it because we did not.

8.30 a.m.: Warden Lambe comes in with a Laufzettel – I have a court appearance tomorrow and have to be ready by 7.30 a.m. Haftprüfung (arrest warrant) is to be looked at by a judge. What can I expect? Bail? If yes, then how high? If no, then long time. So what? I do not fear death, prison or Klein's sadistic games. I shall not run away – where can you run to in this world with the Internet watching? I would lose my credibility were I to skip bail, but out of prison would help me prepare the defence.

The acting director of the Adelaide Institute, Geoff Muirden, has a letter published in Melbourne's *Herald Sun* (Appendix 12).

Tuesday, 27 April 1999

5.50 a.m.: up for wash, even before the key-rustle of 6 a.m.

6.30 a.m.: work on framework.

7 a.m.: prepare for 7.30 a.m. exit from prison cell along the corridor and into the TV cell, and from there out along the exit corridor for handcuffing and into the transporter – a van with six single cells and a 2 m x 3 m bench-seat area. A small wire-meshed window gives me the first glance outside after nearly a month. It hurts terribly – I can see the fresh spring air but I must kill my yearnings. I see men and women walking about. They have no idea that we are passing by, that this van contains chained individuals who keep others in a job. First stop at the Landgericht, then the second stop at the Amtsgericht – that is for me. The guards look at me as if they are sorry for me. My handcuffs are taken off me before I enter the court buildings, something that does not happen to the other prisoners with me. I am taken to the court prison cells – cellar more like it. After all, the building once housed royalty's best cultural endeavours. Now, faceless – but essential – bureaucrats reside therein. Are they carriers of culture?

My cell is 5 m x 3 m x 2 m with the walls all tiled. A washbasin and a toilet offer basic hygiene needs, and a wooden table and bench on a concrete slab offer comfort. Someone has been here before me because the walls are covered with graffiti:

Kurdistan:

'Huse, alles wegen Dir' (Huse, all because of you);

'Lieber in Freiheit sterben als im Knast leben' (Better to die in freedom than to live in prison);

'Tötet sie alle, Gott sortiert sie' (Kill them all, God sorts them out);

'Helen Skeek from the Ipswich Possie woz ere too - Kingsley Ozagie from the East London Possie waz ere 14/12/95'.

Also, 'eine Frage' (a question):

'Was bedeutet Justizbeamte? Richter, Staatsanwalt usw'. (What is a judicial public servant? Judge, public prosecutor etc.)

'Antwort' (answer)

'Potenzielle Sozialhilfeempfänger' (a potential social security recipient)

'Mit Neidkomplexe besessenes Proletariat' (an envy-obsessed proletariat)

'Ungeeignete Geschöpfe etwas zustande zu bringen' (creatures who are not capable of creating anything)

'Faule und arrogante Lebewesen die unter Machtkomplexen leiden' (lazy and arrogant beings who suffer from power complexes)

Where Truth Is No Defence, I Want To Break Free

'Menschenfeinde (außer Juristen)' (enemies of human beings, except lawyers)

'Alles Zerstörer (Terminatoren)' (all destroyers [terminators])

'Akademisches Abschaum' (academic scum)

A few minutes before 9 a.m. an officer hands me the new Haftschrift (arrest warrant) and soon after Ludwig Bock visits me in the cell. He says we shall have to have time to study this new enlarged warrant.

Together we leave the cell and make our way to a small room, not even the size of a kitchen, where a young solid judge awaits us. Judge Burk, like Klein, is also wearing jeans. Mohr, an interpreter and a typist are present. The judge asks me whether I have anything to say about this new warrant. Bock answers that we need time, that we only received a copy of it a few minutes ago.

I ask Judge Burk whether truth will be a defence in these proceedings. He reminds me that I am not to ask questions because that is my counsel's job. Bock informs Burk that I come from a different legal tradition, and hence the question was seeking information only.

Burk ignores this and asks whether Bock will accept the translations. The five allegations in the warrant have all been taken from the Adelaide Institute website: All about Adelaide Institute, Images of Auschwitz, More Images of Auschwitz, Letter to Clapiér-Krespach and Fredrick Töben's 1999 New Year Greetings.

Bock requests that these translations be formally authenticated. Burk leaves then returns and asks Mohr to collect them. Both leave the room.

I see Klein chewing madly on some gum, and so I ask for some. He mumbles something about having no more. Then Bock gives me some of his peppermints.

Burk re-enters the room, and he instructs a warden to take me back to the cell. Half-an-hour later, at 10.45 a.m., I return and the sworn copies of the translations are available. Bock says he cannot accept the spelling errors and other inaccuracies that are in the translated document.

I say to the interpreter that Klein and Mohr lied to me before I was arrested. She translates this into German and directs it to the judge. He looks uncomfortable and does not respond, and closes the meeting, bidding us all to return tomorrow morning. In English I say to him, 'That is power'. He responds in German, 'Given to me by the German state'.

As he rises and walks out, I say to him via the interpreter, 'You get punished in Germany for telling the truth'. He says to me, 'Die Amtssprache ist Deutsch hier' (The official language here is German).

The interpreter repeats my words in German to the judge, 'Wer die Wahrheit erzählt wird bestraft', but Burk, literally, is now in full flight out the room. I admire the interpreter for having repeated my words to him. The atmosphere is, naturally, not a friendly one. I return to my cell, with Bock having to go elsewhere for the day.

I return to prison in a VW Kombi – a little more civilised because the view out the window is extensive but it almost hurts too much. Better to be locked into a transport where I cannot look out because emotions that have gone to sleep will stir within me. As I re-enter the ground floor of our remand wing, Hoffmann advises me that I am off to cell 1334 on the third floor.

The transfer is easy as my belongings are few. I even receive a new mattress from Mario the Schänzer (cleaner) on this new floor. On the radio I hear the Bee Gees' 'Staying alive', our Rhodesian theme song of 20 years ago. Heavens, that long ago – but I survived there, then surely I shall survive this deprivation.

7-9 p.m.: Bible Group - good: Rudi, Klaus I, Klaus II and others there.

Afterwards I work a little on the second arrest warrant. Mark Weber's first translation is still relevant because the only thing that has changed is the actual list of allegations. And how can I respond to such allegations. Of course it is our material!

Mail from a number of individuals, including Heinz Taubner, Wolfram Meyer and Rudolf Großkopf.

Today, Dr Gerard Henderson, executive director of the Sydney Institute, lets fly with an article about my arrest, titled 'This man no innocent abroad. An Australian facing charges in Germany is there precisely because he chose to challenge the law' (*The Sydney Morning Herald*) and 'When a Holocaust revisionist seeks martyrdom. Fredrick Toben could have avoided the ire of German authorities. He chose not to' (*The Age*) (Appendix 13).

Wednesday, 28 April 1999

The usual procedure applies to my court appearance today, except that my prison exit is in style – in a car – but still handcuffed. The prison wardens are aware of what happened yesterday – they smile at me, almost as if they are sympathetic towards me.

From prison it is back to the court holding cell. I am advised that my lawyer will be late because he is in a traffic jam. Judge Burk is not prepared to wait any longer for him: at 9.10 a.m. I am called into court.

Two police officers sit on the left side, Mohr at the back of the court. I see Klein at his desk to my right, Burk at his table before me, and his secretary at her table to his left. I stand before a small desk, almost a school desk. A new interpreter – Frau Lubisch – sits at a similarly shaped desk to the right of my intended desk. The atmosphere is icy, hostile, even hateful.

Judge Burk lords it over me. Sneeringly, he informs me that he is about to begin the hearing, and he cannot wait any longer for my defence counsel's arrival because he has other matters to attend to. I am tempted to describe his manners as typical German abruptness – but honesty without any dissembling. He invites me to comment on the second arrest warrant. I do not like being mentally raped like that – this is primitive stuff. I feel a fight coming on. I can be very basic – I feel like telling the judge to fuck off!

I remain standing as he addresses me. Then he orders me to sit down, 'Setzen Sie sich!' I recall how teacher, Bruno Murphy, tried that trick on me during a school assembly when I was in Year 9 at Kyneton High. I become obstinate because the simple magic word of 'please' is missing. This has nothing to do with political incorrectness, it is a matter of manners. And I do not like Burk because he has withdrawn from a rational form of human intercourse. He showed that yesterday when he raced off from me, simply pulling out the authoritarian argument – he is at the levers of power. That is not good enough for me.

Burk continues to push me, and my mind is racing. What to do? Surely, in a civilised society there must be a rational way out of this mental rape? There is in German law. In my best German I accuse him of bias against me, 'Ich stelle einen Befangenheitsantrag gegen Sie'.

Although it is springtime, a solid sheet of ice freezes the court's atmosphere. Burk looks at me, with his brown eyes oozing hatred and contempt. Then he snaps, 'Begründen Sie Ihren Befangenheitsantrag!' (Justify your no-confidence application).

I am still standing, and my mind is spinning, and I slowly formulate my words in English:

- 1. You did not answer my question whether truth is a defence in these proceedings, a fundamental point in this hearing;
- 2. Beginning the hearing without my defence counsel present disadvantages me because prosecutor Klein and police officer Mohr are here. I have accused the other two of lying to me and so I feel unsafe in this environment. I need someone as a witness. Justice Freisler, of the Volks Gericht Hof, also did not permit open discussions.
- 3. You are personally involved in this matter by withholding a fax directed to me at the prison, with the justification that it could be used against me.
- 4. The first arrest warrant was amended by a second, larger one, just minutes before yesterday morning's hearing. I have not had time to discuss my evening reflections with my lawyer, Mr Ludwig Bock. This is a legal ambush!

- 5. State prosecutor Klein accuses me of wasting time. Time is irrelevant in this matter because it is a matter of justice.
- Mr Bock informs me that he rang your office to advise of his being in a traffic jam. You have interpreted this as a delay tactic mechanism on Bock's side.

As I formulate each sentence, the interpreter repeats it in German. She is good: her translation is spot-on.

Burk sits in his chair with that aggressive stance gone. He advises me that I need to put this in writing. Then he adjourns the court. I am taken back to the holding cell.

The police officer, who returns me to the cell, has a smile for me, almost as if he is congratulating me for the effort of defending myself against a perceived injustice. It is 9.25 a.m. – and I appreciate Helmut's watch that he gave me as a present upon my departure from home. I have not worn a wristwatch for over 15 years but Helmut thought I may need it. Did he anticipate all this?

I sit at the wooden slab that has become my table and begin writing. Five minutes later Bock appears. He has already been informed of what has happened. He advises me to add a seventh point so that German judicial convention is safeguarded: 'Mittel der Glaubhaftmachung. Dienstliche Äußerung des abgelehnten Richters' (literally, means of making this plausible, the official comments of the rejected judge).

I am taken back into court, and the judge invites me to read the Antrag. I do so, point-by-point, and Frau Lubisch dutifully translates. Burk smiles as I read my statement to a hushed court. Then at the end of my delivery he smiles at me and says in German that this needs to be translated. Frau Lubisch is instructed to do that. And I am again sent to my dungeon.

Ten minutes later, I emerge again with Judge Burk grinning. He says that according to Section 184, German is the official language in court, and so he does not have to accept my application and is obliged to dismiss it.

Bock, visibly in fighting mood, stands up and advises that he is now making another application following on from this, and requests a short adjournment. The judge adjourns the hearing.

Again down into the dungeon we go, and Bock dictates to me my second application to have this judge removed on account of his personal bias in the matter:

Hiermit lehne ich den RAG Burk wegen dringendes Besorgnis der Befangenheit ab.

Anläßlich meiner heutigen Vorführung bei dem abgelehnten Richter stellte ich einen Ablehnungsantrag, zu welchem mir Gelegenheit gegeben wurde, ihn in der Vorführzelle schriftlich zu formulieren. Ich faßte den Antrag in englischer Sprache ab und verlaß ihn, als ich wieder vor geführt wurde. Darauf beauftragte der abgelehnte Richter die anwesende Dolmetscherin, Frau Lubisch, das Schriftstück zu übersetzen. Nach Wiedereintrit in die Sitzung wurde mein Ablehnungsantrag mit Begründung als Unzulässig zurückgewiesen, schriftliche Eingaben in fremder Sprache seien unbeachtlich.

Mit diesem Verhalten misachtet der abgelehnte Richter elementare Rechte. Es ist nicht nachvollziehbar, wenn mir einerseits Gelegenheit gegeben wird, meinem Ablehnungsantrag schriftlich zu formulieren, andererseits jedoch eben diesen Antrag als unzulässig zurückgewiesen wird, weil er in meiner Umgangssprache Englisch abgefaßt ist. Den abgelehnten Richter ist bekannt das ich im Rahmen Gerichtsverhandlung einen Dolmetscher für die englische Sprache benötige, um den Gang der Verhandlung vollständig folgen zu können. Deshalb wurde zu Recht sowohl in der gestrigen Verhandlung, als auch heute eine allgemein vereidgt Dolmetscherin hinzugezogen.

Mittel der Glaubhaftmachung: Dienstliche Äußerung des abgelehnten Richters und der Dometscherin, Frau Lubisch.

(I hereby reject Judge Burk because of 'urgently' perceived bias. I was given the opportunity to make a rejection application, which I did in English. I read it to the court, and the judge instructed Mrs Lubisch to translate it. After my return to court I was advised that the application had been rejected on account of it having been written in a foreign language. This decision contravenes against basic rights because it is not possible to comply with the judge's request. On the one hand he gives me the right to make an application, on the other hand he then rejects this application because I had written it in my language, English. The judge knows that in order to fully understand what is going on in this court, I require a translator. Hence, that is why yesterday and today I have an official court-appointed translator by my side.

Means of justification: Official comments made by Judge Burk and translator, Mrs Lubisch.)

At 11 a.m. I read out this statement in court and Burk, without making any other comment, advises the hearing is adjourned until a date to be announced. As I am led out of court, Bock says to me the judge will be upset because to have two such applications at this level of the proceedings must be a new experience for him. We can expect something to happen next week. So I return to the holding cell and await my transport 'home'.

In a letter to the editor, Geoff Mullen of McMahons Point, Sydney, commented on Gerard Henderson's commitment to free speech (Appendix 14).

Thursday, 29 April 1999

Prison shopping day!

6 a.m.: good rest - prepare for breakfast in cell - cup of tea.

Hofgang: newspaper out on board. There is a new Majdanek trial in Stuttgart. What for? This year's peace prize will be offered to Professor Fritz Stern of Columbia University – that is to counter the effect last year's recipient, Martin Walser, created with his speech about the Germans having to get away from the Auschwitz club.

After Hofgang I return with Andreas into my former cell to collect my water-heating element. Then back to 1334. I do not take the 10 a.m. shower call but just collect a couple of razor blades from Mario the Schänzer who also has a toothbrush and toothpaste for me.

11 a.m.: lunch: mashed potato, sauerkraut and vegetables - OK.

3 p.m.: supper/breakfast – six slices of bread, three slices of cheese and a jar of plum jam = a week's ration. Most likely last me just one day – the sweetness of it is irresistible. So, my supper is two slices of bread, one slice of cheese and on that a generous helping of jam, and a cup of mint tea. A bit of a headache coming on – but perhaps that is just prison stress.

4.30 p.m.: still no call for shopping, so I ring my buzzer. Did the 3 p.m. warden not let me know? No, is my reply. Bad luck, I am advised, the supermarket will re-open at 5 p.m. OK. So I ask him to let me know. Sorry, says the fellow, I will have to ask someone else because he is just off home. Home!

Soon after I ring again and the door is opened. I make my way downstairs and into the supermarket to get some tea, Coke(!) and Rittersport square chocolate. I see on the wrapper that this firm is one of the official suppliers for the Sydney Olympic Games. Wonder what I will be doing when they are on in Sydney next year.

5-6 p.m.: choir in the prison chapel. What a delightful time – four groups lustily singing in this beautiful church whose acoustics are just excellent – immediate and almost total feedback with amplification. At this moment I could have been anywhere. And so choirmaster Kratzert and organiser Pastor Kunzmann are to be thanked for organising this activity. And as I and Klaus II roll the piano back into the corridor I think of 'the music in my heart I bore, long after it was heard no more'! So much for Wordsworth's 'Solitary reaper'. I think of my English teacher, Miss Kitty O'Shea, who bothered to imbue me with literary delicacies. But then she led by example – because her voice itself was 'so thrilling ne'er was heard in spring-time from the cuckoo bird, breaking the silence of the seas among the farthest Hebridees'.

Heavens, Fred, what the hell are you doing here in this cell? I make myself a cup of tea and read through the songsheets. I do more reading then call it a day at 11 p.m.

Friday, 30 April 1999

Had a very deep sleep, perhaps because of the tea I drank before going to sleep. I felt it coursing through my body and relaxing all muscles before nodding off.

After Hofgang called in at Cong to return the packet of tea from last week – he did not want it returned. Called in on Andreas and Lutz and gave them a Coke each for the water-heating element. It was not theirs but neither was it mine. I had inherited it from Uwe when he left the cell. Andreas tells me the three fellows in the next cell have had a massive shopping spree – total self-sufficiency. Coke, coffee and cigarettes aplenty, and that is worth gold in here. I consider myself lucky that I do not really have cravings for such things. They do not eat the daily prison food that is served. Then also, not one of the three shows any interest in going on a Hofgang or participating in any activity. They are so self-sufficient and only in their 20s – amazing. Their TV is on continuously, and it is almost a cosy home that they have built within their 3-bed cell.

Reading Andreas' *Focus* magazine that he brought with him from Thailand. Still current news. Article about our Deputy Prime Minister Tim Fischer saying something about the Kosovo conflict. It appears that he asked where the gas chambers are in this conflict that he likened to the Nazi war effort.

9.30 a.m.: back in cell until 10 a.m. call for Dusche (bath) – and my trip there is just on a minute. I do not, like some fellows, have a half-hour shower. By 10.30 a.m. my door is locked again, and I await the call for the trip to the prison hospital. Dr Kilian re-orders the Knäckebrot – two packets per week.

Lunch: rice, mushroom gravy and lettuce, and a pear. Then I am out like a light. Rather groggy when I wake up at 2.30 p.m. This is the first time it has happened. Wonder why?

3 p.m.: supper - noodle salad and two packets of Knäckebrot.

5–6.30 p.m.: video show downstairs in that horrible community cell where a dozen fellows smoke non-stop. I sat at the window last time so as to at least breathe in some fresh air. This time I join the white collar criminals on the other side of the wing – Rudi, Klaus I, Klaus II and Dieter – until 8 p.m.. We watch a little TV in KII's cell then sing while KI and Rudi play their guitars. We drink filtered coffee. This is just like boarding school. The warden, who has permitted me to cross over from my northern side of the wing to the southern side where the others have their cells, is kind. That is the sunny side. I must remember that the sun at lunchtime shines into the cell from the south, hence home faces south. In Australia it is the opposite – the midday sun shines from the north. Wow, I am getting brilliant.

After 8 p.m. I am off to bed which is next to my chair and table. I just tumble into it. Nothing like living in a small room. In fact, this room is just like the old-style hotel rooms that were quite popular at the turn of last century, except that each cell here has its own toilet, something those rooms did not have.

Saturday, 1 May 1999

7.30 a.m.: wash and two cups of tea. Then thinking about philosophical questions in relation to Section 130 and what is revisionism (method, heuristic guiding, information gathering ...).

9.30-10.30 a.m.: Hofgang – good brisk hour = 4 km and some good thoughts.

11 a.m.: lunch - noodles and Knäckebrot.

Noon: I hear a discussion outside coming from somewhere - a female voice, 'Marco! Marco!' A male voice responds, echoing in our prison courtyard. I cannot resist it, I must know what is going on. So I stand on the table and look out the window. Beyond the prison wall is the Mannheim Daimler-Benz truck plant, and near the prison wall is the workers' car park, now empty during the weekend. But a couple of women are standing there at the edge of the car park among the trees and bushes. One is talking to her man in prison - it lasts about 20 minutes. That is devotion. The ladies light cigarettes, then one of them drifts from the other and so a dialogue via the car park telephone ensues. I hear a sense of urgency in her voice because the other woman is on look-out for police patrols. It costs DM1000 if they are caught. The tenseness of the male voice is also audible - she turns from him, then he calls her back, she responds and stops and faces him again, then walks a couple of steps towards him in that no-man's land strip that separates her from the actual prison wall. She is only about 250 m from his cell. She turns to go - his voice is anxious again, she stops and cups her mouth and soothes his nerves with sweet nothings. This is her farewell for now - and he knows it. As she turns to leave, walking sideways from him, he is calmer - she waves, then turns and almost runs across the empty parking lot to her girlfriend who is waiting in the car that then speeds off.

While this exchange takes place, the cleaner outside rakes up the mess that the birds have thrown out of their nests. It is the rubbish that prisoners wantonly throw out their cell window, instead of placing it in their cell rubbish bin – egg shells, empty milk cartons, bread, full margarine containers, empty Coke cans, jam jars that always explode on impact, and anything else that is considered to be worthless in an environment where barter trade replaces the money economy. The edible material provides a continuous feast for pigeons/doves, sparrows, starlings, crows/ravens and others, and ducks. Ducks always fly into the courtyard during the afternoon. It is always funny to watch how the

male pigeons and drakes are continuously attempting to mate – what a use of energy. We laugh when we see how futile many of such chases are. The precocious females have it all their way – tease them, then fly off.

5 p.m.: supper and mail. The application for bias against Judge Burk has been rejected. What did I expect. He considers himself to be impartial yet he has not answered the question about truth being a defence etc.

5.30 p.m.: a woman at the car park edge again, this time with a red umbrella – waving in the rain but a guard in the courtyard is keeping the prison response down.

7.30 p.m.: another woman is making contact with her man in prison. The voice is different to the earlier ones but just as passionate a response from the prisoner.

11.35 p.m.: loud yelling has begun - a faint female voice mixes in - agitation, like a disturbed cattle yard full of restless animals.

Sunday, 2 May 1999

Awoke at 6.30 a.m. but today it is 7 a.m. officially. A very pleasant relaxing sleep with an odd but pleasant dream – a yearning for compromise? The usual chores: wash and shave in cold water, cup of tea.

8 a.m.: Church – just on 30 men there, a number of young ones who have the nervousness of newness, especially when Pastor Kunzmann talked about actual prison life in such detailed directness.

Hofgang with a teacher, Andreas, from Waldschule next to Merzschule in Stuttgart. Yes, I know it well. A child molester, he got $4\frac{1}{2}$ years. But there is no proof. That sounds familiar. He has already been here for 13 months. He has now appealed. He is writing a PhD thesis on ethical/moral values in education.

11 a.m.: lunch and Umschluß in Klaus Steiner's cell watching the Grand Prix at San Remo.

3.30 p.m.: supper back in cell.

4.55 p.m.: a woman in the car park with a baby in her arms – I even hear the little fellow calling out to his father. This hurts me. I recall how my wife took my 7-year-old fellow from me – he was just next door but I was not allowed to see him. Terrible.

7.30 p.m.: singing and loud music from a number of cell windows – the intermittent call for Ruhe (quiet) goes unheeded.

11.30 p.m.: Moslem chanting and prayers wafting through the air - well into the night.

On this day Mrs G.R. Miller wrote to the Minister for Foreign Affairs (Appendix 15).

Monday, 3 May 1999

Good rest and another happy dream-filled night. During Hofgang Rudi gives me some writing paper because nothing is left in the office.

11 a.m.: lunch then half-an-hour later off to court.

Noon: Judge Burk is quite civilised and gentle, and the atmosphere in court is not at all hostile. A different secretary. The former interpreter is back. Bock only there for a little while. I give my comment to the new arrest warrant. Bock advises me to do this because it does not matter what I say – nothing out of it can be used in the actual trial!

Burk asks questions and I answer them. He dictates aloud to the secretary - inviting me to correct him if he does not accurately record what I am saying. I give him a biographical sketch, how my family migrated to Australia, and how I anglicised my name from Gerold Friedrich Töben to Gerald Fredrick Toben. The umlaut was not generally known in Australia and we opted for Toben rather than Toeben. Later in the record it stated that I had said our name was written 'Toeben' - quite wrong, but that kind of misreporting is typical of mindsets that are driven by considerations other than accuracy and truth. 'When in Rome do as the Romans do' was a maxim that rings true - up to a point. Certainly a minority cannot control the majority, something that is currently the craze in the Western world with multiculturalism rampant. Our opting for Toben was not designed to deceive or hide our German heritage, as do many eastern Europeans who adopt Anglo-Saxon names to hide their Khazar origins. I also recount how my father recently had told me how during World War II he drove a truck loaded with torpedoes and he stopped for the night at home because he wanted to spend the night with his wife and new baby daughter. This act of love could have cost his life and that of the whole town had the British bombers come over the area before dawn. It moved me to tears retelling this, especially when then we hear how brutal the Nazi Germans were. I also make some basic comments about my research, that cause Klein to feel uneasy. I have to insist that Burk adds the final sentence:

Mir ist es wichtig, daß noch im Protokoll aufgenommen wird, daß wir jederzeit bereit sind, unsere Meinung zu ändern, wenn man uns sagt, wo wir falsch liegen oder wo wir gar lügen. Man muß uns nur darauf hinweisen, dann sind wir bereit, Fehler einzuräumen und uns auch zu entschuldigen.

(It is important for me that it is recorded, that we are at any time prepared to change our opinions, if one tells us where we are wrong or where we lie, even. One only has to advise us, then we are prepared to admit our errors and to apologise.).

It appears from the judge's performance that he certainly accorded me natural justice. But my comments are not persuasive enough for him to release me on bail. He cancels the first arrest warrant and confirms the second one.

Judge Burk permits me to make two phone calls to my parents and brother but I have to wait for the written order and so his permission is not effective immediately. The bureaucracy is slow but thorough.

I am off again to the court's holding cell then back to prison. Another fellow with me, Isin Ajhain, a Turk, has been in Germany for 30 of his 32 years. In for some robbery with violence.

5.10 p.m.: back in cell, a cup of tea and a slice of cheese on Knäckebrot. To sleep around 11 p.m. wondering what is going to happen next.

Tuesday, 4 May 1999

News item from Radio Regenbogen: the Israeli government congratulates the Mannheim judiciary for having jailed me. Well, that is proof of a political input into this business. I am a political prisoner.

Hofgang with Rudi and Philip, the latter is a 72-year-old white-collar criminal: the matter involves billions, the Mafia and the Chase Manhatten Bank. Oh Lord, that is real life.

Mail from Vita and David (a lovely card), Heinz Giesmann, Bigmouth and Yvonne. I write a letter of protest to Radio Regenbogen.

5–8.15 p.m.: Umschluß with Rudi – guitar playing etc. Also watched the arrest item on local television. The TV and radio stations are in the same building at Dudenstraße.

On this day another irate citizen writes to Mr Downer (Appendix 16).

Wednesday, 5 May 1999

6 a.m.: awake. Again a pleasant dream. To date nothing bad in these subconscious peregrinations. Should this bother me?

6.35 a.m.: 'Arbeit beginnt' (Work begins) for those on the second floor who are lucky enough to have got a job within the workshops. Only about 50 workers can be placed there.

Hofgang: Some prisoners are using the mail system so openly that it will have consequences for the others. Remand prisoners' mail is censored and sentenced prisoners' mail is not. So the remand prisoners pass their letters to the latter and thereby get a speedy service as well.

Before lunch I walk to Geiger's office on the second floor to see whether Judge Burk's telephone order has come through. Not yet according to Herr Nick who is deputising for Geiger.

Noon: mail - Judge Burk has retained my letter to *The Age*, as possible self-incriminating evidence. What a fool that fellow is.

3.10 p.m.: – called to see Bock in visitors' barracks. I attempt to get Bennett to act as my legal counsel – will it work? He is liable for instant arrest if he shows his face to Klein!

Coping with prison. Thinking:

- What about the disabled who cannot move?
- What about those who fear leaving their homes?
- What about those imprisoned unjustly all over the world often for years?
- What about Rudolf Hess's near 50-year imprisonment, then murdered at 93 years. This particular sentence reflects on the German justice system and on the German men and women who enforce an unjust system. These men and women are – what?

Nigel Jackson's letter on my situation is published in *The Australian* (Appendix 17).

Thursday, 6 May 1999

Another good rest. On this day, four calendar weeks ago, I was arrested. Wrote a letter to *The Age* refuting the implication that I actually talked 'dirty' by delivering a 'hate speech' in Germany and thus self-activated Section 130.

Raining – no Hofgang is announced. So lots of banging on doors because the fellows want to get out. Even just milling around the corridor will do. I suppress my desire to hit the metal door with a chair or something. I lie in bed and think about the word 'democracy' and how easily it leads to tyranny and persecution, as in my case. Klein is the hater and abuser of democratic processes. His fanciful claim that the Holocaust is an 'unumstößliche Tatsache' (immovable fact) needs to be supported by state power. That is a funny kind of fact.

9.15 a.m.: Hofgang for 'nicht-arbeitende Gefangene' (non-working prisoners).

10 a.m.: shower and then into Klaus I's cell to listen to *The 7.30 Report* tape that somehow got through the censorship process. It also included John Bennett's efforts to get the matter publicised on talkback radio – well done John, and thanks.

5-6.30 p.m.: no cooking for me but plucking on the guitar for an hour, then watched a Jackie Chan film about the Bronx.

Mail from Nigel Jackson enclosing his literary effort to *The Australian*. Delightful for me. Spent the night replying to it. Also, Uncle Paul wrote a note – but risky is it not?

Friday, 7 May 1999

Usual routine - now ten pull-ups with ease.

Overcast but Hofgang for those who do not mind a little rain – I love it. Andreas gives me a page out of the *Mannheimer Morgen* (13.3.1999) about Ludwig Bock's own court case. Little did I know that he himself had just faced Klein in court. Klein has run out of arguments and facts do not hold the story together anymore – only brutal state power to silence dissidents. But, contrary to Klein's assertion, a thousand court cases and judgments do not prove the facts. Researchers need to go to the scene of the crime and look at the murder weapon.

Lunch: potato salad and two eggs, and a pear.

Supper is late at 3.30 p.m. People get restless when the routine changes. Collected my week's supply of sugar then give it away to those who want sugar – I do not. Leitmann says to me, 'Schnorren ist nicht gut' (Borrowing is not good) after I inform him that I give my sugar to those who ask for it.

My walls are now detailing my case via newspaper reports.

5 p.m. mail – rather late! Frau Margaret Walendy, Eric Rössler and Christopher Steele – really delightful. In the light of these letters the one from the Stuttgart State Ministry advising me of my possible deportation after completing my sentence is a bad joke! Get stuffed!

10 p.m. and beyond: whistling, howling, shouting and even excessive screeching from the inmates, not because of pain but simply the sounds of approval as the fireworks display at a Mannheim festival reaches its climax.

The Sydney Morning Herald publishes a letter from John Bennett, president of the Australian Civil Liberties Union and the campaign manager of the Töben legal fighting fund (Appendix 18).

Chapter 10

After One Month

For the record: And why are you here? What is your crime?

Is it assault with a knife? Armed robbery? Cheating – lying – embezzling – stealing? Thrashing – bashing – teeth gnashing for a fix? Petty crime – major crime? Here for a few days, weeks, months – even years – on remand?

Spending time in prison is freedom denied. Some regain their freedom after a brief court appearance, but for most on remand it is the beginning of a prolonged stay in jail. The various instances of appeal are exhausted and the sentence begins to bite; for some it is the end of uncertainty, after doing time it is certain freedom; for others, the cry of 'innocent' falls on deaf ears and the sentence begins to hurt. Legal condemnation, suspended while on remand – if you are not a political prisoner – becomes public knowledge. A good name and reputation is lost forever – the prisoner becomes a social outcast, exactly the aim of those who punish with a vengeance and hatred rather than with compassion and mercy. Yet, such condemnation can be liberating. Who cares what others think about you and your 'evil' deeds? The important question is: Who will be there to embrace and love you after you have done your time, after you have repaid your debt to society?

* * *

I want to get out of here! The police say I am a dealer, but I am not. When they searched my home, they found a few grams. That was my month's personal supply. Sometimes I share that with my three girlfriends. You know, they lead quite an independent lifestyle, earning their keep on the streets. They come to me to relax and share a joint. I don't ask for sex – just company. Oh Gaby, I wanna grab your tits! Let me out of here! Gaby, Gaby, I wanna see and grab your tits!

I am innocent because I was blackmailed into it otherwise my family would have suffered. The prosecutor says I am guilty but my lawyer says if I show remorse in court, the judge will reduce my sentence. I want to get back to my wife and children and all I have to say is that I am guilty. Perhaps I will even turn Crown witness and dob in my mates. My lawyer says it will be a minimum of four

years' prison, and the prosecutor demands six. My lawyer says the judge will then give me five and I have already spent one year on remand. That is four to go, less remission time for good behaviour and remorse. Well, I could be out in two to three years. But I am innocent. I have a wife and two small children – even three years is too long for me. I was forced to take part in the armed hold-up. I had to take the pistol from the gang leader and I had to defend myself in that fight and hit the fellow over the head with the pistol. It was not loaded and the fight just developed, nothing serious or pre-meditated. I did not want to fight anyone. They threatened my wife and children if I did not join in ... The judge did not listen to my story, he gave me eight years, and now there is no appeal because I pleaded guilty to a crime I did not commit intentionally.

*

I did not do anything. The police charged me with breaking and entering. I was high and I looked for a place to sleep. I found a place at the back of a supermarket, in the storeroom. The police can prove that I was asleep. I thought it was a disused building. I did not steal anything. First time in prison too! I have been caught shoplifting, nothing major, just a few computer Playstations. You see, I am an orphan, I have no parents, no home.

*

I am here for robbery — a service station. But I am lucky to be alive. I could have been killed. After the cashier handed over the money, I ran out of the shop and just outside the door I thought I had better count the loot. I was busy counting the money when the attendant snuck up behind me, really nasty of him. He got his arm around my throat and began choking me. That bastard, he nearly killed me! Lucky for me the police came along just in time. Boy, was I glad to see them. They saved my life.

*

Judge: Now, do you understand why you are here before this court?

Accused: Not understand the language. Speak slow, please.

Friendly neighbourhood police officer: Come on, Mario, you know the language. We have known each other these past ten years, you can understand the language.

Accused: Do not understand, speak a little slow, please.

After a 15 minute adjournment the judge returned to pronounce the sentence.

Judge: For your blatant dealing in a prohibitive substance I sentence you to 2½ years in prison. Do you understand that?

Accused: Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

Accused (outside the courtroom): No problem, no problem. I have got plenty of money for bail. I will be out in a few days.

And he was.

*

After One Month

A young Albanian, who had fled from the Kosovo conflict, regularly shouts the Kosovo Liberation Army's salute (akin to 'Sieg Heil') from his cell window day and night: 'I fled Kosovo and came to Germany without papers. They will deport me in a few weeks' time. I do not want to go back and fight in that dirty war'.

I volunteered to come in here because I have a DM6000 debt to pay off. The judge gave me three months, then I am debt-free. My children and grandchildren think I am touring Europe by car.

Embezzlement is my crime, but I turned myself in and I want to serve my two years and then leave Germany for good. It is no good being on the run. Also, the climate here is too cold for me – I love South East Asia. It is much better there – and the women are just so beautiful, just love them. I have got a woman who is waiting for my return.

I deal in secondhand goods and I was driving along the road and picked up a hitchhiker. A police patrol checked our alcohol level and papers – and found the hitchhiker was a wanted armed robber and drug dealer. I was also arrested because they linked me to him, just because I carried DM10 000 in my wallet. I always carry such large sums on me – I am a dealer in secondhand goods. I am not an accomplice. It is not fair.

I killed a man in a fight but it was a fair fight because he attacked me first. It was self-defence. He could have killed me. I was just faster with my knife. God, I am lucky to be alive.

I fuck little boys! Got a problem with that? Are you going to discriminate against me?

The police say I am a dealer and a pimp but they have got nothing on me. The pistol they found in my home belonged to a friend. He has already spoken to the police about that. I should be out in a couple of week's time.

And he was.

I am from Africa. Some European countries, like Italy, do not have strict residence controls. In Germany you need to be registered at a police station. When I left Italy on a visit to Germany, I did not have any papers on me. I live in Italy. I have a house there – these past six years. Now they want to deport me to Africa – but Italy is my home. I do not want to be dragged on a plane with a motorcycle helmet over my head or sticky tape plastered over my mouth. I do not want to die like those other two Africans who refused to leave Germany quietly.

Germany, generally speaking, is an orderly and well-regulated country - 'Ordnung muss sein!' (You need order). That is one of the reasons why this country is still functioning and is still rather prosperous. But the debt burden - debt finance is the prevailing dogma - will become

insurmountable in time, unless the introduction of the euro will fail to do its expected job and halve the value of the Deutschemark. Meanwhile, individuals from all over the world still want to come to Germany and participate in personal wealth creation.

Naturally, there are those who blackmail the Germans by pulling out the Holocaust card. It is a profitable business because the Germans seemed to have gone from national socialism 60 years ago to national masochism. They love to feel guilty about what is alleged to have happened during World War II. But that is another chapter.

The German prison system is also orderly – nothing happens without an order, in my case, without an arrest warrant. Once a judge grants a public prosecutor his wish to have a person imprisoned for having committed some alleged crime, the process begins.

From an initial harrowing night spent in a police lock-up cell, the Behandlung. Do you recall the term Sonderbehandlung (special treatment)? We will come to that a little later, here it is treatment or processing which begins with a journey in a multi-cell van to the nearest prison, in my case, Mannheim Prison at Herzogenried just on the outskirts of Mannheim. There, still in shock at having spent a painful night in the police cell, the accused suspect is finger-printed, photographed and given his prisoner number. The prisoners' photograph is a permanent reminder of time spent behind bars. And, because all too often it is a terrible picture, the photograph becomes an ugly reminder at that.

From the Behandlung it is off to the Kammer where the prisoner's personal effects are stored, and where basic toiletry items, bedding and prison clothes are issued. All new prisoners are sent to the Kammer – but not the Gaskammer!

If the prison still holds a mix of remand and sentenced prisoners, the newcomer walks from the Kammer into the remand wing where he will be placed in a double or triple cell, but never in a single cell. The move is obvious. It takes about three weeks for the authorities to assess whether a prisoner has suicidal tendencies – and the Germans to not like prisoners dying on them. The separation of remand and sentenced prisoners is also strictly adhered to because the latter have much more freedom of movement than the remand prisoners – who are technically still innocent, though once behind bars the prosecution will ensure that something will stick.

A remand prisoner is usually held on the spurious legal reason of Fluchtgefahr (flight danger) and Verdunklungsgefahr (corruption and interference with witnesses and possible sources of evidence). It may make it more difficult for the prosecution to prepare a case against a suspect. Socially this has devastating effects on the person's social environment. The stigma of being in prison is enough to sway

employers, employees, colleagues, friends and loved ones to jump on to the prosecution's bandwagon. It is a real test of how mature and deep a friendship really is.

Once in his cell the prisoner can opt to retain his personal clothes or he may chose to wear prison clothes. This has the advantage that they are cleaned every week and a girlfriend or wife or mother does not have to collect them from the prisoner during visiting hours and take them home for washing.

Prison routine is simple: 6 a.m. wake-up call. The warden opens the cell door and collects any outgoing mail or any written applications made by a prisoner. Nothing functions in prison without this essential written request (Antrag). It was this bureaucratic instrument that further firmed my belief that there were no gassings at Auschwitz Concentration Camp. How can a bureaucratic machinery, such as a prison administration, generate such a massive action – killing millions of people in homicidal gas chambers – without a single piece of written evidence? We are led to believe that the Germans are supposed to have destroyed the written record. Try to destroy the written record about a million people's existence! That is an impossibility.

Accompanying the warden on this early morning round is the Schänzer (cleaner). Usually there are two per floor. These fellows hand out the obligatory two envelopes and two sheets of writing paper, as well as a host of other items needed by a prisoner who wishes to effect something during his stay in prison. These prison Kapos are also there to hand out the meals – lunch at 11 a.m. and supper at 3 p.m. They are also responsible for keeping the place tidy, and they hand out to needy prisoners basic toilet items – shavers, toothpaste, toothbrush, soap and toilet paper. They also keep the community showers (Dusche) spotlessly clean. Germans just love to live in clean environs – never would they tolerate a dirty toilet!

Here we already have the key words in any Holocaust gassing story: *Sonderbehandlung, Dusche* and *Kammer*. All concentration camp prisoners were familiar, and came in contact, with these words in a literal sense. Knowing that prisons are notorious for generating evil gossip, the step to a creation of the Gaskammer is obvious, it having a real presence in any World War II concentration camp in the form of the delousing chambers.

All prisoner requests need to be in writing: for example, to visit the prison hospital, dentist, physiotherapist, chaplains or social workers. The Antrag is then processed, requiring a number of signatures. Likewise from a judge if the prisoner requests permission to have in his cell a radio, television set, typewriter, guitar etc.

Hospital care is basic and the doctors are caring. As 80% of inmates are foreigners and mostly drug-dependent, the hospital takes care of such

dependency by liberally handing out drug-substitution tablets. This softens the stark reality of living in a prison cell. I noticed that in one instance two young emaciated men, who were wasting away because of their drug habit, actually developed a healthy body after three months in the gym.

There is also a colour dot system on the door, which is Sonderbehandlung: yellow for special meals such as diabetics, green for vegetarians, red for Moslem food, blue if a prisoner is suicidal. A red bar indicates that the prisoner is to be isolated from other remand prisoners. At Mannheim it reached the absurd level where the fourth floor was sealed off, thereby isolating about 55 prisoners from the rest of the 200 remand prisoners. But the fourth floor soon developed a community life of its own – and the purpose of isolating individuals was defeated.

At 8 a.m. prisoners exercise in the courtyard (Hofgang). The fourth floor prisoners have Sonderhof! For those who feel like getting up at that time – it is not obligatory to participate in any kind of activity in prison – they will walk anti-clockwise for an hour. Most walk for about ten minutes, then sit down and play cards and smoke cigarettes. Others will sprint for a while, then they sit down on the lawn. Still others will briskly walk for the hour – which I did for seven months. It is about 4 km a day – not bad for someone who until then walked only when he had to and played no sport at all. Some prisoners play soccer on the small patch called a lawn and thereby offer the spectators a little amusement. Soaking up the spring, summer and autumn sun did not appeal to me. We had one fellow who made it a habit of baring his back to reveal what he had been doing in his prison cell after Hofgang – sitting at the window tanning himself – complete with bar imprints on his back!

There were also those who had isolation exercise. Watched over by two guards, individual prisoners judged to be dangerous for a number of reasons, would do their solitary thing for an hour. One young man, in particular, sprinted about like a deer – fit as a fiddle.

After Hofgang it is back into the cell, then off to the Dusche (shower) that most prisoners relished.

In contrast to prisons elsewhere in Europe and the world, there is no such thing as a dirty prison cell in German, generally speaking. Most prison cell toilets were clean – and prisoners took great pride in having clean toilet. Clean toilets help to assess whether a person has any degree of cultural awareness. Thursday and Friday mornings at 6 a.m. prisoners could ask for permission to clean their cells before Hofgang. Cell inspections ensured that cleanliness was a constant matter prisoners attended to. The prison was free of disease, though it was rumoured that foreign prisoners had introduced infections. There certainly was no typhoid epidemic to combat at Mannheim and thus there was no need to warn inmates, 'Eine Laus Dein Tod!'.

Dirty people object to showering. Bad luck for dirty people if they land in a German prison.

At 11 a.m. it is lunchtime, rather early but that is how it is. Food is served your cell in stainless steel pots, and considering the Sonderbehandlung requirements, the kitchen does a splendid job feeding around 900 to 1000 prisoners at any one time. Those with a spoilt palate - and a healthy bank account - may, as did Steffi Graf's father while in Mannheim Prison, order food from outside into the prison. Did not Alan Bond do the same? The ordinary prisoner can spend up to DM300 per month once a fortnight in the prison supermarket and supplement his food intake with delicacies not offered by the prison kitchen. Unfortunately, the inflated prices hurt those prisoners who simply do not have any money to spend. Items favoured to supplement prison food are tobacco and cigarettes, Coca Cola and other soft drinks, chocolates and chips, tea and coffee, eggs, a variety of tinned and other preserved foodstuffs, and fresh fruit and vegetables, though often after the sentenced prisoners have finished their shopping, there is little of that left for the remand prisoners.

Anyone anticipating a prison stay is well advised to be free of any addictions: alcohol, drugs, cigarettes, coffee and sex, of course, though a heavy trade exists in girlie magazines. Ironically, those inclined to homosexual sex may apply for help from the prison hospital for condoms and related items, yet overt pornography is a prohibited substance in prison.

Generally prison life can resemble a boarding school, a stay in a cheap hotel, or life in the military, a nunnery or monastery.

Prison can also become a hothouse of tempers, usually a few days before the Thursday fortnightly shopping spree when the last cigarettes have been smoked and the last drop of coffee have been drunk. Smokers have scratched together their final reserves and tempers are short. Theft in prison is not unusual, though when a person is caught the internal justice system is swift and brutal. A prisoner, who transferred out of the remand wing into one of the three wings where the sentenced prisoners live, stole a tobacco pouch from his cellmate. For that his mate gave him a hefty knock on the head. He was also punished by the administration because he retaliated – a 1-month cell arrest which meant that he had to stay in his cell 24-hours-a-day.

For more serious offences against prison rules, the bunker cells soften up the toughest prisoner. If that does not quieten a prisoner, then there is the 'concrete injection', a sedative that pacifies and tames the most rugged individual without fail.

At 3 p.m. it is supper time – usually three to six slices of bread and three thin slices of cheese together with some jam, even some pieces of fruit. Then it is good night for 15 hours until the next day's wake-up call.

There are various activities that any prisoner can participate in which break up this rather lonely, long cell-time. There are, for example, internal cell-cell visiting times (Umschluß). On Saturday and Sundays after lunch it is possible to spend from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. together with mates in one cell. During this social get-together, we drink coffee, enjoy cake, sing songs and play guitars, and end up playing card games, usually Mau-Mau.

Once a week (5–6.30 p.m.) there is a screening of a video, usually of the action variety involving Chinese actors – the video Schänzer is Chinese!

From 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. is the time to do some cooking in the small kitchen at the end of the corridor. Two stoves offer the opportunity, to those who delight in ethnic cooking, to get into it.

Besides these officially fixed functions, remand prisoners may also join the choir and Bible Group, learn German, attend a social re-orientation discussion group, participate in a gym training program and play team sports – football, tennis, volleyball and basketball. There is even a fish group that looks after about six aquariums situated in the basement of the prison and it helps to distract the prisoners from their own confinement.

On Sundays there is the 8 a.m. church service – the Protestant and Catholic services alternating on a weekly basis. Most prisoners attend every Sunday. Once the rumour spread that the Catholic priest was handing out tobacco at the end of his service. Naturally the church, situated on the fourth floor of the administration wing, was overflowing. Great disappointment flowed as well as the priest informed hopeful recipients of a tobacco handout that it had all been a rumour. But he does make available DM30 to needy prisoners. So, rumours (Gerüchte) are rife in this and other prisons. It was worse in the World War II concentration camps that also housed many political prisoners at a time of international hostility when truth is the first casualty. Rumours about mass extermination through gassings were widespread. But rumours abounded about other means of killing: for example, it has been recorded that the Germans killed their concentration inmates through electrocution or in steam chambers.

Prisoners, who are waiting to be sentenced, need not work, as is the case with sentenced prisoners. Yet many remand prisoners would dearly love to get out and do anything but sit in their cell all day and night.

Those that are lucky to get a job in one of the few prison workshops begin the day at 6.25 a.m. and end it after an 8-hour workday. Once off remand and sentenced, a prisoner has to work, 'Arbeit macht frei!'. Work permits prisoners to earn some money about DM200 per month (at about DM1,20 per hour), enough to secure your monthly shopping needs. The wages are deposited into a prisoner's post office savings account. A TV set and a radio-cassette player is permitted in the cell, and

After One Month

most prisoners own such entertainment equipment. The cassette recorders require a seal because without it, it is possible for prisoners to take the small electric motor out and use it as a tattooing machine.

When I left the prison finally, workers were busy laying cables for a 30+ TV-radio service – anything to keep the prisoners quiet. After all, that is what the wardens want – peace and quiet. Prisoners, meanwhile, want to maximise their freedom within the confines of their cell environment.

Most German radio and TV entertainment is modelled on the USA's trivia-trash, infotainment at the lowest animalistic level. Sex and sex and sex seems to be the important content. Bread and circuses – and that, too, in prison!

The most important item for a new prisoner is pen and paper, stamps and envelopes. With these items the abrupt rupture from familiar surroundings is slowly re-established. Remand prisoners still have their letters censored, and divulging any details of the case in correspondence will lead to confiscation of letters, then perhaps even used as evidence against the prisoner – as was the case with me when a couple of letters I had written to Australia were read out in court during my trial on 8 November 1999.

Bullying within prison is usually swiftly suppressed, even the subtle art of victimisation. For example, the prison pecking order has the child molester/rapist, Kifi (Kinder ficker [child fucker]), on the lowest rung. If the victimisation disturbs the environment - and prison wardens want relative peaceful working conditions - then regulations are tightened and work is carried out according to the book. Like some immature students, prisoners need to be told when to stop inappropriate behaviour. Rules are tightened and the whole prison population suffers. That is the irony of prison life. It is possible to relax or tighten regulations - depending how smoothly things are running. Limits are set, and unlike some students in schools, prisoners accept this imposed discipline - or face the bunker cells. In fact, students who failed to learn self-discipline at school, often end up in prison, either in that physical prison or in the conceptual prison of their own minds. The popular catchery at school and university for personal freedom - 'I want to do my thing' - rings hollow here. The vital question from this perspective is: freedom from what and freedom for what?

The German freedom song, especially its third verse, penned anonymously during the revolutionary era of 1780–1800, and distributed as a Flugblattlied (a flyer song) says it all:

Und sperrt man mich ein im finsteren Kerker, Das alles ist ein vergebliches Werk, Denn meine Gedanken zerreissen die Schranken Und Mauern entzwei – die Gedanken sind frei!

(And if you incarcerate me in a dark prison, that is all a waste of time

because my thoughts rip apart barriers And walls - Thoughts are free!)

The free spirit in action is witnessed when the nightly cell telephone calls are made from cell window to cell window, from prison wing to prison wing - even around the corners. Loud shouts convey messages, usually in a foreign tongue, and well into the night. Sometimes it is idle chatter intermixed with obscenities, at other times it is a plaintiff lament. Regularly someone will cock-crow, and if there is a response, we have a farmyard turning into a jungle - the air fills with the most exotic sounds. If there is no response, the rooster will crow a couple of more times, then also go to bed. Morning cock-crows are never heard at Mannheim. Instead, we have Wotan's ravens and other birds - 'Amsel, Drossel, Fink und Star und die ganze Vogelschar' (quoting a popular German folk ditty) - salute the rising sun. Should the nightly clamour continue deep into the night, as it occasionally does, then a guard from outside in the yard will put a stop to it, or someone from another cell will threateningly shout, 'Halts Maul' (Shut your mouth). In some instances the noise then transfers to the inner cell doors from which it reverberates throughout the interior of the four-floor corridor structure of the prison wing. Exhaustion sets in about half-an-hour after commencement of the shouting and banging against the doors with metal objects - chairs and pots.

Then the prison falls eerily silent and one wonders what the world is coming to when suddenly it is already 5.30 a.m. and you get to your cell door before the warden opens it for that 6 a.m. morning call.

* * *

My best mate dobbed me in by turning Crown witness. I never thought he would do that to me. He has saved his own neck and the police gave him and his family a new identity – everything. It is not fair.

*

My partner stood by me during my first three months in prison. Then she turned against me – and got herself another man. She told the police that I was too keen on the yuppie lifestyle, enjoying my Merc. and BMW. She forgot to mention how for two years she enjoyed the high life I offered her: the trip to Monte Carlo for the Monaco Grand Prix – meeting Schumacher and dining on Kashogie's private yacht. That is all forgotten in just three months. How was I to know the transactions involving these Chase Manhattan Bank bonds were stolen 10 years ago and not shredded but recycled by those reputable gangsters. Respected dealers did not know they were worthless!

*

My wife and children stand by me because they know I did not embezzle that 10 000 000. They have been visiting me for over a year now. They know I am innocent. Truth and love sustain me. I can plead-bargain with them, that is what they have offered me.

After One Month

They need a result so as to justify the spending of 1 000 000. of taxpayers' money on this case against me. To date I have not even received details of what I am supposed to have done wrong.

*

And Fredrick Töben, why are you in prison? What is your crime?

* * *

Saturday, 8 May 1999

German capitulation – the absurd first-time-ever historical unconditional surrender. The claims from former 'slave labourers' continues today on Daimler-Benz and Bosch. And the IG metal union movement is helping them.

9 a.m.: no Hofgang because of rain but I would not mind going. So from 9.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. constant banging on metal cell doors from all floors. The commotion outside bewilders – who is out of their cell and why am I still inside? The voices, the shouts, the cries for attention echo in a frenzy that suddenly stops for a moment, then continues.

There is a break for those who wish to take a shower. Thank God the Germans are a clean people.

After four weeks imprisonment I have begun to make the cell a little more homely. The various newspaper articles from Australia about my plight are now pleasant wallpaper. Christopher Steele sending me an early birthday card is delightful. The text invites me to 'rest your eyes on this beautiful scene, from the ugly confines of your prison cell, and LIVE!'. Indeed, it is a lake scene akin to looking at Milford Sound in New Zealand. Yes, that is natural beauty that now becomes even more precious in these dreary surrounds. Thank you, Christopher! He also included a year calendar from the state parliamentary member for Bragg, Graham Ingerson. I can now see the year at one glance.

I have now gone over to counting my time here in months rather than days or weeks.

Worked on my reply to Frau Weiß of the ministry in Stuttgart regarding their intentions of deporting me after I have served a sentence. I vehemently protest at such an unjust act.

11 a.m.: lunch – noodles and goulash but I did not eat the meat as last time it gave me a headache. Then Umschluß with Rudi. We sang songs while he played his guitar.

3–5 p.m.: resting. Then around 6.15 p.m. the car park telephone begins operating: two males have a conversation. At 8.30 p.m. there is another group of about six people using the car park telephone. All very sad. Better to have no-one outside because then the emotions remain calm.

Sunday, 9 May 1999

8 a.m.: church – the topic of 'Truth and love' fitted perfectly, but almost disagreed when Voltz said that truth cannot 'wie ein Nasser Lappen um die Ohren geschlagen werden' (be used as a wet rag and hit someone around the ears with it). What is needed is love, otherwise hatred arises. He then gave me a long stare – I took him on and outlasted him!

Hofgang with Andreas again – fine weather. Cong also walked a couple of rounds with us but then sat down. Others just soaked up the sun.

After lunch no Umschluß with the others. They have something else to do. OK, then, I can read the paper – the Chinese are protesting against NATO hitting their embassy in Belgrade. China now wants an end to the bombing and look for a political solution.

Just thinking – after my marriage breakdown and my job loss, prison is nothing!

10 p.m.: the shouting has begun again – the zoo is stirring, and nests are cleaned out. Throwing unwanted objects out the window is a habit that cannot be controlled, unless all windows are security-meshed. So, instead there is a toothless fellow who cleans up the mess early in the morning before Hofgang. We asked him why he was in there and he said he had robbed a service station. We laugh because that is nothing and certainly not a point-scoring offence in this place. Klaus II robbed a money transport with a bazooka – that has given him great standing in this place!

Monday, 10 May 1999

6 a.m.: linen change – Knoll and Mackert on duty – good fellows. As the door opens I am ready for that walk with my sheets and washbag to the trolley-crate on the corridor. Other fellows look bleary-eyed and are fumbling their way round, separating the pillowslip from the sheets and placing the personal washbag into another crate. Almost an hour later the new sheet issue is delivered. This is Hotel Mannheim! What efficiency. And clean sheets! Personal clothing is also quite acceptable though some remand prisoners will not accept prison clothes yet – not until they are sentenced. I do not mind wearing them.

Hofgang: Andreas from the fourth floor tells me of his being victimised for the fourth time. He is accused of having sexually abused a young girl – paedophile! How old was she? 14! Oh, boy, well, teachers just do not get into that kind of situation.

11.15 a.m.: lunch – mashed potatoes and Sauerkraut, vegies and a schnitzel, and an apple for desert. Horrible meal – even a slight taste and my headache begins, so down the toilet bowl, no complaining about food for me here. Devoured rather slowly that lovely apple – oh, how I yearn for fresh fruit.

1 p.m.: social worker, Frau Frei, arrives. Following up my complaint about the missing stamps that have not been placed on my file. Advises me about the Wednesday discussion group. Of course I will be in on it. It is the resocialisation group – I need to see the error of my ways, don't I?

5 p.m.: Umschluß – Leiber – until 8.15 p.m. with Rudi, Klaus II and Jörg. Guitar playing and singing, then talking and playing cards while drinking coffee and Coke, and eating cake.

Tuesday, 11 May 1999

9.30 a.m.: call Bock from Geiger's office; informed that Andreas Röhler is visiting tomorrow.

11 a.m.: advised that Ernie Edwards from Australian Embassy, Bonn, is waiting for me in the visitors' barracks. As before at our first meeting, we do not sit in the supervised room but rather in one of the six larger rooms in which a prisoner receives his lawyer. He is just passing by and decided to call in. This is possible because he does not need permission to visit me.

For the rest of the day I read the papers.

7-9 p.m.: Bible Group - the topic is 'The role of men' - very interesting views emerged.

By 10 p.m. in bed and sleeping.

Wednesday, 12 May 1999

6 a.m.: awake call - emerging from a sound sleepful night but had some strange dreams of past events and people, all freely mingling but recognisable – good stuff, soothing – as are the birds' songs at this moment, chirping away merrily.

I stand on my chair for a look out the window. It rained overnight. Outside in the courtyard puddles have formed on the barracks' roof – the small one leading to the hospital and three pairs of ducks splash around in them. A half-deflated soccer ball rests on the roof. I hear the cleaner scraping up the rubbish that the jailbirds threw out of their cell windows overnight. A train passes by and the car park beyond is rapidly filling with Daimler-Benz, sorry, DaimlerChrysler workers.

12.20–12.50 p.m.: Andreas Röhler here for a visit. What a courageous man, walking into prison when he is in danger of himself being arrested and thrown in. The most delightful moment comes when he spends the maximum of DM18 and purchases fruit for me. Oh, those fresh apples, those juicy oranges, those sweet pears, those firm bananas – and two chocolate bars. Later I slowly devour some of these goodies.

5 p.m.: video watching – a silly film about a man robbing a service station, then giving the money to his former girlfriend who shares it with her new fellow.

11 p.m.: it is on again, in the corridors and outside: violent shouting, cat and dog impersonations; calls of 'Halts Maul, andere wollen schlafen' (Shut your mouth, others want to sleep). A warden outside threatens to send noisemakers to the bunker – and a rash of whistling sweeps through the whole complex, and objects fly out the window. After 10 minutes, the shouts die and turn to conversation – and slowly the prison settles down to sleep.

Thursday, 13 May 1999

8 a.m.: church service conducted by a lady who is deputising for Pastor Kunzmann. The theme was 'Time'. Klaus Steiner read out his thoughts; Andreas, Rudi and Klaus played guitar, then Rudi, Klaus and Dieter presented 'Nim Dir Zeit'. Quite uplifting for the hour that I spend in church – but the stark reality of being locked up hits me as we return to our cells.

Noon-3 p.m.: Umschluß with Rudi. Played 'Mull of Kintyre' (E/A/H7) and 'Tom Dooley' (G/D7/D; not yet mastered) on his guitar.

3 p.m.: supper, then a little nap and some writing.

Friday, 14 May 1999

Nice dream about sleeping in my own bed

10 a.m.: Isin Ayhan brought into my cell because he is suicidal and his cellmate is showering. He was in court yesterday, fully shackled with hands behind back and ankles – and blue-light police armed escort. Crown witness wore a flak jacket. He claims he was forced to do the armed hold-up because his wife and two children faced violence had he not.

12.30 p.m.: mail – receive herbal tea from Australia; Goethe book from Werner Fischer (delightful reading for evening together with cup of tea and apple: love of truth revealed in search for good in people).

Saturday, 15 May 1999

Another delightful dream-filled night.

Noon-3 p.m.: with Rudi and playing guitar.

Sunday 16 May 1999

A funny dream about flying machine competition - woke up laughing.

7 a.m.: news - Turkey has stripped a woman parliamentarian of her citizenship because she dared wear a scarf while in parliament. This is an offence against the Turkish law that separates religion and politics. She is on a racial hatred charge.

9.30-10.30 a.m.: Hofgang with Andreas, who is the only one to keep up with my brisk walking pace.

After One Month

After lunch, Umschluß with Rudi, Klaus and Dieter – a jolly time watching TV and playing guitar. Imagine me playing a guitar!

Evening - plaintiff cries from below, including screeching, and the usual noises.

Monday, 17 May 1999

Good rest and a funny dream about Gerard Henderson. He had been invited to give an address about his dislikes of me. He stutters, then fades.

7 a.m.: reading about the German 2+4 Treaty between itself and the Allies wherein German sovereignty is eliminated. The Allies still control Germany through controlling education and the media.

5–8 p.m.: Umschluß – Rudi and the two Klauses but no Dieter because of Andreas complaining about Eric and his victimisation on the fourth floor, so Geiger tightens up discipline.

Great consternation for some – Isin Ayhan received 8 years jail. He is shattered especially because he was advised by his lawyer to plead guilty and the judge would give him about 5 years.

Tuesday, 18 May 1999

7 a.m.: collect packet from Kammer. More tea and crisp bread from Australia and vitamin tablets. The cost of these is deducted from my permissible fortnightly spending amount of DM150. Why? Other prisoners would be disadvantaged were I not to have the cost of these tablets deducted. I cannot follow this logic. Gleichmacherei (equality) – yet who wants my poor legs?

7.30 a.m.: cup of delightful lemon tea and half-a-dozen Rye Vita slices – yum, yum, yum.

8 a.m.: Hofgang with Andreas, and the Kriegsrat (war council) meeting as well – Jörg, Tommy, Klaus I, Klaus II, Rudi and Eric. They bare, thrashing out who said what to Geiger – confidential information – just like boarding school. This has nothing to do with me – how lucky!

10.30 a.m.: off to Revier about my legs. An Afro-American there who had a fight on one of the USA Defence Force bases, and GP8, the German police base adjoining, arrested him. His girlfriend is employed on the base. Another new elderly fellow also arrived last night. He tells me, 'Everything would have been fine had I not permitted them (his daughter and friend) to sleep in the house together'. He is talking too much – but I understand and advise him to hold his tongue just a little. Introduce myself to Kühnle – the tall, fit fellow who is rumoured to be deeply involved with the Mafia.

4.30 p.m.: mail - letters from Stäglich, Meyer, Serge, Dr John and Rako.

No Bible Group and so in the cell from 3 p.m. until morning - that is good because it gives me time to reflect again on what is my crime, according to Klein!

Wednesday, 19 May 1999

2.30 a.m.: demolition of a cell above me, 'Ich will hier raus' (I want to get out of here). Then a shuffle of individuals, wardens I assume, and silence.

8 a.m.: nice spring weather. I, too, want to get out of here.

After lunch read *Der Spiegel* and the Ignatz Bubis interview. Bubis wants the reparations to last until 2030. What a source of income for this group of people. Pity those individual Jews who will never see a cent from the loot because they refuse to accept such payments or they do not belong to the in-group of recipients.

5 p.m.: cooking.

Walked about until 6.30 p.m. Talked with Dieter and Isin Ayhan whose lawyer had suggested four years, public prosecutor six years and so he pleaded guilty and thought the judge would give him five years. Instead, it is now eight years – and no appeal because he pleaded guilty. Talked with two Romanians who have come to Germany without proper documentation. One is still here after six months although his sentence was for four. The other has one month to go – and so both are held and will most likely be released at the same time. One tells me that he will be sent home, but he will return immediately because only a few months of work will enable him to feed his family for a year back in Romania. Dieter is barred from participating – not even allowed to TV room and watch a silly video featuring Dan Akroyd.

8.20 p.m.: back in room and good night.

Thursday, 20 May 1999

War crimes trial in Stuttgart - Majdanek, 'Wo Du Wolle' day.

Hofgang – Andreas breathes easy because Eric was wrong, that the former did not write the letter to Geiger. Rudi prepared to plead guilty and display 'sorry' attitude all for the sake of getting out of prison. Sonderhof (isolation exercise yard): see Isin there with two wardens.

Back inside: still traffic of convicted prisoners through our remand wing because at the end of it is the supermarket, and every second week it is shopping time. Thursday is the remand wing's turn, but sometimes things do not run to schedule, as is the case today.

I look down and there are two female wardens who are quite definitely attracting the attention of most prisoners – without doing anything at all. Their professional poker faces still arouse attention. This is a case of sexual harassment, is it not?

Above me on the fourth floor Kühnle is drinking tea out of a glass – I toast to that, pretending it is wine. Klaus II is munching an apple and Klaus I is strumming on his guitar. Klaus I has been here for a year and still there is no formal indictment. His firm, Topware, made the CD that contained all German telephone numbers. Design in Poland, typing in China and manufacture in Germany. What an enterprise – now the other partners have fallen out with him just because some DM1 000 000 that went missing. He refuses to admit guilt and he refuses to deal with the public prosecutor. Talk about which German state is easier on criminals – the further north you go, the easier it is, so they say. Rudi says he has got a good chance that after sentencing on 10 June, he will go straight into 'offener Vollzug' (limited restricted prison). He says he cannot take the pettiness in this place anymore, the shit about Becker and Walker.

The 'boarding school atmosphere' is bubbling. The Gipsy cleaner on the first floor is off to court - may be released immediately.

10.15 a.m.: Warden Mackert arrives and asks me, 'Did you shower?'. 'Yes'. Then shuts my door and the brush with morning liberty is at an end. I enjoy this milling about after Hofgang. Each person here has a story to tell. Each one feels just like I do – terrible. Each one, like I, has one wish only – get out.

11.15 a.m.: meal – lettuce with vinegar, wish it were lemon juice, noodles and small vegetarian 'meat' balls. Delightful. Half-an-hour later the stainless steel pots are collected and I am with myself for a rest until 3 p.m.

4 p.m.: shopping. We wait in the wooden stairs – five at a time – to be checked out with beepers for any hidden objects. Nothing. Then into the supermarket which is the width of the remand wing. I purchase my usual chocolate, fruit and vegetables. By 4.30 p.m. it is all over – carrying the goodies back to my cell in my washbag.

5 p.m.: Kunzmann is ill but Kratzert there – as we move from our wing to the fourth floor administration wing a couple of fellows disappear into other wings where they ought not be. We have a slightly depleted group but that does not bother us. We are guided through our singing by someone who sets us a good example – all of us sing lustily. What therapy!

On our return, we adjourn to Rudi's cell with Klaus and watch the TV news - Götz received 10 years for the Majdanek killing of Jews but because he already spent 15 years in a Soviet prison, he is not sent to prison by the Stuttgart court. The judges should be ashamed of themselves for having let this case proceed to a hearing.

Friday, 21 May 1999

Had a good night's rest but a silly dream about surfing on a chair then blending into a car.

Hofgang: Andreas preparing himself for a transfer to another wing – his daughter visited him yesterday. Sat with Cong on chess stools, pretending we are having Turkish coffee. First time I did not walk the full hour.

9.45 a.m.: Mackert brings me a letter from prosecutor Klein which lists the items confiscated by him upon my arrest.

Mail - lots: Hank R., Maureen, Ken, Adam, Olga, Michael, Jens, Gerd, Robert and Debbie.

5–8 p.m.: Umschluß – a prisoner tells me he was at Bruchsal and had a cell next to Günter Deckert, his former high school teacher – a very good teacher. Then into Rudi's cell with Klaus I. We play and sing 'Die Gedanken sind frei' because I have learned the chords of this song (A/E/D).

Saturday, 22 May 1999

Dream about my former wife and my being a good boy; not asking too many questions, just being a good, silent boy!

Before Hofgang I stand on the chair for a view out the window. Across the prison courtyard and over the barbed wire wall, I see the large Mercedes star and the large carpark now empty. The trees are in full bloom, the birds are merrily chirping and the pigeons are chortling contentedly. It is overcast and the small courtyard lawn area has been cut and smells fresh. Hey, man, what am I doing here? What is my crime?

After Hofgang Dieter gives me his radio – classical music at last, after this terrible noise from SWR-3.

Shower - lunch rather loose today. Leiber has control without showing it.

Umschluß with Rudi and we talk about world finance, and how he was sucked into the game that cost him his freedom, but involved the Chase Manhattan Bank and the Mafia – and cost poor pensioners their life savings. I suggest he ought to set up a claims conference and do it legally, as the Jewish organisations are doing it. NATO's hits on Yugoslavia have been unsuccessful.

Back in my own room, a thought: Klein, Burk and Mohr are acting out of weakness, not strength - their first names are Titanic.

Sunday, 23 May 1999

More silly dreams about the past – back at Goroke and the centenary of education; Duncan telling me he did the drawing for the front cover of the book that I put together. He initialled the drawing so it is not denied! Why should this be significant 14 years after the event? The brain is really just like a video, we can play forward and back but only in our mind, not in actual fact.

8 a.m.: church – Klaus I gives me a much-needed stamp so that a letter can be sent off by tomorrow morning's mail.

Voting for 'Untersuchungshaft Sprecher' (speaker for remand prisoners): 234 eligible, 183 cast: 123 Pietro de Simeon, 34 Rudi Bruns, 25 Andreas Becker. At Hofgang I congratulated Rudi and Andreas on their success.

Umschluß – wined and dined with Rudi in style, then played guitar and sang. Coke, grapefruit with honey, chocolate and a cigar! At this moment I could be anywhere.

Johannes Rau is the new German president - should I write to him? He says that he is a patriot, not a nationalist because they hate others. The latter comment is a nonsense but, still, he has dared to mention patriotism.

Monday, 24 May 1999

Dream about my Marryatville High School teaching days.

Church - Hoffmann playing organ.

After lunch Umschluß with Rudi until 3 p.m. – practicing (A/E/H7) then Schlemmer time – coffee, chocolate etc.

Tuesday, 25 May 1999

Dream: climbing Mt Arapiles.

Hospital: weight down to 84 kg - that is good.

7-9 p.m.: Bible Group – good discussion of Matthew 11 on the truth of Christ's teachings. Seems it is now my job to carry the tea cups to our third floor cleaner afterwards – and share any of the left-over biscuits.

Wednesday, 26 May 1999

Dream: Uluru and travelling into outback Australia - oh, lovely meeting with woman full of vitality.

After lunch off to visitors' barracks for Eric Rössler – yes, he has got Deckert's 'Brother' typewriter in the Kammer. I should get it soon. Eric says last Monday 300 people marched through Bruchsal in support of Deckert.

5–8 p.m.: Umschluß with Klaus I, Rudi and Dieter – latter thinks he could be out in about three weeks.

After received some mail: Judge Burk permits me to have a guitar, a radio and a TV set. Two cards from Tasmania – now lots of them, Kneifel.

Spy case against Australians begins in Yugoslavia.

Bayern München lost against Manchester United in the final minutes of the game.

Thursday, 27 May 1999

Wotan's ravens talkative this morning before 6 a.m.

International War Crimes Tribunal at Den Haag – that which the USA set up with \$1 billion – against Milosovich – has signed arrest warrant. How can he stop this action now? A repeat of Hitler's predicament – unconditional surrender! The IWCT continues to 'legitimise' the New World Order.

On the radio there is a program about market democratic reality - the end of history, welcome consumer society.

8 a.m.: Hofgang in small one because of the Russian prisoners using the sentenced prisoners' mail service.

Off to Geiger's office to make call to Bock who is to advise Herr Taubner in Köln that I am permitted to receive a guitar.

Mail - letter from Lila, Tony and David.

5 p.m.: choir practise with 15 of us - good.

6.30-8 p.m.: Umschluß much easier now that I, too, have a lock on my door, thus making it unnecessary for a warden to unlock my door.

Friday, 28 May 1999

Cannot recall the dream, but it was again soothing.

90 years Wagner Society in Kassel.

In evening listening to music, then an item about crosses being removed at Auschwitz – but confusing because talking about Auschwitz–Birkenau where there are no crosses.

Saturday, 29 May 1999

Dreamt about my old school Edenhope, then bus driving there.

Noon-3 p.m.: Umschluß with Rudi – watched Steffi Graf move up in tennis. Fire in Salzburg tunnel.

12 and 4 years for Australians sentenced by Belgrade military court for spying.

10 p.m.: shave and off to bed - whistling and some shouting but only for a few minutes, then the whole complex falls silent. Rare!

Sunday, 30 May 1999

8 a.m.: Church service and the choir performs, but Hoffmann is too fast in his conducting - 'Bleibet Hier' and 'Meine Zeit'.

Monday, 31 May 1999

5-8 p.m.: Umschluß with Rudi - his conflict with Klaus II over the bookshelf has been settled.

Tuesday, 1 June 1999

7 a.m.: Kammer - collect typewriter

8 a.m.: before Hofgang a quick drink with Rudi, Klaus I and II, Dieter and Jörg. Then the gossip shop walk in the yard. Andreas received two years and will be out after one year, and will be soon transferred to another prison.

Typing out material for Bock tomorrow. Next week, on the 9th, Edwards is coming.

7 p.m.: Bible Group – but collected at 7.30 p.m. Good discussion about Christ's words: 'If you are not with me, you are against me'.

Rudi gives me three pieces of fruit because he is off on his week's odyssey to the court on the 10th.

Wednesday, 2 June 1999

Happy birthday to me - Klaus I and II, Dieter and Jörg - my shout: a Coke for each and a cigar from Dieter.

Hofgang: slipped away from going to the third floor and off to the ground floor back into my first cell where I share cake with Andreas. He is quite cheerful, glad his two years on-the-run are over. He will plead guilty and then be out within 18 months.

10 a.m.: Bock visit, OK.

5-6.30 p.m.: cooking, talk to Dieter through door. He is still grounded from all activities.

6.30–8.15 p.m.: TV-video – 'From Dawn to Dusk', a stupid film about vampires.

Thursday, 3 June 1999

Dreamt about a snake, from last night's film - good outcome.

8 a.m.: Church service cancelled - why?

9.30-10.30 a.m.: Hofgang with Andreas - he is still fit and so sprints about.

Rudi gone and so did not have Umschluß with anyone - practised guitar.

On this day an article by Claire Harvey is published in *The Australian*. It possibly has some significance for my situation (Appendix 19).

Friday, 4 June 1999

Dream-filled night but cannot recall any in detail. Woke up and thought it was 9.40 but it was 5.50 – confused and tired, do not feel like shaving – and I do not.

8 a.m.: Hofgang – after last night's rain fresh and dry enough for a brisk walk – now in the small courtyard. Geiger says it is so that we get to know one another.

After supper at 3 p.m., play guitar.

On the radio an item about Tianenmen Square, and parallels drawn with the Holocaust. Students wanted a dialogue (yes, and so do I because that is the essence of a democracy in the Western sense) – freedom of press – reduce party dictatorship – brutal reaction to the students provokes a reaction – hunger strike – loss of face – break monopoly of party dictatorship, but then lots of fear if the system were to break down. Reforms needed – about 3 000 000 to 4 000 000 unemployed and 9 000 000 per annum new on the market, and 80 000 000 to 100 000 000 moving into cities looking for something to do.

Saturday, 5 June 1999

Strange dream about my past family life - dialogue was there in dream, just the opposite to what really happened.

Umschluß - with KI, KII, Dieter and Jörg.

Sunday, 6 June 1999

Dreamt about a plane crash - and old DC6 - from Rhodesian experience?

Church service OK.

Hofgang - with Cong, despite raining outside, really enjoyable to be walking in the rain.

Program about Maria Callas.

Today I typed my first letter to Australia from prison (Appendix 20).

Monday, 7 June 1999

Dream of David Irving in library supervising a student, I am there and Udo Walendy as well – the student looks like Jürgen Graf.

8 a.m.: Hofgang with Andreas – stricter security, only two footballers out. The Russian and the old crazy horse – the old fellow who when young must have been a good footballer – whose current antics merely make him look like a fool trying to keep up with the younger and far stronger players.

A fellow who resembles an older version of my son is still alone – moping. Afterwards at Geiger's office he is there too and tells me his story and shows photos of his two children that he took to Romania. His ex-wife reported him to the police and he was arrested at the airport. Kühnle also there: says his grandfather knew Hitler personally.

Mail - Klein has withheld a letter from Graf, to be used as evidence against me! Wonder what it is about.

After One Month

5–8 p.m.: Umschluß – Dieter locked up, KII and Jörg at the Fish Group, so KI and I play guitar and sip coffee etc.

8.30 p.m.: talking with Cong on the floor below through the window.

10.30 p.m.: completed a letter to David Irving (Appendix 21) then listening to lovely music. I could be back home – how nice it would be to now share this moment with a woman and a glass of wine. To be in prison delights not a fragile soul – but that is my lot for now.

Chapter 11

After Two Months

For the record: German justice – a closed court hearing; like the sinking *Titanic*, leaks information to a biased media

If one applies a long-term perspective to the subject matter of the Nazi-Iewish Holocaust then in the light of Section 130 of the German Criminal Code, an analogy between it and the Titanic is apt. Public prosecutors who cannot excel as upholders of more demanding aspects of jurisprudence, find themselves in difficulties. Their dream-run of successfully hunting 'Nazis under every bed' is nearing its end ... and to re-think and adapt to a world where thought criminals are treated as sane, pioneering dissenters, becomes a nightmare for them. Selfconfessed Nazi hunters suddenly become unemployable because they lack the intelligence to understand the complexity of human nature where the simple left-right political perspectives do not apply. It is so easy to convict persons by applying the catch-all Section 130 where buzz words such as 'Holocaust denier', 'hate-speak', 'incitement to racial hatred' etc. are used to net dissenters. The Mannheim public prosecutor's obsession is such that he has a swastika displayed in his room - 'Verboten' anywhere else in Germany but in Hans-Heiko Klein's office. That someone can research the Holocaust without hate, without denying basic historical facts, does not make sense to someone with a deeply-rooted authoritarian, rigid, unimaginative mind. Anyone who investigates the Holocaust must according to Klein, be a raving Nazi, a 'geistiger Brandstifter'. The search for truth in history is beyond comprehension for the likes of Klein.

Adelaide Institute Associate, David Brockschmidt, put it succinctly in *The* 7.30 Report on ABC-TV on 20 April 1999:

We have been accused, and still are being accused of being Holocaust deniers. Now that is absolutely ridiculous – we're not. Denying the Nazi-Jewish Holocaust, like denying the Bolshevik-Jewish Holocaust, the Marxist Holocaust or any holocaust, is like saying the Earth is flat and the Moon is made of green cheese. Of course we don't.

On 3 May 1999 at the closed court hearing before Judge Burk, public prosecutor Klein said:

After Two Months

Das Leugnen der Massenverbrechen an den Juden während der Nazizeit ist eine historische unumstössliche feststehende Tatsache, unterfällt mithin nicht der vom Beschuldigten behaupteten Wissenschafts- und Meinungsfreiheit.

(Denying the massive criminal action against the Jews during the Nazi era is an historically immutable fact, therefore is not subject to the accused's assertion it is a subject for scientific research and free expression).

Hence the historical fact of Jewish persecution by the National Socialists during World War II has been excised from normal historical debate. A maximum jail term of 5 years awaits those persons who are courageous enough to demand that the truth about this period of German history be illuminated. After all, the allegation is a terrible one: during World War II Germans systematically exterminated European Jewry in homicidal gas chambers, in particular, at Auschwitz Concentration Camp.

That a legal ban on an open discussion is in fact anti-Semitic becomes obvious when it is realised that the ban implies Jews have something to hide from the world. The problem facing anyone with an ounce of intellectual integrity and moral courage is this: 'What did the murder weapon look like and how did it work?'. To this day the murder weapon remains shrouded in mystery-mongering. Why? What is the purpose of concealing the murder weapon from the world?

Instead, persons such as public prosecutor Klein can only launch massive public defamation campaigns against those who want to know more about the murder weapon. Any normal, thinking person with a critical sense of justice will want to look at the murder weapon. To date no public prosecutor, least of all Klein, has asked for a report about the alleged murder weapon – though 'The Leuchter Report' and 'The Rudolf Report' are such definitive reports that discount the homicidal gas chamber allegation as a gigantic hoax. Worse still, Klein knows about these reports. Instead of absorbing this new information, Klein persecutes their authors through prosecution! How Klein will react to Dr Joel Hayward's thesis I await with interest.

Until then German public prosecutors and judges have taken it upon themselves to stifle open debate about the murder weapon. Anyone who fails to adhere to the orthodox view, as defined by Klein et al. is branded a heretic and condemned to prison. Klein does not rest there. Surreptitiously he agitates behind the scenes by leaking information to a biased media. On 5 May 1999, two days after my second, enlarged, arrest warrant came into effect, the *Rhein-Nechar-Zeitung* in Heidelberg published seven paragraphs headed 'Auschwitz denier remains in prison'. Set out to prime public opinion against me, it is subjectively written to the point of defaming me. It uses the catch-all phrases, 'abstruse theories', 'extreme right-wing', 'denial of mass murder of Jews', 'existence of gas chambers disputed and denied' and 'stubborn Holocaust denier'. Had these phrases been placed in quotation marks,

then some form of journalistic objectivity would have been retained. The newspaper certainly did not give me a right of reply. Instead, it places Adelaide Institute and historian in quotation marks. The latter word also worried Klein during the closed court hearing. 'You are not an historian' he threw at me with a sneer. I never claimed to be an historian, I advised him, then added that he, unfortunately, was not an independent thinker.

On 26 May 1999 I wrote to the Heidelberg-based newspaper in the spirit of the time-honoured British natural justice principle of which those preparing the case against me know little (Appendix 22). But even in Australia there are individuals who scoff at affording anyone a right of reply. In *The 7.30 Report* mentioned above, a member of a Jewish-funded Zionist organisation claims:

Frederick Toben is not an historian, not a scientist, is not an engineer. If I, for example, let's say I studied science at school and I decided, 'You know what? I want to be a scientist, I'm going to establish the Melbourne Institute for Scientific Research'. I would put on an Internet site and I would say, 'You know, the world isn't round, it's flat'. Would people take me seriously? Would they even consider my issues and would they give me the time of day? Of course they wouldn't. The same should apply to Fredrick Toben.

This person, of course, knows quite well that he is free to do anything he likes on the Internet, but whether his work will be taken seriously, is another matter. Adelaide Institute's work is being taken seriously. That is the problem and that is why I am spending my second month here in Mannheim Prison. Were we outright nutters, crazies or hard-core porno suppliers, then we would perhaps receive a German government subsidy! I would still be enjoying my freedom – to go shopping.

Why does this critic of our work not begin his own institute and offer the world something to think about? Unfortunately he cannot call himself the Melbourne, Sydney or Australia Institute because these names have all been usurped by other organisations. It is befitting that we call ourselves Adelaide Institute because the state of South Australia has, since its foundation, been known as the 'state of dissent'. I have always worried about all sorts of things – that is the philosophical legacy – and the hallmark of an active mind is critical thinking which aims to clarify and construct rather then to destruct.

Our critic defines our work as, 'Holocaust denial is about the rehabilitation of Nazism. It pursues a political agenda, it is a racist agenda. For Australia it means a white supremacist agenda' (*The 7.30 Report*). Let us just recall that those who label others as 'racist' have just lost an argument with someone who opposes multiculturalism. This labelling indicates to me that the fellow has a conceptual problem. Like Klein, he fears what we have to say. Instead of opening his mind to our arguments, he responds by developing his smear-tactics.

David Brockschmidt clarifies this in his comment to The 7.30 Report:

Truth is always inconvenient and one of our jobs is to divide the historical facts of history from the hysterical facts of war propaganda ... We have a right to know, we have a right to research and we have a right to publish that so everyone has a chance to see what the archives really hold, and I think establishment governments and political and religious organisations fear this very much.

John Bennett, president of the Australian Civil Liberties Union, reinforces this by pointing *The 7.30 Report* to the importance of the free speech principle:

I think it's a very important free speech issue. I think people should be able to express their views in relation to history. After all, history's been constantly revised. The official figures for Auschwitz have been reduced from four million to just over one million and that sort of revision would not be possible if we didn't have freedom of speech.

Obviously to public prosecutor Klein there is no Holocaust controversy because all the facts have been placed on the table. Not so, says a report in *Der Spiegel*, the German weekly magazine. In a June 1999 article 'Holocaust – Die Augen fest zugemacht' (Holocaust – Eyes kept tightly shut) it is stated that the Deutsche Bank dealt with the National Socialist government. So what? Even Germany's leading Jewish leader, Ignatz Bubis, says that is nothing new because one should ask who did not deal with the Nazis? At one time or other the list of contacts would read like a world 'Who's Who'.

In a huge warehouse near Frankfurt-am-Main there are stored tonnes of Deutsche Bank files. Professor Manfred Pohl, who is currently looking through this haul, has convinced the Deutsche Bank spokesperson, Rolf Breuer, that the bank carry out its 'ethical-moral responsibility' and permit historians to sift through these files.

This is exactly one of our driving principles at Adelaide Institute – it is our moral duty to seek the truth because we have an immoral situation where lies prevail. What have these bank documents yielded to date? It is difficult to take the following seriously but *Der Spiegel* reports, 'Ein halbes Jahr später wurde W Riedel & Sohn Geschichte, aufbewahrt in Auschwitzer Lagerakten. In seinem Arbeitsnachweis vom 2. Marz 1943 notiert er 'Fussboden betoniert in Gaskammer'. *Der Spiegel* was once a serious news magazine which featured reliable information. This item, however, is just too ridiculous. Is this all there is as proof or that massive chemical slaughterhouses were constructed? What other scanty evidence is there to hand? No wonder the magazine is now rapidly losing ground to the newcomer *Focus*. I wrote to *Der Spiegel* on 23 May (Appendix 23).

Here we have a 'live' Auschwitz issue which, to Klein, should not be an issue at all because matters about the homicidal gas chambers at

Auschwitz are already set in concrete. What kind of mindset, I ask myself, is it that wields state powers of repression, and exercises mind-control over dissenters? The debate is still raging – but not in Germany. Klein is a mental rapist whose self-appointed task is to bring Holocaust revisionists in to line, something he relishes. Günter Deckert and Udo Walendy can attest to the viciousness with which some public prosecutors and judges pursue dissenters. I can now also speak from personal experience – I did not listen to those who warned me to stay clear of people like Klein. And all I wanted was to discuss the issue with all parties concerned.

The Kosovo war and its tragic refugee problem, among other things, the issuing of an arrest warrant by the The Hague War Crimes Tribunal against Yugoslav President Milosovich, and the trial of two Australian aid workers in Belgrade on charges of spying – the latter two on 27 May 1999 – bring home the message loud and clear: historical matters are never closed to a revision. Whenever new facts emerge, the historical perspective may change. The fact that the USA has funded The Hague War Crimes Tribunal to the tune of over \$1 billion gives rise for concern. Just as the information from former UNSCOM member Ritter how the UN's action against Iraq became a CIA operation has Saddam Hussein laughing. Where is the will to settle disputes in such cases? Historians will now worry, disagree and offer differing interpretations on what is going on in this undeclared Balkan war.

History is constantly subjected to revision. Kim Heitman, of Electronics Frontier Australia, justifiably opposes any sort of censorship of the Internet. In $The\ 7.30\ Report$ he states:

People should be free to express opinions, even if they are unconventional opinions or even if they're plainly wrong, and the beauty of the Internet is that everybody can be a publisher of their own opinion. So, in conventional media it's very difficult for somebody who disagrees with an opinion to have an equal right of reply and redress whereas the Internet – this is simple and easy.

About my arrest in Germany he says:

It is not beyond the realms of possibility that this is partly a publicity exercise. However, he has generated an important principle, that is that if a person publishes on the Internet in Australia, should they have to answer to another government for it.

Heitman does not stress that the Internet offers us an escape from the court historians who serve up their historical interpretations laced with lies, ignorance and a dose of cowardice, all wrapped up in politically correct terms. The Internet liberates us from traditional conceptual prisons and throws us into a maturing mind-expanding universe where an individual's moral worth receives its ultimate acclaim. That my arrest

was not a publicity stunt is evident from my attempting to establish dialogue with all parties involved in the Nazi-Jewish Holocaust. Only in this way will we clarify issues that to date are shrouded in mystery.

Interestingly, Klein knows the revisionist thesis, and so he is not ignorant of the facts. This makes him all the more an abuser of state power who personally delights in persecuting through legal prosecution anyone who refuses to submit to his dogma.

Klein therefore does not act from strength but rather from weakness and moral cowardice. A person who is secure in his field will tolerate intellectual dissent - Klein does not. He attempts to force a whole nation to conform to an orthodox view of the Nazi-Jewish Holocaust without permitting dissent. That is like the East German Marxist ideologues all over again, or what the Soviet Union abandoned in 1989 when its ideology disintegrated and caused the Union to fall apart. Were Klein honest, then he would claim that Germany is not a democratic country. where people are imprisoned for committing thought crimes. He may not possess the intelligence to understand the more subtle points of the Holocaust debate, but he does pride himself in being Germany's no. 1 Nazi hunter. Yet, when he meets someone like myself who wishes to engage him in an objective discussion of the disputed historical facts, he can only react like any totalitarian mind can - send me to prison, leak details to a submissive press, and label me 'extreme right-wing' and a 'Holocaust denier'. That I am neither disturbs him, and he can then only claim the whole topic is off-limits. In this way he uses his state powers to retain a legally, court-developed interpretation of an historical event - the Holocaust dogma, a new religious belief. Klein personally persecutes 'heretics' - to hell with an open debate; to hell with any pretence of being democratic; to hell with any form of revision of the topic as new information comes to hand; to hell with any free-thinker who dares question whether Germans systematically exterminated European Jewry in homicidal gas chambers at Auschwitz Concentration Camp.

The Klein stance is anti-intellectual and highly immoral. Why? Because the search for the truth in history – in any field of human endeavour – is a moral virtue. Telling lies, or lying through omission or silence, is immoral. Yet, in Germany, if you tell the truth in court about the Auschwitz story, you will be seriously punished. You are imprisoned for telling the truth! The terrible allegation levelled against the Germans about having systematically exterminated European Jewry in homicidal gas chambers cannot be investigated. It is a matter of blind belief – do not ask for details of how technically it was possible to gas millions of people in these chemical slaughterhouses! How on earth did the Germans do it? Imagine, Adelaide's population of over 1 000 000 people being herded into the homicidal gas chambers over a period of 18 months – and there remains no document, no physical detail, no initiating order. Think on these things.

My attitude on this challenge, the final intellectual adventure of the 20th century and the first of the 21st century, is summed up in Martin Luther's words:

Stössen können sie, fallen können sie nicht; Schlagen können sie, zwingen können sie nich. Matern können sie, ausrotten können sie nicht; Verbrennen, Ertränken und Aufhängen können sie; Zum Schweigen bringen, das können sie nicht.

When the English novelist and playwright Charles Morgan was imprisoned by the Germans in Holland during World War I, he considered this as 'time-out'. Likewise for me - I will be back!

* * *

Tuesday, 8 June 1999

Dream-filled night - something about the morphology of unnecessary fear!? Cannot recall the details.

Raining and so no Hofgang and no shower. Reading Section 130 – I do not think this applies to me. I am not a hater and I am not too extreme rightwing. I would like to know what that is.

2 p.m.: off to accounts department on second floor, administration wing. Received a \$100 cheque from Knous – how nice. It was just addressed to me care of the Postsparbank Karlsruhe – and found me here in prison.

7 p.m.: Bible Group cancelled – devastating for those who looked forward to meet and say hello to others. But that is what you have to become accustomed to – expect the worst and just hope for the best.

Wednesday, 9 June 1999

Dream-filled night but cannot recall any - wonder why?

1 p.m.: visitor from the Australian Embassy – Lucinda Meagher. Again newspapers and *The Bulletin* – much appreciated. Says she will try to do something about diet. Read something about South Australian Warren Bund in jail for fraud involving some scam from Nigeria. Is this the fellow who blocked the screening of our videos on Adelaide's community television station ACE-TV?

5–8 p.m.: Umschluß – Mackert angry because it is against the rules that I slip into a cell from my northern side to the southern side of the wing. Tells me in no uncertain terms that tomorrow I move from cell 1334 to 1313. It appears no-one wished to have this cell because of the number 13. That is good luck for me.

Thursday, 10 June 1999

6 a.m.: awake and ready to transfer to cell 1313. New instructions, Geiger does not like too much on wall.

After Hofgang to hospital and Dr Kilian for Knäckebrot. Then from noon to 1.30 p.m. waiting to get back to the remand wing. Then it took another

20 minutes to get to the visitors' barracks where Bock has been waiting for half-an-hour. He had to leave by 2 p.m. so I had 10 minutes with him. Brought good material from Mark Weber, Röhler, Geoff and Tony. Perhaps get Horst Mahler involved in my case.

Friday, 11 June 1999

For the first time in six weeks I hear Wotan's ravens again, talking lustily and forcefully. What is their message?

Hofgang with Andreas and Lutz - lovely weather outside, almost painful.

10 a.m.: fire alarm and all cells locked. I stand on my chair and look out the window: two fire trucks arrive at the prison. One van has Atemschutz (respiratory protection) written on it. Soon after, they drive off – false alarm.

3 p.m.: mail from Lohrbaecher and Beschlusse justify why letters are officially retained: Hans Schmidt, John Bennett and David Brockschmidt all offend against Section 130. My letters to Andreas Röhler and Robert Faurisson are also retained because they may be used against me. This is annoying. Shall I make use of the unofficial mail service that circumvents the censorship process? No way, I am proud of my thought patterns. I decline the offer made to me by a prisoner that free of charge he will get the letters out of prison.

Umschluß: Dieter, Klaus I and Pietro.

Saturday, 12 June 1999

Hofgang with Andreas and Cong - strange how we are still together - lovely, lovely weather.

Umschluß with Klaus I and Klaus II, Jörg and Dieter: played Rommé and listened to Schunkelmusik Schürzenjäger. So it is three hours of disconnecting from prison life – coffee, cake and chocolate.

3 p.m.: supper - Klaus I's cell flooded: he left a water tap on. The cell fridge = cooling items in the wash basin with running water.

Noisy in corridor and outside during night.

Sunday, 13 June 1999

8 a.m.: church – no call from the Zentrale and so had to ring a buzzer for attention to be let out – sing lustily with Cong.

9.30-10.30 a.m.: Hofgang in splendid weather with Andreas.

Noon-3 p.m.: Umschluß same as yesterday. Mackert's on the job and kind - the man has a heart, too much, can be abused. News on Radio Regenbogen about the *Focus* article saying that the Thule website is inciting violence.

European elections - not a great turn-out.

Monday, 14 June 1999

Dream about hang-gliding - perhaps a subconscious drive to fly over the wall.

Hofgang with Philip who is over 70 years old, a man who spent his schooling at one of the Hitler schools. Although this fact is irrelevant in the current matter, the young public prosecutor mentions it in court. He is in for embezzlement of billions – reputable banks involved on three continents.

Long talk in evening with Himmelmann.

Tuesday, 15 June 1999

Today in 1964 the Algerian war ended – this is a taboo topic in France. One million French fled back to France after a 130-year absence, and this trauma is still in France today.

Hofgang: Andreas Holzinger off to the Strafhaft (sentenced prisoner wings) – second wing, third floor. That is sudden and confirms that Klaus II was right about the bookshelf with Rudi. You deal with present matters only – not the past nor the future is a focus in prison, only now at all times. You do not do anything in advance or later – just now.

Walked briskly for an hour on my own – most other fellows cannot keep it up. This ensures I am fit because 4 km a day is all the body needs.

12.25 p.m.: knock on door – Rudi back from trial. Received 3 years in prison and a 2-year professional ban.

1.30-3 p.m.: in Rudi's cell - general talk.

3 p.m.: supper.

Lots of mail: Christopher and *The Adelaide Review* (yum, yum), Jack Selzer, more cards from Tasmania, Heinzmann, Kneifel, Woltersdorf and Bremhorst.

5-7 p.m.: in Klaus I's cell with Dieter and Rudi.

7 p.m.: Bible Group - Matthew 13.

9.15 p.m.: back in cell and letter writing until midnight.

Wednesday, 16 June 1999

Dreamed of being elsewhere – faded before I fully awoke – but good feeling.

Mario tells me Knäckebrot only on Friday – need to protest and must thus put it in writing (Antrag).

Evangelischer Kirchentag in Stuttgart until Sunday – Protestant church convention. Worried about the missionary zeal aimed at Jews.

Thursday, 17 June 1999

Hofgang with Diehl - thinks Klaus I will get more, as will Hoffmann. Panzerfaust Klaus = Klaus II (used a bazooka in the robbery of a money transport). Romanian off in three days time: his real brother was off yesterday - no papers, no name, only work in Germany. The Russian 'Mr Cool' received one year for simply driving the get-away car.

10.40 a.m.: three motorised hang-gliders flying high over prison.

4 p.m.: shopping.

5 p.m.: choir.

6.30 p.m.: Umschluß with Rudi, Klaus and Dieter – smoked a cigar. A good bowel movement afterwards.

Wrote letter to The Adelaide Review.

10 p.m.: eating apples from New Zealand - nearly all gone.

Friday, 18 June 1999

Cleaning of cell after wake-up call, then door open until Hofgang.

2 p.m.: mail from Bock, advises that Zündel is selling a video for the cause – his 1997 interview with me. Good boy, Ernst. Then reading the booklet about his battle – mine seems almost inconsequential.

Saturday, 19 June 1999

Had a dream about being in Horsham Library looking for something, then come across a group of ladies researching revisionism. I enlighten them with Faurisson's 'Show me or draw me a homicidal gas chamber'.

Hofgang with Lutz for about 15 minutes – he sees himself as a common criminal, no, a petty criminal. Stealing Game Boys! With Rudi another 15 minutes – thinks he will be out within four weeks. Then on own for brisker walk and Cong joins in with a running lap.

Umschluß with Rudi. Klaus II is depressed because his girlfriend of two years has discovered the bazooka matter through a newspaper article and also of his past drug-taking. Jörg hopes he will be out on Kaution (bail) and that is possible if his case is separated from the larger Rene Weller case, the former boxing champion. Jörg has already been in for over a year.

After supper lying on bed and watching a hang-glider circling above, almost stalling – it hurts. Around 8 p.m. balloons arrive from south going home – can hear the hissing as the pilot fires up the gas into balloon.

On this day Brendan Nicholson writes from Canberra for *The Age* (Appendix 24).

Sunday, 20 June 1999

Lovely Hofgang with footballers active.

The imminent departure of Rudi and Jörg, even Dieter, brings a realignment of the group, tinged with sadness. Joseph Ndojmeny, the African, wants me to write an application on his behalf so that he has a lawyer visit him. I do that.

Monday, 21 June 1999

Up before 6 a.m., ready for linen change.

Mail from Mrs Somerton (New Zealand) enclosing coupons and Mr Nordling enclosing stamps – I am in business for letter posting.

Tuesday, 22 June 1999

Busily typing – commotion outside because all red-barred fellows to fourth floor for special treatment. Total restrictions. Imminent release of Dieter and transfer of Rudi.

Wednesday, 23 June 1999

Hofgang with Rudi. Andreas Becker had his appeal rejected and now will transfer to Strafhaft but he wants to transfer out of this prison.

10.45 a.m.: I am picked to go to a clinic outside near the prison for a look at the ganglion on my right wrist. I am given the thorough treatment – frisked physically as well as electronically and then into the van to be off through the gates and along the street just around the corner from the prison. How nice to see the outside again – almost blinding. The beauty of a summery day hurts me.

At the clinic my left leg is shackled to the chair-leg and my handcuffs are released. The doctor looks at the couple of bumps and advises me that even were he to cut them out, they could re-emerge. He would have to immobilise my right arm through an injection. I do not like that idea. He then says that there is no harm done if it just remains the way it is. I decide not to get it done and am back at prison within half-an-hour. [A year later in Western Australia, while swimming in the Indian Ocean, the bumps disappeared!]

I am back in time for lunch but a catastrophe – I left my water heating element in my cup when the female warden called on me for the trip to the clinic. Now the Tauchsider is finally stuffed.

The half-hour outside was hard – people, cars, life in the open, sunshine, birds – that is freedom. Hard, hard being here – but need to make my stay palatable by withdrawing from such thoughts. The brief outing pickled my face a little – the smells, all sorts of odours, noise and voices; most interesting the movement of things, a sea of colours and nothing static – driving along, the traffic lights – most impressionable the velvety feel of

After Two Months

just standing outside the clinic, engulfing, enveloping me – what is this all about? What is my crime? Stop thinking? But the 'Ungehorsamkeit des Geistes' (the disobedient mind) as my professor in Stuttgart, Max Bense, would have put it. From 'What is my crime?' to 'Is it worth it?' What? The search for truth?

2 p.m.: am sent to the visitors' barracks but nothing is there for me. So back outside my cell until 3 p.m. then Hauck lets me go to the social discussion group until 4 p.m. Klaus II also there. When my turn came, I briefly informed the group why I was here. The two persons running the group informed that anything said is said in confidence and is not to be repeated outside this room. Oh, yes – in this hothouse of gossip we have no secrets. Just need to dial the right number to get all the information you want.

5-8 p.m.: Umschluß - Klaus I and Rudi strumming guitar, and Dieter and I emotional - oh, boy, the emotional energy invested in this place to keep us from falling apart.

9.30 p.m.: off to bed - ready to meet Bock tomorrow at 3 p.m.

Thursday, 24 June 1999

Cleaning of cell with bucket and mop. Klaus II cleaned Jörg's cell, next to his, because he is not coming back. It is usually the job of the Schänzer but Klaus II does not trust anyone. Dieter and Rudi informed – former will perhaps be out by Friday.

Hofgang – not today because of farewell coffee at Klaus I's cell with Dieter and Klaus II. Andreas Becker moving to Haft and he gives me a newspaper article about Christa Thoben, a European Commissioner.

9.30 a.m.: farewell to Dieter who is off now - door still unlocked but I am in cell, feeling warmed up.

11 a.m.: lunch – sauerkraut and mashed potato but not hungry, thinking about Becker and de Simeon transferring their possessions on a trolley into Strafhaft where it is a new beginning to establish yourself within a group of men who know how many years they will spend there.

1.30 p.m.: mail from Olga and Wedemeyer, news about Jack being a naughty boy, certainly not a reason for sacking.

3 p.m.: off to see Bock. Nothing new - but brings my thongs.

5-6.30 p.m.: OK but a little depleted.

6.30-8 p.m.: Fish Group in basement where in an L-shaped room we have six aquariums filled with all sorts of little fish and one tortoise. With Klaus II – playing cards after feeding fish and cleaning up.

9.30 p.m.: off to sleep.

Friday, 25 June 1999

 $6\ \mathrm{a.m.}$: awake and off to the shower wearing my own slops as protection against footrot.

My door was open all night - had the protective spoon in.

8 a.m.: no Hofgang for me but Umschluß with Rudi. Dieter says hello, arrived back at 10 p.m. last night and off home this afternoon. He gives me a book – the biography of Ernst Jünger. And so from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. KI, KII, Rudi, Dieter and I have more farewells. After lunch more Umschluß with Rudi watching TV's coverage of the proposed Berlin Holocaust Memorial: parliament opts for Eiseman's design.

5 p.m.: supper – and Hauck gives me Dieter's goodies: bathrobe, table cloth, towels and writing paper, and another Tauchsieder which I hand over to Cong. My other one is working again because a warden advised me on how to fix it – disconnect the earth wire. Dieter's radio and TV has to go through the correct channels and that means he has to take it out of prison, then bring it back in for me. It will take some time.

5–8 p.m.: Umschluß with Rudi – tomato-tuna salad, coffee and cigar but no desire for more. Time passes quickly and at 8 p.m. Leiber unlocks and locks – that is the end for the day. I welcome resting for the night – almost exhausted. Even outside it is calm.

Saturday, 26 June 1999

Just reflecting that all week much socialising and little writing – all energy into 'staying alive' within an emotionally charged environment and into keeping stability within changing relationships. KI and KII now lonely, though Klaus II has new helper for the Fish Group – Ingo.

7.10 a.m.: helicopter zooms over prison, and I jump out of sleep and out of bed to see what is going on. Hurt my arm as I groggily grapple with the high windowsill. Perhaps an advantage to have windows at this level because it is not possible to look outside and begin to hurt at what you see. Now I just have the sky and clouds to look at. It is summer time, holiday time.

7.45 a.m.: toiletry done and cup of tea; notes written and pull-ups done.

9.30–10.30 a.m.: Hofgang with Rudi and Cong – lovely weather outside, thus rather difficult to concentrate on anything but freshness of air and warmth of sun – wildness creates gentleness. We are the only ones who walk for an hour – others sit down and play cards or just soak up the sun.

11 a.m.: lunch and Umschluß at Rudi's with Klaus I, both playing guitars and I occasionally sing along as we enjoy filtered coffee and Marmorkuchen. Watched TV – motorbike Grand Prix in Holland and after that the German hit parade – painful because it is without passion, is unconvincing, the form is excellent but the content is terrible.

3 p.m.: supper and rest, with sleep, then reading about Ernst Jünger.

10.50 p.m.: for about 15 minutes I see fireworks in the distance. Pity that the high-rise building is in the way, but this does not stop the noise coming from all floors – hoots and cheers and clapping.

Sunday, 27 June 1999

News: 75 years of Stuttgart Airport - Leinfelden-Echterdingen - with about 7 000 000 passengers per annum; IRA to disarm; Elton John is bankrupt; explosion at disco in Saxen-Anhalt is blamed on the right-wing.

8 a.m.: church under tight supervision and so no need to secure cell door with spoon or lock. Message about family relationships and forgiveness, not revenge. Return likewise controlled – no tarrying here or there – in and locked door.

9.30 a.m.: Hofgang – my tiredness is also felt by others. Rudi and I are the only ones to keep up the brisk 1-hour walk. He is also tired and so it must be the humid weather – rain last night.

10.30 a.m.: in cell and lunch completed by 11 a.m.

Noon-3 p.m.: Umschluß at KI's with KII for card game and watching the French Grand Prix. Rudi is at an Interna meeting – he is the remand prisoners' representative on the prisoner's council. He returns later and we want to know why we are doing our exercise in the small yard and not the large one as before. The latter is only for sentenced prisoners - no return there for us.

Klaus II recounts his first time here as an 18-year-old over 30 years ago. Much harsher conditions. Doors differently locked, no light switches and only headphone radio sets – just for one ear and one station, no Hofgang and no shopping.

3 p.m.: supper and good night.

10.50~p.m.: thunder and lightning – and animals restless – aggressive shouting, loud talking and then celebratory and joyful yelps.

Monday, 28 June 1999

8–9 a.m.: Hofgang with Lutz for half-an-hour only because he is exhausted and needs a cigarette; the other half with Klaus II.

Upon return from Hofgang, call to go to barracks for Bock. A Professor Sieber (University of Würzburg) wants the arrest warrant for analysis purposes to see whether German law can in fact become active in my case – an overseas Internet access case. Let us hope he generates some principles for the court case.

9.50 a.m.: return and shower - water slightly too hot - my famous 1-minute shower.

New innovation for cells – beautification of cell wall continues with picture railings placed here by a USA citizen who received 8 years in here for murder.

4 p.m.: account details for shopping purposes - our turn this Tuesday.

5.30 p.m.: news from Kosovo - UCK revenge on Serbs and on Sinti! On SWR-3 radio a song called 'My friend's got a girlfriend who's a real bitch'.

Tuesday, 29 June 1999

5.30 a.m.: wake up.

6.10 a.m.: door opens and mail off.

6.35 a.m.: call over pa system, 'Arbeit beginnt' (Work begins).

6.50 a.m.: amidst shouting, the call comes through for those remand prisoners who are lucky enough to be able to go to work - all on the second floor.

I complete my wash, shave and combing of my long hair. Must do something about it and have asked David to send me some creme that I could not get in Paris, London or Frankfurt. Hope the letter goes through and that it is not taken as another proof that I am a revisionist. That is funny.

Hofgang with Rudi. KI and KII with Eric. Jörg received 3½ years: he starts the sentence in two weeks time. And me? Five years is the maximum: Deckert got 5 years, Lauck 4 years, Walendy 2 years+, Irving a fine, Schmidt 5 months and Leuchter escaped penalty. And Töben?

Internet offence – telling the truth as I see it and expressing a professional opinion. Truth must be a defence otherwise our whole human enterprise will collapse – distilling out of chaos that which is beautiful and true: 'Truth is beauty and beauty is truth'. But in German Holocaust trials it is not available.

10 a.m.: news - Kurdish leader sentenced to death. I listen to the thumping SWR-3 pop music - I could be anywhere because we also have this sound at home.

11 a.m.: lunch - vegetable soup and pancakes with mashed apples. Nice tasting but slight headache coming on.

2 p.m.: shopping - I buy my supply of cigarette papers and tobacco for the needy, and chocolate to friends.

3 p.m.: supper and lots of mail – Helmut, T & G, Ralf (who tells me what it was like being locked up in East Germany) and Stäglich.

5–7 p.m.: Umschluß with Rudi and Klaus I, then Bible Group – focus on Matthew 14, the end of John the Baptist. Reminds me of Strauss/Wilde 'Salome' – the downfall of a good man by a woman scorned.

Back in cell by 9.30 p.m. with Rudi. Hauck wanted to lock us up but Rudi says, 'Wir beten gerade' (We are just praying). Hauck is quick off the

After Two Months

mark and says, 'But you were not like that before you came in here'. Rudi has to agree that that is true.

Then back to cell 1313. Transfer material from other walls to the picture railing so as to comply with the new regulations.

Writing and reading until 2 a.m.

Wednesday, 30 June 1999

Had a strange dream travelling on a Swiss train, trying to get somewhere – up and down mountains, then on to roads that are blocked by trucks.

6 a.m.: tired and so back to sleep.

7.40 a.m.: woke then quick wash, teeth and hair but no shave. Then off to Hofgang.

Lutz not there anymore – in Strafhaft – so walked with Klaus II. Tells me of fellow who was in prison doing yoga. Would sit on bed and never walk like us. Tried to tell other prisoners that he was actually slipping out of prison. Not one prisoner believed him because physically he remained sitting on his bed, albeit motionless.

Noon: visitor, Eric Rössler. Good to see him. Has the Knäckebrot box for me and I will be able to collect it from the Kammer tomorrow morning. He also has DM18 worth of fruit. Yum, yum, yum.

Thursday, 1 July 1999

6 a.m.: Mackert's comment, 'Wer schreibt, der bleibt' (He who writes, stays). So true in my case because I am nearing my third month.

Off to Kammer to collect the Wasa Knäckebrot box. Upon return I have a cup of tea and three slices of Rye Vita slices with tomato – yum, yum.

8–9 a.m.: Hofgang with Diehl who tells me the old man in the hospital, Schwammberger, is about 85 years or so and suffers from osteoporosis. His wife is still in South America. In for life, already 16 years. This is disgusting. Klein is a part of this despicable viciousness.

After Hofgang, see about my application for Kraft and Drogensport (gymnasium and drug sport, the latter is somewhat of a misnomer because it is team sport) in the new hall: tennis, football, volleyball and basketball.

Cooking at KI's with KII and Rudi after choir. Back at 8.10 p.m.: regulations say only two or three in cell never four – so we are warned.

Friday, 2 July 1999

Week 13, month 4, day 86.

7.30 a.m.: coffee with KI and KII.

Hofgang with Rudi.

9–10.45 a.m.: Kraftsport by orders of Herr Mackert, the good fellow! OK, off into the bowels of the prison and into the cellar. With Rudi I go through a basic routine on the machines. About 12 of us – the young fellows are strengthening their upper body while I strengthen my legs.

After we emerge from the dungeon, Mackert says showers are after lunch because almost 11 a.m. But I squeeze in my 1-minute shower and am ready to relax after lunching because the body is aching.

3 p.m.: supper.

Mail is delivered by two wardens, one is the young lady who is predicted not to last too long. I receive the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, good reading, and I again start to feed my old addiction – snipping interesting articles out of the newspaper. Thanks to Hans Noldner for sending me this subscription.

7.15 p.m.: a snack – cup of tea, apples, Mars bars, tomatoes that are nearly going off, and Knäckebrot with plenty of garlic.

Saturday, 3 July 1999

Again a newspaper and a letter from Bock. The formal indictment – the trial is not before October.

Umschluß with KI and KII. Rudi has a visitor.

Sunday, 4 July 1999

8 a.m.: church with Father Voltz – some fellows are naughty boys because they are unwrapping lollies and it is audible – he glares at them!

Hofgang: it is humid but I keep going.

Umschluß, after lunch, with Rudi who is giving away his plants – it is our farewell to him.

Monday, 5 July 1999

Dream about attending Wagner Society function beginning with a game of golf in a person's bedroom, Goethe Society dinner joining in, and my revisionist activity is the cultural high point. Strange!

5.15 a.m.: awake, wash and by 5.45 a.m. stripped the sheets and made cup of tea, and ready for more sleep. Lie on bed and watch the moon move through the lower eighth rectangle of the window grate. I saw time move!

At 5.55 a.m. I hear the clanking of steel doors.

6.10 a.m.: sheets and laundry bag collected.

7 a.m.: new sheets arrive.

Hofgang: humid; shower afterwards.

After Two Months

2.30 p.m.: Bock here to discuss my response to the formal indictment.

Umschluß with Klaus I and Rudi.

Tuesday, 6 July 1999

7 a.m.: off to the Kammer to collect a guitar, courtesy of Taubner. But, alas, it is a clapped-out thing and I cannot use it.

Raining so no Hofgang and thus Umschluß but Rudi is off to Drogensport at 9.30 a.m.

10.30 a.m.: Hospital to consider the feasibility of compression stockings – would have to contribute towards costs.

Lunch and mail – five letters retained by Klein. I continue working on my reply to the formal indictment.

5-6.30 p.m.: Fish Group.

7-9 p.m.: Bible Group. Talk about paedophilia. Then Luke's message, 'Judge self before others'. Dillon transfers to fourth floor because he is considered a security risk.

Wednesday, 7 July 1999

Raining, so no Hofgang but Umschluß with KI.

1.30 p.m.: hospital for measuring my legs for stockings.

2.30-4 p.m.: Resocialisation Group - OK.

5-8 p.m.: TV and cooking. Mail delivered: 15 items - one from Queensland had DM30 in it and had not even been opened. Wow, now I have cash in prison! That is a sin!

Chapter 12

After Three Months

For the record: Thought criminals are sane, pioneering dissenters showing the way out of conceptual prisons built by intolerant, biased and hate-filled individuals

In the past I have on a number of occasions referred to the German judiciary as 'mad' because it imprisons writers and politicians who do not follow the orthodox view of the Nazi-Jewish Holocaust. Such generalisation, such blanket condemnation, is unwarranted and unhelpful in attempting to understand and explain this anomalous legal phenomenon where individuals are imprisoned for committing thought-crimes. For example, 72-year-old Udo Walendy has been a historian for decades but in 1997 he conflicted with the German legal system on account of 'what he did not write'. Judge Lützenkirchen sifted through Walendy's extensive written record of books and magazines and found passages that offended against Section 130, not explicitly but implicitly. That was proof enough to put him behind bars for 15 months.

Likewise, secondary teacher and politician Günter Deckert dared to translate Fred Leuchter's speech. 'Wrong' intonations offended those who later viewed a video of the Leuchter talk. Initially Deckert was released and even given a good character reference by Mannheim's Judge Orlet. Then a howling international storm erupted that engulfed the good judge and had him report ill, then transferred into retirement. More complying and younger judges then sentenced Deckert to a 5-year term, especially because Deckert is seen as an Unverbesserlicher (an incorrigible). Then, while in prison, Deckert wrote a letter to Max Mannheimer who whiled away his time visiting schools around Munich, telling impressionable children of the horrors of Auschwitz - how they must never forget the gas chambers etc. In his letter Deckert asked Mannheimer 12 simple questions about the factual nature of his talk to impressionable minds. The response was a legal one - an allegation that Deckert's letter intended to defame the speaker. And so Judge Clapiér-Krespach gave Deckert an extra three months on top of his existing sentence. An appeal against this additional sentence was dismissed by Mannheim's Landgericht. I detailed my response to this matter in an open letter that has now become the fourth allegation of the formal indictment.

During March, while I was busily researching in eastern Europe, there was a case in Mannheim that stemmed directly out of the Deckert trial. Ludwig Bock, the lawyer defending Deckert, was himself sitting in court faced with a charge of violating Section 130. How did this offence occur? It was during Bock's defence of Deckert that Staatsanwalt Hans-Heiko Klein perceived an offence had been committed. Bock said in effect that the political class in Germany had for almost 50 years accepted the 'uniqueness of German guilt' through its political incompetence, and now could not admit that it had been deceived all these years. This comment from Bock attracted outrage from about 20 people, including one person from the Mannheim Jewish community. Prosecutor Klein gladly obliged them in seeking Bock's blood. Bock's trial was held in March, a few weeks before my own arrest. Klein asked for a prison sentence but the judge did not oblige and fined Bock DM9000. The matter is now subject to an appeal.

At the time of my visit to Klein I had never heard of Ludwig Bock, and it is in this hothouse of Holocaustmania that I now find myself in. Irving may be right in claiming I am naive for visiting Klein in his office. But if I consider that my mission is to bring a dialogue into these encrusted fronts, then what alternative have I but to begin with those that I know – and I did meet Klein in April 1997 when we had an open discussion during which he made it quite clear to me that he is watching Adelaide Institute's written output, in the form of its newsletters and what is placed on its website. We will not get anywhere by shying away from a dialogue with our supposed enemy. My 1997 world trip, and this year's, aimed to bring peace into this world problem of the Holocaust.

Interesting for me is to see who still attacks our work. Perhaps I should have listened to those who advised me not to see Klein whom they characterised in no endearing terms. I did not wish to develop any prejudice against this man, who now, however, has given me his own character reference in the way he so gleefully sent me to jail. He did not even attempt to hide his delight when he insisted that I not be granted bail. After all, Fred Leuchter, he said, skipped bail and that taught him a lesson. Perhaps it has – but he blanket condemns others following the Leuchter affair that saw him have Leuchter snatched out of a television studio where he was about to be in a live interview. Klein thereby offers us another one of his personal references – an obsessive one.

Klein's career as a state public prosecutor has not been a glowing one – and I make the following comments hesitatingly because of my own background, knowing full well that sometimes it is inevitable that an individual runs foul of vested interests. Klein's career as a prosecutor began to fail when he messed up an operation against white-collar criminals. As one policeman confided to me prior to my arrest, 'Klein has been stuffing it up ever since. He used to be a good footballer – but that is where his intellect rested'. Klein was transferred to the traffic branch, there to take over a sub-section dealing with thought-crimes. I would

have thought that he is not the right man for this highly sensitive area where an individual's thought processes are scrutinised, having himself little appreciation of how our thoughts make us a Mensch (human being).

But Klein is not alone in this game. He has Herr Mohr helping him. The latter's supervisor, Herr Schenkel, even prides himself in dabbling in Sir Karl Popper's philosophy. Schenkel considers it an impertinence that so-called revisionists are using Popper's thoughts. Little wonder that Schenkel refused to discuss with me the finer aspects of Popper's philosophy, and how it actually needs to be augmented by Charles Sanders Peirce's fallibilism principle. I am lucky here because 15 years ago I looked at this whole complex in some detail.

As stated elsewhere, a judge who is upright and imbued with a sense of objectivity and moral courage, would have dismissed the Mannheimer claim against Deckert. A robust democracy must, among public figures, countenance a vigorous exchange of views without developing a degenerate and often feigned sense of hurt. Let us recall that the American students at Littleton suffered from 'hurt feelings', then took it out on their perceived tormentors. Likewise with those who claim that Adelaide Institute's work is inspired by racial hatred, anti-Semitism etc. We are not the ones who refuse to discuss the worrying details in an open forum in a mature, responsible and civilised fashion. I seek dialogue but am imprisoned instead.

It was retired Judge Stäglich who some years ago said to me that all it needs to have an open debate is for good-willed people to get together and thrash things out, and not threaten legal action because one has run out of arguments.

Moral courage is needed to face one's former enemy – but without moral courage there is only the flight into distortions, fabrications and lies – ending with a well-financed smear campaign. The judges who have to apply Section 130 often lack courage. Judge Burk of the Amtsgericht (Magistrates' Court) did not answer the question whether truth is a defence in a proceeding involving Section 130. Burk readily complied with Klein's request to oppose bail and to enforce the second arrest warrant. If truth is not a defence, then I can expect lies to prevail – and that will make any case against me an immoral matter. The totalitarian mindset will ignore an appeal to truth as a final arbiter in any conflict because the Holocaust dogma needs to be upheld at any cost. Injustices become irrelevant in this billion dollar international business called Shoah-business.

But not only in Germany are there problems warding off totalitarian mindsets that are out to kill intellectual dissent – and freedom on the Internet. In Australia it is also a financially strong and vocal Zionist lobby, and its helpers, that are flat out to establish the dictatorship of politically correct opinions. Any dissent is labelled as 'hate-speak', 'racial

hatred' and so on. My arrest in Germany has flushed out the usual gang of dissemblers who fear so desperately the public challenge Adelaide Institute makes: 'Show me or draw me the homicidal gas chamber of Auschwitz'.

This Faurisson challenge has, to date, not been accepted by the likes of Dr Gerard Henderson of the Sydney Institute, Jeremy Jones of the Executive Council of Australian Jewry, or Professor Adam Indikt of the Australia/Israel Review. Why not? So, gentlemen, from cell no. 1334 at Mannheim Prison I ask you to be upright men and be on the level and square off with this challenge. Then we can meet again as mature individuals whose common humanity – not whether we are Jewish, German, Australian etc. – unites us in this quest for truth.

On 2 June, my 55th birthday, I returned from the visitors' barracks after my solicitor Ludwig Bock briefed me on where matters stood. We are moving into the German annual summer holiday period and public servants are preparing themselves for holidays, if they are not already soaking up the sun somewhere in the Mediterranean or North Africa. I returned to my cell and as I was about to glance through the various Australian newspaper articles, I heard Ravel's 'Bolero'. I could not resist the temptation and turned up the volume within the confines of a 9-metre square prison cell. What Jones, Henderson and Indikt had written about me, became for a while quite irrelevant. Before ending this third month's report, let me briefly respond to the articles the above gentlemen published in Australia about my incarceration (Appendix 25).

'In Denial' is not one of Jones' better articles but runs true to form with venom and hatred dripping from his pen. His penultimate sentence says it all – it accurately spells out Jones' own mindset. He is the one who needs scapegoats. I see this as a sign of his inherent moral weakness. Last November–December, I gave Mr Jones the opportunity to come clean about his complaint against us by embracing truth as a moral virtue. He refused to speak with me in Sydney and in Launceston. I was sad about that because I still had hopes of breaking the ice. I should have listened to those who advised me against even attempting to communicate with Jones. Still, in January 1998 I had the pleasure of meeting long-time Canberra correspondent of the *Australian Jewish News*, Bernard Freedman. We had an open and frank talk about Auschwitz during which he viewed my collection of photographs and noted my concerns about not finding the mysterious Zyklon-B gas insertion holes that gave rise to the Faurisson quip, 'No Holes, No Holocaust'.

On 3 May 1999 I stated to Judge Burk in the Magistrate's Court that we wish someone to point out where we are wrong, where we perhaps falsify and distort or even lie in our argumentation. If our work hurts individuals, then we apologise for that – but we do not retract anything if it is proven to be the truth because truth is a moral virtue in this controversy. I expect Jones to value truth as well. Jones needs to jump off

the 'anti-Semitism', 'anti-Jewish' and 'racist' labelling wagon and specifically tell me where, for example, our August 1998 Revisionist Symposium focused 'on the promotion of distortions of history'.

Jeremy, from my prison cell I beg you to detail these perceived 'distortions of history' or forever shut up - and admit to yourself that you are the hater, the denier, the distorter, the fabricator, the liar, the deceiver, and the corrupter of that which is morally valuable, namely, telling the truth. After almost three months in jail, I have had a lot of time to do some thorough soul-searching. I am prepared to discuss with anyone in open forum my concerns about the Nazi-Jewish Holocaust, in particular the details of the alleged homicidal gas chamber at Auschwitz. You, Jeremy, it seems to me, fear such an exchange of views. It may well be below your dignity to open yourself to such an exchange of views. That is what the Roman cardinals also said when Galileo invited them to look through his telescope and view the moons of Jupiter. How could they dignify Galileo's argument that his heliocentric view of the universe is correct? 300 years later the Vatican claims it was a judge's 'error of judgment' that led to Galileo's trial. Jeremy, you are behaving like the cardinal when you move against us with legal means in an attempt to silence our critical voice - you have a massive mental problem, Jeremy, that money cannot solve.

Now to the Sydney Institute's Dr Gerard Henderson's articles of 27 April 1999 (Appendix 13). Just as I had invited Freedman to discuss with me Holocaust matters, so too, did I invite Jones and Henderson to share a cup of coffee with me. I did not even get past first base with either of them – they refused to have anything to do with me. Sad, but it reflects a mindset that some would describe in no unflattering terms. I shall not get involved in such games.

I am pleased to learn that Robert Conquest has brought out another book. Perhaps Henderson should mention Dr Joel Hayward's thesis about revisionism and how he concludes that there is no evidence to prove that it was National Socialist policy to exterminate European Jewry. That would bring the knowledge about the Holocaust up to date. Just as Conquest is revising the Stalinist period, so is Hayward currently revising the Hitler period. That is what I call normal historical research without pressure from lobby groups that seek to impose politically correct views of history.

In Germany official documents are falsified to this day. For example, when British Prime Minister John Major addressed the German nation at Berlin on 8 May 1995, he deliberately used the term 'the 30-year war', referring to World War I and World War II as one period from 1914 to 1945. The Bundeskanzler's Office in Bonn could not accept this Major historical revisionism because Germans cling to the 'uniqueness of World War II' interpretation, something that is legally sanctioned. And so, upon request, anyone can obtain from the Chancellor's Office the

Major statement in German – but also revised. It states that the 30-year period was marked by World War I and World War II. The Germans had no option but to falsify the Major statement because otherwise someone could have been taken to court over a correct translation of that speech.

I am glad to see that Henderson has added a disclaimer about attributing 'political violence' to the Adelaide Institute. It thus disturbed me to read an article, 'Vandals daub Holocaust Museum', in the *Australian Jewish News* of 14 May 1999. I extend to the museum's director, Meyer Burston, my regret that my name appeared in this graffiti attack. I assure him that Adelaide Institute condemns such acts.

Finally, Henderson still will not understand that we do not blanket condemn Jewry as such. We hold the Torah True Jews in highest esteem for attempting to live by the Book, to live a principled life. Likewise, the group 'Jews for Jesus' appears to us to be principled believers who are to be admired – as we admire anyone who still bothers in this world to lead a principled life where moral values are not compromised by raw material concerns.

Interestingly, the other day a young man was placed in one of the remand cells on the ground floor where I had spent my first three weeks. Word has got around why I am here, and so the fellow was pleased to inform me that Mohr and Klein are responsible for his incarceration. I asked him what he had done. He could barely string together a coherent sentence. It seems to me this fellow is a football hooligan with national socialist sentiments. He had worn a T-shirt with a Celtic cross and a swastika emblazoned on the front and back. This was his way of protesting and it was enough for an arrest - and to brand him as an extreme right-wing. The Mannheimer Morgen devoted generous space to his arrest. Such persons are found all over the Western world, though, and have nothing to do with any serious rehabilitation of national socialism. They are drugged out, unemployed and uneducated! They are indeed the victims of our liberal education system that offers them 'value-free' education. The fact that Klein and Mohr have to deal with such 'political' persons would have an affect on their own minds. It must be frustrating for them - then perhaps more so when they meet someone like me, and then they cannot cope with the mental challenge. So they, too, have to resort to labelling me a 'geistiger Brandstifter' (a person who ignites mental fires, a mental firebug). Instead of looking at the substance of what is supposed to be inflammatory speech, the speakers are radicalised and criminalised, then sent to prison. The unfortunate members of the younger generation - the 'difficult' individuals who cannot submit to the deceit and lies told to them by those claiming to represent their interests - thereby become cannon fodder for underemployed thought police such as Schenkel, Klein and Mohr. What would these men do for a living were they not on this one-way track where open debate is forbidden? The confused youngsters whose brains are drug filled still crave for attention and nurturing, despite their vehement protests to the contrary of 'wanting to do my thing'. They know that if they give the Hitler salute, sport a swastika or sing a Horst Wessel song, they will attract attention – and attention must be paid to our younger generation. But they are then hit with a sledge hammer – imprisonment and branded for life. The attempt at getting out of the drug culture and the vicious cycle of hedonism is stifled. The brief excursion into a political minefield fails miserably, and so it is a new life, a new beginning of in-out on the prison merry-go-round. All very, very sad.

In the same edition of the *Australia/Israel Review* that carried Jones' article, Professor Adam Indikt trots out the usual labels: Holocaust denier and anti-Semite (Appendix 25). Indikt is wrong in stating that we say that the Holocaust did not happen. We do not deny the massive suffering the Jewish and other peoples endured during World War II at the hands of the German war machine. But we recall that the Allied military machine likewise inflicted terrible suffering on its enemy – especially when the war had already climaxed – with the saturation bombing of German cities such as Hamburg, Dresden and Pforzheim. As to the gassing claims at Auschwitz, what we are saying is that the current story – it seems to change at regular intervals – does not stand up to public scrutiny.

Please also let us discuss your serious allegation levelled against me personally: 'Toben publishes a series of documents that deliberately distort and deny facts, and disputes the facts of the Holocaust'. Please begin by particularising your general statement, point-by-point, or forever shut up, otherwise I shall conclude that you are a hater, a deceiver, a liar and a perverter of facts. Let us have an open debate on the Internet and you can detail our deliberate distortions and denial of facts. I do not fear anything, not even prison. Our life is far too short for it to be crippled through fear.

You and your associates are the frightened rabbits that cry out for legal protection for your historical lies. Indikt, are you not man enough to look truth in the eye? Think of the many other holocausts, like the Armenian Holocaust of 1915–16 in which Turkey almost wiped out the Armenian nation. What about the Bengalese Holocaust? Think on these things.

As a footnote, but hardly important, is an article by Nick Schekolin, the editor and owner of the Austrian-German language newspaper, *Neue Heimat*, based at Heidelberg in Melbourne. Having personally met this man some time ago, it does not surprise me to read, 'Eine neue Judenhetze steht bevor. Und wer hat Schuld? Der kleine, schrullige jüdisch aussehende Philosoph Dr Fredrick Töben, der die Welt mit anderen Augen sieht' (A new Jewish incitement is imminent. And who is to blame? The little shabby Jewish-looking philosopher Dr Fredrick Töben, who views the world through different eyes). Need I say more about this article? I think it speaks for itself.

Henderson, Indikt and Jones are confident that German justice will now take its course. None have pointed out that this Section 130 justice is pure

thought control. Heaven help Australia if these fellows and their powerful lobby gain total control of our minds.

On 31 May on German ARD-TV an interesting live interview was screened between Emilie Schindler and a moderator whose name I have forgotten, together with some representatives of the German Jewish community. Schindler, the ex-wife of the famed Oskar Schindler – David Brockschmidt's father's business partner – was scathing about her former husband's role in the 'Schindler's List' episode. This caused much embarrassment to all concerned – a delight to those who see things with different eyes.

Please note that prison authorities do not censor my mail. That is done personally by Staatsanwalt Hans-Heiko Klein. He specifically requested that Judge Burk hand this task to him, as well as granting visitors' permits. Two letters to date have been retained by him 'as evidence' one to David Brockschmidt and the other to The Age. All this reminds me of my Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission's (HREOC) involvement in which Jeremy Jones wishes to make a racist out of me. If you ask me whether I am a racist, my response is 'Not yet!'. After all, Jones wishes me to be counselled by the HREOC as to what it is to be a racist. Likewise with Klein's obsession with 'extreme right-wing neo-Nazi activity'. I am not yet at that point where I will say 'Yes' because I shall never be at that point. That is not for the lack of Klein and others doing their best to push me into that kind of conceptual prison. Sometimes I think about all this and sense an unreal, though serious, witch-hunt is in progress - surely not in this modern Internet age? Let us regard global communication trends as a liberation, as a pluralisation of views in all human activity - that is democracy affirming individual freedoms.

* * *

Thursday, 8 July 1999

1 p.m.: to Kammer with Rudi - no TV though I notice that it is there - collected my tracksuit for Kraftsport.

5–6.20 p.m.: choir – good singing and new members.

6.30 p.m.: Fish Group with Klaus II and Ingo.

8 p.m.: back in room.

Friday, 9 July 1999

9–11 a.m.: Kraftsport with two Turks, two Poles, and Ingo, Kühnle and Rudi.

5–8 p.m.: Umschluß – Rudi, Klaus I and Klaus II. And handing out of mail: lots for me – a book from Fitzgerald in Tokyo, how nice; David sent the hair cream, thanks mate. Thinking that if KI, Rudi, Hoffmann and Kühnle can take 12 months, so can I. Rudolf Hess was locked up for over 40 years. I do not fear punishment because I did no wrong.

Saturday, 10 July 1999

Before Hofgang we sing 'Happy birthday' to Klaus II then continue this for Umschluß.

Sunday, 11 July 1999

8 a.m.: Church service with the Posaunen Choir – 21 sitting before us. Our choir also performs. A good show for Kunzmann. Klaus I and Rudi did well with their performance of 'Country road'.

Umschluß - KII and I play cards; Rudi and KI play guitars.

Monday, 12 July 1999

Hofgang with Rudi.

Lunch - the gravy gives me a headache. Then work on my reply to the formal indictment - mentioning the Mannheim judiciary being traumatised by the Judge Orlet case. Just because he gave Deckert a good character reference and handed down a suspended prison sentence, he had to leave and a female judge then imposed a custodial sentence on Deckert. Out of 65 judges, 40 judges distanced themselves from Orlet's decision. Whip up a media campaign and you have got public figures bending like grass in a wind - sad - hopeless for my getting justice.

Tuesday, 13 July 1999

2 p.m.: Bock there - nothing new, just more on my defence.

5 p.m.: with Klaus to Fish Group.

7 p.m.: Bible Group - with Klaus I, Klaus II, Rudi, Cong and Dillon - the last one for three weeks.

Mackert's placed me in Drogensport for August, good.

Wednesday, 14 July 1999

Noon: to hospital - full-length compression stockings.

2-4 p.m.: social re-training.

4.30 p.m.: in cell with mail but letter from Ganpac retained because it could disturb the harmony within the prison as Schmidt talks about the Oberjuden (top Jews).

Thursday, 15 July 1999

7 a.m.: to Kammer to collect new guitar. Later with Rudi trying to tune it the strings snap. His electronic tuner is ideal for the job.

3 p.m.: mail – Lila comes through with coupons and so I can send off 13 letters tomorrow.

4 p.m.: Let's go shopping!

5-6.30 p.m.: final choir.

7-8 p.m.: Umschluß with Klaus I and Rudi - playing Mau-Mau.

8.30 p.m.: in cell to complete a letter to Lila while I binge on chocolate – not really good but it is good.

On this day Lila McIntosh received a letter from Consular Operations in the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade, Canberra (Appendix 26).

Friday, 16 July 1999

9-10.35 a.m.: Kraftsport.

3 p.m.: supper and more letters. Something is happening because I am receiving unopened letters - Rosa Somerton and Henk.

6.30 p.m.: asked Mackert whether he could get my typewriter from Rudi's or is it too late. He says it is too late and thanked me for my being so insightful.

Christopher, in Adelaide, sends my letter addressed to *The Adelaide Review* which did not publish it (Appendix 27).

Saturday, 17 July 1999

8-9 a.m.: the prison emergency generator was on for a test-run.

After returning from Hofgang, I find the spoon in my lock is gone, the lock has been taken off the door and is in my room. Himmelmann explains that it is not permitted. OK but he should have given me an opportunity to take it away myself. I am then in a little huff and so I clean my walls of everything displayed on them. I have spent too much time socialising and I should focus on my proposed book. It is all painful – I want to go home. I look outside – it is painful. Two balloons drift past and three jet vapours dissipating – gentle, happy talk from windows – laughter, music, 'Alles klar' (all is clear), 'Ich liebe Dich' (I love you) – followed by more laughter.

Sunday, 18 July 1999

7 a.m.: news - right-wing radicals (mainly from the USA) are using the Internet for their propaganda. J.F. Kennedy's son's plane crashed.

8–9 a.m.: Church service – Father Voltz mentions concentration camps, and eyes Rudi because he is chewing gum.

Umschluß with Klaus I and Klaus II. Rudi is at an Interna meeting where, he says, the whole corruption concerning our supermarket has been raised. In other words, the prisoners are being ripped off.

Reading newspaper after supper. Widder is returned as the mayor of Mannheim – perhaps Horst Hoffmann will be released because his bank fraud case goes right into the Mannheim political scene. Hoffmann, it seems, is only a poor scapegoat in this affair.

News about Siemens payout to slave labourers at Ravensbruck.

Monday, 19 July 1999

The ravens wake me with their calls.

 $9-10.30~\mathrm{a.m.}$: Kraftsport OK, sweating like a pig but quick shower and all is well

Umschluß – Klaus I making fried potatoes with sausages. Then with KI, KII and Rudi we eat at the table in a civilised way. We could at this moment be anywhere. Door slightly ajar so we have a pleasant breeze blowing through the room.

After returning to my cell I learn some notes on my guitar. What is wrong with my fingertips – they hurt! Get them hardened by overcoming the hurt through more practice, says Rudi – will do.

Tuesday, 20 July 1999

News on Kennedy death, an attempted assassination on Hitler many years ago; and the moon landing is a theme followed by TV programs.

Raining and so no Hofgang - coffee etc. at Rudi's.

2 p.m.: at Geiger's office for call to Bock. Professor Sieber has written the article about my case and concludes that the Internet is beyond the reach of German law.

5 p.m.: mail – Judge Kern asks for my view on Andreas Röhler coming on board as a co-defence counsel and Radio Regenbogen's request for an interview with me has been rejected. Why the latter? Because it could disturb the prison environment. I write to Kern in protest.

5-8 p.m.: Fish Group - with Klaus II, Andreas and Peter.

8.30 p.m.: No Umschluß but an emergency situation involving a new fellow. Big fellow – Hubertus Lehnert – local Mannheim watchmaker and antique dealer extraordinaire. I am a good listener because his tales are so fascinating. He makes himself at home on the mattress on the floor and I listen until 2 a.m.

On this day the International Secretariat of Amnesty International in London does not listen to John Bennett's plea of support (Appendix 28).

Wednesday, 21 July 1999

Good rest but rather tired, and no dreams - must be because Hubertus' tales gave me more than my flat dreamings.

No Hofgang because the prison library is selling some of its books. I deposit Hubertus in Klaus I's cell and also with Rudi. I browse through a good selection of books and pick up an early original of D.H. Lawrence.

11 a.m.: lunch with Hubertus in my cell.

1.30 p.m.: general cell control by Herr Marx.

2-4 p.m.: Social Training Group meeting.

5-8 p.m.: Umschluß with Klaus I, Rudi and Hubertus.

Afterwards Hubertus is back in my cell: because of his high blood pressure, he needs to be with someone in case something happens. And then I listened to more fascinating stories, how Hubertus repaired the smallest watch in the world, how he has been a recognised expert witness in court cases, and how currently serving judges in Mannheim, including prosecutor Klein, would enter his shop and purchase clocks etc.

Thursday, 22 July 1999

8 a.m.: Hofgang with Hubertus who hands Geiger an Antrag so that he can go to the Kammer and collect his things. He has been in his clothes for a week.

Telephone call to my brother after Hofgang.

5–6.30 p.m.: Fish Group. I walk beyond the door to see where the prison newsletter, *Die Klette*, is produced. A couple of fellows have a computer and somewhat of a library of similar newsletters from other prisons. I collect a number of back copies and hand them out to those who are interested in reading them.

Hubertus not with me this night because there is a non-smoking double cell next door. So he has a temporary home until a single cell becomes available.

Friday, 23 July 1999

6.50 a.m.: cleaning of room permitted.

8–9 a.m.: Hofgang – cool and overcast weather. Afterwards no coffee with Rudi but caught up with gossip: Hoffmann is to remain in prison because there is danger of his leaving Germany, though he assures me there is not because his wife is critically ill and needs constant care; and Tom Kramer received seven years for manslaughter but the state prosecutor has appealed against this sentence.

11 a.m.: I am called to the prison director's office – his assistant advises me why the Radio Regenbogen request was turned down. I indicate that this decision then becomes part of the incitement against me, as was the case when Radio Regenbogen broadcast the news that Israel congratulated Mannheim's judiciary for locking me up. I ask what kind of democracy is this in Germany that it feels threatened if I am given a right of reply. It is unjust because Klein is permitted to feed the media and incite against me.

3 p.m.: Elvers on duty - good fellow.

Mail from Ernie Edwards – another visit on 2 August: good. But Judge Kern has returned ten of my letters because he refuses to use the international postal reply coupons. He says he has not the time to take them to the post office, as was the case when the prosecutors' office did that with my previous letters. I huff and sulk and write Kern a letter that I will not bother him anymore. I use the unofficial mail service to get them out and write on the back of the envelope that this is my final communication. I am hurting because writing letters is therapeutic for me and Kern has denied me this relief.

5–9 p.m.: Umschluß at KI's with Rudi, Hubertus and, later, KII coming back from the Fish Group. He is now responsible for that group – Fischschänzer. We play Mau-Mau and I fail to win even one game – while the other fellows cheat like mad and win. As KII was to say, actually in English, 'Punishment is coming'.

On return to my cell I practise on my guitar until I am ready to snooze – and then think about the statement of my having committed an 'abstract offence'.

Saturday, 24 July 1999

11.30 a.m.-3 p.m.: Again Umschluß with KI and KII, Rudi and Hubertus. Mau-Mau: Rudi tops, me second, KI and then Hubertus. KII watching sport on TV.

Return and sleep until 5 p.m. On my guitar I play 'Die Gedanken sind frei' – lovely.

8 p.m.: balloons float past from south to north in the twilight on their way home in a hurry. Luckily the long German summer is delightful for such balloon flights. Talk to Hubertus through window.

Sunday, 25 July 1999

7 a.m.: the rustling of keys wakes me up - Mackert's voice resounds throughout the wing, 'Guten Morgen' (Good morning) as do the replies, 'Guten Morgen, Herr Mackert'.

8 a.m.: Protestant church service - Pastor Kunzmann not there but the other person is OK though a little nervous about addressing us.

9.30-10.30 a.m.: Hofgang – a lovely sunny day. I get warm and begin to perspire as I walk. The walk is good for my legs.

11 a.m.: lunch followed immediately by Umschluß – into Klaus I's cell with Hubertus. Later Rudi comes back from the Interna meeting. Klaus II remains in his cell to watch the Grand Prix.

3 p.m.: supper and ready for my opera night.

4 p.m.: using Rudi's radio I tune into the live broadcast of 'Lohengrin' on Bavarian Radio from the Bayreuth Wagner Festival. Germany's political and social prominence is there: Gloria von Thurn und Taxis is one of the 1925 visitors; and it is said that Wolfgang Wagner gave the Minister for Culture, Michael Naumann, five free tickets so that he could look at the Trubel (commotion).

8.35 p.m.: back to the green hill after interval and I hear the thrice-trumpet fanfare, and I am angry that I am sitting in this useless cell, angry at those who have no understanding for anything but hunting revisionists and wishing to lock them up in a conceptual prison. It is sad, sad, sad. My anger does not last too long because the music comforts me and those who have hurt me become irrelevant to me right now - they are not important really. Their conceptual world is full of hate, envy and ignorance. Because they interpret the richness of the world through mentally limiting concepts such as 'anti-Semite', 'Holocaust denier', 'neo-Nazi' and 'racist', they will never know what it is like to be a real Mensch.

Monday, 26 July 1999

Restless night with toothache.

After Hofgang to Kraftsport which I must terminate at 10 a.m. because I have a visitor at 10.30 a.m. – I do not know who. An elderly lady sits behind the glass screen in the visitors' room and smiles at me. I acknowledge the greeting and then have to do something embarrassingly simple, 'Who are you, please?'. 'Margaret Walendy' is her reply. Well, well, Udo's long-suffering wife has decided to visit me. This is much appreciated, especially after her husband has just been released from prison. Delightful fruit is brought again – and as I depart with a plastic bag full of fruit, I feel grateful for such small pleasures.

After I returned to my cell I was called out again to see Bock. The radio and television set are on their way – almost here.

Once back in my cell again, I eat all the apples and give the bananas to the Umschluß clan. It is usual that this kind of sharing takes place.

Tuesday, 27 July 1999

8 a.m.: off to dentist who fills in a hole in a wisdom tooth. Perhaps this will fix it.

9 a.m.: to coffee at Rudi's.

11 a.m.: lunch. Mail from Fanny, Tafel, Stäglich, Lohrbächer, von der Heide, Mrs Walendy (to say that she will be at the prison on Monday) and Kern (who says that I may lodge a complaint against his decision). I advise Kern that I do not wish to complain: I am just informing him of my views on this matter of not sending out my letters with overseas postal coupons.

6.30–8 p.m.: Umschluß at Rudi's with KI and KII, and Hubertus who had a Haftprüfung. The judge advised him, 'I have been waiting for you for three years but now I am going on a holiday and you will have to wait for me. We will make it one hour in September and then it will be less than a year for you'. So, the plea bargaining has already begun – shame!

Once back in my cell, I write letters to individuals advising them that I am pulling out of the proceedings because truth is not a defence. Hence I am not going to respond to the formal indictment, although I already have done so and Bock's secretary is typing it out – over 100 pages. But it is all irrelevant because the judge will not take any notice of what I have written. He does not have to because I am guilty by the fact that I have published material – the content is not up for discussion. The abstract offence is committed by my thinking about these revisionist issues. What a terrible state of affairs in a country that prides itself in being governed according to the rule of law.

Wednesday, 28 July 1999

Thinking before I got up for Hofgang how my parents did not have many books but certainly Nietzsche and Kant were there. And I burdened myself in reading this material, then plagued myself with the Kantian Categorical Imperative for a lifetime. Only 30 years later, since the early 1990s, has someone questioned my moral integrity – Jeremy Jones, a fellow who soaked up the Talmud when young.

Hofgang with Rudi then to Kraftsport - Freier, the man in charge, indicates how the younger ones are wrong in exercising the top half of the body only.

Mail: Kern returns four more couponed letters - bastard! This hurts me.

Thursday, 29 July 1999

First night without toothache.

Take down the wall decorations and put things in a folder so I cannot be accused of disturbing the prison environment.

Shopping day for us in the prison supermarket. All items are terribly expensive but protests by Interna fell on deaf ears. Rumour has it that a number of individuals within the administration are involved in a racket, much like the Grand Prix 'kick-back' advertising business.

5.30 p.m.: shopping. Rudi Brunn, my Umschluß mate, is transferring out of Mannheim and has already closed his account. Rudi is off next Wednesday because direct transport to Hagen, his next prison, is available. As a convicted prisoner, he will not have this opportunity to go shopping at Hagen if he does not work to earn money. His transfer of money from his family to his prison account has not arrived in time for today's shopping spree. So I go shopping for him as well, and some olive oil for Kühnle. Hubertus spent over DM200 and so is fully topped up.

Fortunately for me, I have some money on my account. This reminds me of the Nigerian slogan that is plastered all over vehicles in Lagos: 'No money, no friends'. I thank those who have so kindly not only helped with the payment of legal fees but also sent me some cash. Although I do not have a drug habit to feed, I empathise with those who, snatched from

the Mannheim street without warning, crave for a smoke. It hurts me to see young and old men pick up cigarette butts during our morning walk, then inside the prison, rifling through the tin-can ashtrays for more. And because I do have money to spend once every fortnight, I buy Koffer (case packet) tobacco for the needy. After a week, these follows have found their way to the Catholic priest and Protestant minister where funds are made available and shopping next time round is guaranteed.

7-8 p.m.: with the usual. Fried eggs and a guitar sing-song afterwards.

Friday, 30 July 1999

I receive a call to be at the Kammer at 7 a.m. to collect the radio and TV. So no Hofgang but breakfast with Rudi instead. We continue Umschluß with Klaus I until lunch. The wardens know we are farewelling Rudi.

Back to cell for lunch and then it is watching TV non-stop until the early hours of the morning.

Saturday, 31 July 1999

Umschluß with our newcomer, Hubertus Lehnert, the Renaissance man where the hand and mind work as one, creatively! He is a watchmaker and a maker of steel tools.

In the evening I listen to a recording of last Wednesday's Bayreuth's 'Tristan und Isolde' – utter bliss.

Sunday, 1 August 1999

4.30 p.m. I watch a film about witches on BW-TV. It begins with an overview of the Crusades and the resulting mass murder of infidels and heretics, as formalised by inquisition. Then Martin Luther's reformation of 1517 continues to fuel the belief in the devil. Satan is a reality and intellectuals are preoccupied with his powers. Superstition assumes a new dimension - if there is a devil, then there must be individuals who consort with him: witches. Observed evil - often incorporated by social outsiders - assumed hysterical proportions. Witches now explained all that was evil about the world. It was enough to be suspected of witchcraft - just as I am suspected of Volksverhetzung - because confessions were extracted through torture. The sexual obsession - witches had sex with the devil and thereby spread death and destruction - led to social scapegoating. Heretics, lepers and Jews were blamed if the harvest failed or if, for example, a cow stopped producing milk. Hysteria and fanaticism was widespread and there was a general breakdown of law and order. In England it was civil war. The existence of witches as a source of evil was accepted as 'fact'. Cardinal Richelieu used the belief in the devil and witches to pay-back his enemies.

The theme running through this documentary is interesting and I make observations about my case – how public prosecutor Klein wishes to demonise me, label me an 'anti-Semite', 'Holocaust denier' etc. His

attempts at inciting hatred against me, through well-placed leaks from his office to the local media, have failed to date. I reflect along these lines then suddenly the film touches on the Jews and the Holocaust. Again, a brief historical note traces the development of Jewish persecution, especially since 1090 when the church claimed the Jews murdered Jesus and conducted ritual murders etc. Luther continued these claims – something the Nazis latched onto.

So much for this 1997 BBC-TV film as dubbed into German by SWR and advertised as a film about the persecution of witches. I switch off the TV and wonder how it is all going to end for me here. I am dealing with people who are witchhunters, who need to find scapegoats to deflect from their own moral and intellectual bankruptcy. I am not prepared to become a sacrifice, a martyr.

Monday, 2 August 1999

Mail from Ludwig Bock informing me that Amnesty International has rejected an application on my behalf to 'adopt me as a prisoner of conscience' because I am considered to be a 'Holocaust denier'.

5–8 p.m.: Rudi's farewell with KI, KII and Hubertus. A jolly affair – drinking Coke and coffee; eating cake, fruit salad and icecream; playing guitars and singing our usual songs; then cards – Mau-Mau.

Tuesday, 3 August 1999

5–6.30 p.m.: in the basement where the Fish Group has an aquarium with six basins containing a variety of fish. After feeding them, it is time to switch on the radio and play cards! I attend on Tuesday and Thursday.

A Frankfurter Rundschau article about the alleged murder of 3000 Roma and Sinti 55 years ago in Auschwitz reports on a demonstration outside the Health Department in Frankfurt-am-Main. The spokesperson for the Roma Union, Hans-Georg Botcher, demands a bronze plaque be placed there to remind everyone that the so-called 'race-biologists', Robert Ritter and Eva Justin, worked at the Health Department after the war until 1951 and 1964 respectively. Dieter Rebentisch, director of the Institute for City History (Institut für Stadtgeschichte), refused to comment. The refusal is believed to indicate that the perpetrators' names ought not appear on any plaque. The assistant director, Sonja Leppek, claims she personally does not oppose the display of a commemorative plaque.

6.30-8 p.m.: another farewell for Rudi.

Wednesday, 4 August 1999

The Queen Mother celebrates her 99th birthday – I toast her with a cup of tea as she enters my cell via TV.

9.15-10.30 a.m.: Kraftsport again in the basement gym of the prison. I have always scoffed at individuals who need to strengthen their muscles

in such an artificial way. I have always relied on digging my vegetable patch, chopping wood and mowing the lawns to strengthen my legs, body and arms. I could not be bothered to go to a gym to find myself a woman either. Now, after my 55th birthday and after three months in prison, I manage to get into this group on Mondays and Wednesdays. About 12 fellows participate. Only Klaus II and I focus on strengthening our legs before we do any weightlifting, the darling sport of the young – 80 to 100+ kg are lifted with the accompanying grunts and groans. Real 'Chesty Bonds' strut around doing their stuff on often spindly legs. It is a matter of taste. I plod along and even my shower is only a minute long not the five or ten minutes that the grunters delight in.

11 a.m.: during lunch I hear someone calling my name. It is from the Abschubzelle (holding cell). Rudi has been sitting in it since 7 a.m. waiting for his transport to Hagen. (It arrives at 2 p.m.) I get on my chair and climb up to the cell window and lean out as far as I can, and call across the yard to the administration wing.

Since my arrival here I have kept my eye open for newcomers who are in distress because all too often they are snatched off the street without an opportunity to prepare themselves for an extended prison stay. Just as when I entered Klein's office, never to see the outside world again – for a time!

2–4 p.m.: I attended the Social Training Group that meets once a week in one of the boardrooms on the first floor. Two social workers attempt to resocialise prisoners so that upon release they do not fall into the trap of becoming a repeat offender. Although I do not consider myself to be in need of such support, I welcome the opportunity to talk. At 3.30 p.m. the group stops talking and starts drinking coffee and, now and again, eating biscuits.

Upon my return to cell 1313, supper awaits me and 13 letters from overseas – what a treat to be in contact with like-minded individuals from all over the world. Although I am alone in my cell, my mind is connected – somewhat of a temporary compensation, though so vital for my well being.

5–8 p.m.: I have Umschluß with KI, KII and Hubertus, who has now taken the place of Rudi minus the guitar strumming.

Afterwards I gladly return to 1313 for a rest. I use the TV as a nightly sedative instead of a glass of wine, a book or a loved one.

Thursday, 5 August 1999

2 p.m.: the barber, who services all German prisoners, cuts my hair. My first cut since February when my Norwood hairdresser gave me a quick trim and a tube of moisturiser for my dry and unruly hair. Pressac was right – with my hair short I look younger, so according the comments from cell mates. Am I starting to become queer? When I asked David Brockschmidt to send me moisturiser because I could not find the

equivalent in Paris or Mannheim, he wondered whether I was becoming the prison gigolo. Sorry, Dave, no such luck. We already have a couple of fellows who try to catch your eye by dressing up and applying make-up.

On the radio is a program about World War II. In 1940 the predecessor to the CIA spread the word that German pilots had overcome altitude sickness by injecting cortisone into their bodies. This was not true.

Friday, 6 August 1999

My expected visitor from France, Yvonne Schleiter, is in Mannheim. Although permission to visit me has been granted by Judge Kern, the visitors' schedule is full. It hurts.

From the Frankfurter Rundschau:

- 1. An Israeli newspaper, *Yediot Aharonot*, reports that Iran's religious leader, Ali Khameei, has offered to release 13 imprisoned Jews for \$1 billion. Hamid Resa Assefi, a spokesman from the External Affairs Ministry, says that Iran could not demand money from the Israeli government because Iran considers it to be an illegitimate government and hence could not make it an offer.
- 2. Karl Friedrich Rommell reports from Konstanz of the formation of a Jewish religious court. Rabbi Chain Naftalin of the Jewish community in Konstanz says, 'We are only duty-bound to God and the truth'. The court decides who is or is not a Jew. It is hoped that the new court Bet Din will produce more 'normality' for Jews in Germany.
- 5. Wolfgang Templin reviews a book about the reform movement in the German Democratic Republic (GDR) before Autumn 1989 Fremde Welten. Die gegensätzliche Deutung der DDR durch SED-Reformer und Bürgerbewegung in den 80er Jahren by Rainer Land and Ralf Posselkel (Christoph Links Verlag, Berlin, 1998). He claims the book is not quite honest because it does not ask the difficult question: 'How can the dictatorship as a system be overcome?'. Peace and human rights groups did ask the question but it was not raised with the individuals interviewed for this project. That, too, for me is the critical question I have been asking since I began attending university in 1963: 'How can intelligent people, who claim to be democratically imbued, advocate Marxism?'. Even the term 'democratic' in the GDR name is a farce, a fraud. The dictatorship of the proletariat, the aim of the GDR, the USSR and other socialist countries and ideologies precludes any democratic entitlements from developing. Dogmas cannot give rise to free-spirited democratic institutions.

Today the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan prepare their victim celebrations.

Saturday, 7 August 1999

The 25th Heidelberg Castle Festival is in full swing with 'The Student Prince' but I cannot attend, for obvious reasons. Bad luck.

Chapter 13

After Four Months

For the record: Deja vu - how's tricks?

I begin my fifth month at Mannheim Prison as a remand prisoner. The formal indictment, authored by state public prosecutor Klein and submitted to the Landgericht (County Court) at Mannheim on 21 June 1999, lists five points wherein my behaviour offends against Section 130 of the German Basic Law. My lawyer, Ludwig Bock, and I received our copies of the indictment a week later. I immediately began to write my response to Klein's allegations, focusing specifically on refuting the same factually. Bock began to develop the legal aspect. On 14 July he submitted a Haftprüngsantrag. He claimed that if Klein was not happy with my revisionist views then that was a mere matter of opinion and not a criminal offence.

On 16 July Bock's request for a review was rejected by three judges of the Landgericht: Kern (presiding), Schmetzer and Krenz. In essence it was claimed that there are grounds to believe that the material posted on the homepage is insulting and thus offends against Sections 189 and 185.

And now an interesting point is made. A further analysis of the material facts is needed in order to ascertain whether paragraphs 130.1 and 130.3 of the Strafgesetzbuch (penal code) apply. Bock had argued that the material originated from Adelaide – the push-pull argument of Internet activity. The material actually had to be downloaded (pull) and was not distributed by me (push) in Germany.

The full flair of dialectic thinking now comes to the fore. The judges concluded that the matter involved an 'abstraktes Gefährdungsdelikt' (offending thoughts) and a 'conkrete Gefahr' (concrete danger) at a specific physical place. The fact that material had been placed on a server is sufficient to make it a criminal offence. Although this latter point requires further consideration, the judges concluded that overall it is justified to keep me incarcerated, especially in view of the sentence I can expect to receive.

On Monday 26 July 1999 I was advised that I would receive a visitor at 10.30 a.m. It was Margaret Walendy, wife of Udo Walendy, the 71-year-old German historian who has just emerged from a 20-month prison sentence for the 'things he did not write'. She clarified matters for me by

saying that under Section 130 the German judiciary is not entitled to seek physical proof on account of the Offenkundigkeit (principle), the judicial notice. In other words, I found myself where I had been with our Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission in Sydney and Launceston. There Mrs Olga Scully and I walked out of our hearings because the commissioners would not give us the assurance that 'truth is a defence'. We considered such procedures to be immoral and against all the legal standards of British common law. That was at the end of 1998 – and we are still waiting for them to announce their verdict on the matter which Jeremy Jones, Executive Council of Australian Jewry, brought against us.

Mrs Walendy has a copy of a letter from the German Ministry of Justice wherein Section 130's peculiarity is spelt out – something I had been wanting to get a hold of for a long time. Prior to my departure to Germany I had written to the Bundeskanzler, the Bundespräsident, the German Embassy in Canberra and, of course, to Staatsanwalt Klein in Mannheim with just such a request. I wished to know what I was permitted to say while in Germany. The former merely replied that they would not answer my question while Klein did not respond to me at all. Since August 1998 he, together with other judges, knew of my intentions to visit lawyers, public prosecutors and judges in Germany with the specific aim of establishing a dialogue on Section 130 and how it relates to the Offenkundigkeit of the Holocaust.

Now I know – abstract danger! Truth is no defence! This is unimaginable that a civilised country such as Germany has, before the year 2000, reverted to a legal witch-trial mentality. Poor Germany, this makes me very sad. My sadness dissolves into happiness when I reflect on how lucky we are in Australia that this kind of law is not part of our legal mentality, not yet!

Germany, in its cultural striving, embodies the stock of the world's civilising factors. One of them is the search for truth and truth telling. Now through my physical research into how Section 130 operates – and I admit that it did not really require imprisonment for me to find that out – I can say that this law is immoral and offends against basic human rights. This is especially the case because Germany considers itself to be a democratic country where the rule of law guarantees our individual freedom of thought and speech. Now we have an abstract offence – a thought crime. My thoughts and opinions, as expressed on the Adelaide Institute's homepage, have been processed by the Mannheim thought police and will be evaluated by its judges at the Landgericht.

Let us give this some more thought.

As mentioned in the previous chapter, my parents did not have many books at home on the farm but there were enough for their children to begin to take an interest in reading. Birthday presents usually included adventure stories which we devoured. There was also heavier reading material – Nietzsche's works and a selection from Kant. Since my 17th birthday, in my final school year, I began to expose my mind to the Kantian Categorical Imperative. Only since the early 1990s – over 30 years later – has anyone ever blatantly and forcefully attempted to reduce my thought processes by placing me into a conceptual prison not of my own making. This prison consists of concepts such as 'anti-Semite', 'racist', 'extreme right-wing', 'Neo-nazi', 'Holocaust denier' and the 'Auschwitz lie'. Klein is desperately attempting to add to this list the term 'revisionist'. He speaks of 'revisionist theses' as though they were some kind of pornographic delight!

Pity Jones and Klein because they do not understand that the growth of our knowledge of the internal and external world – Kant's moral law within and the universe above – is a growth process, the Hegelian dialectic. By reducing our world to these concepts, these two men deprive us of grasping our own universality, of becoming first and foremost a Mensch. We are humans foremost with a moral conscience where right and wrong, and truth and lies are the guiding values. In this world Kant's four questions remain relevant today: 'What can I believe?' (Religion); 'What can I know?' (knowledge/science); 'What can I do?' (ethics/moral philosophy); and 'What is the Mensch?' (anthropology).

Each person develops – some more than others – an individual world view from which flows an understanding of what life is all about. Jones and Klein both attempt to force me to interpret the world through their obsessions – as reflected in their use of concepts such as 'anti-Semite', 'racist' etc. I do not share their obsessions and thus my conceptual world is quite different to theirs.

Klein claims to be Germany's no. 1 Nazi hunter and he fumes when he looks at Internet websites which display swastikas – which Adelaide Institute does not! That he has a swastika on his office wall is, of course, another matter. The man's obsession does not shy away from embracing a double morality when it suits his purpose. He is also a liar. He denied in court that he has received the newsletters which I have been sending him personally since 1997 when I first visited him in his Mannheim office at L10. He also denies having received letters wherein I requested clarification about our work and how it relates to Section 130, and wherein I announced my April 1999 visit to Germany. Klein lied to me on 8 April 1999 when I arrived at his office and was introduced to state security officer, Herr Mohr. I asked both whether Mohr was there for me – both claimed it was a coincidence. Of course Mohr was there to arrest me while I was busily explaining to Klein my latest findings at Auschwitz-Birkenau and Krema II, that alleged homicidal gas chamber.

But that is history now – it happened four months ago to the day – actual, not calendar months and day.

My written response to Klein's formal indictment will run to more than his 62 pages of nonsense, or should I say, pure malice. In any case, most of his effort rests in lifting slabs of material from Adelaide Institute's website. That, he contends, proves I am 'ein uberzeugter Antisemit' (a convinced anti-Semite).

I have now decided to shelve my response because it is futile to submit anything in a case where truth is no defence and where physical evidence is ignored. If the three judges – Kern, Schmetzer and Krenz – will not look at the physical evidence and test my alleged offending thoughts for truth content, then the logic of Section 130 will inevitably find me guilty. If I do mount a defence, then that would only contribute towards determining the severity of the sentence. It will not, however, save me from a predetermined guilty judgement.

Furthermore, these judges are not competent historians, yet, according to general public awareness, they will confirm the truth of what we call the Holocaust, without that concept being subjected to intellectual scrutiny. What matters in this trial is whether someone – now the judges – feel that my thoughts are offensive to Jewish people.

That is the sad irony of it all. German judges take it upon themselves to censor history on behalf of Jewish individuals. This implies that such Jewish persons are not competent enough to defend themselves against possible hurtful thoughts. Andreas Röhler, editor and publisher of *Sleipnir*, claims that this fact alone makes Section 130 anti-Semitic.

My case before the Landgericht is thus a farce, especially in light of Germany's much-proclaimed 'We are a democracy where the rule of law guarantees our individual freedoms'. I said as much to Judge Kern in a letter on 22 July 1999. It was in response to his decision to deny Radio Regenbogen's request to interview me in prison.

After Judge Burk at the Amtsgericht had on 3 May implemented the second arrest warrant, Radio Regenbogen broadcast the Israeli government's congratulatory remarks to the Mannheim state public prosecutors' office for having succeeded in imprisoning me. This action spells out the politics of my case – I am a political prisoner. Kern justified his refusal by drawing my attention to conditions imposed on prisoners at law – to ensure that an orderly investigation into the allegations is guaranteed, and also that prison order is retained. By my appearing on the radio, he said, such order could collapse and tensions rise within the prison population.

I countered this by pointing out how prosecutor Klein had leaked information from the closed court hearing of 3 May to all media outlets – radio, TV and newspapers in Mannheim and Heidelberg. Klein had, in fact, begun to incite against me, to defame me without my being able to defend myself against such attacks. I pointed out to Judge Kern that it must be a fragile order which can be disturbed through an airing of thoughts.

Even my written response to Klein's formal indictment was drawn up without a recourse to any books. How can anyone mount a defence in such unequal circumstances? I labelled Klein's behaviour as that of a mental rapist, someone who is mentally immature and thus quite authoritarian. I concluded by saying that in order for us to remain moral, we need to take into consideration the truth content of my alleged offending thoughts, i.e. is truth a defence in these proceedings?

Judge Kern responded by asking whether I had written this letter as a commentary or as a complaint. On 27 July I advised him my letter was intended as a source of information so that he could grasp my Gesinnung (leanings). I also advised him that I was withdrawing from the proceedings because of the immoral nature of Section 130 which would not guarantee that justice was done.

My research into how Section 130 works is now complete and, unfortunately, all those commentaries I read about it over the years – which seemed to me too polemical – are correct. Section 130 is an offence against basic human rights. It offends against Section 9 of Germany's Basic Law which guarantees its citizens free thought and free speech as well as free and unhindered scientific research. It is a gag which is crippling Germans in no uncertain terms. By denying them the freedom to openly research and discuss their immediate historical past, Germans will never find themselves. Hence their vulnerability to world exploitation. All anyone needs to do is draw the Nazi card and the coffers open and the scrum is on to see who can get a snoutful out of the Holocaust trough. There is, indeed, no business like Shoah business!

Germany's Minister for Culture, Dr Michael Naumann, created a storm of protest when he suggested that the International Red Cross archive at Arolsen ought to be transferred to the museum which is planned to be a part of the new Holocaust memorial in Berlin. The Red Cross International Tracing Service director, Charles-Claude Biedermann, was horrified to hear of Naumann's plans because he wants to keep a lid on the documents until all claimants against the Nazi regime have been investigated. So, after 55 years since World War II ended, historians are still not permitted to look at these documents. Who says so? A committee of ten nations, including Israel, USA and France, controls this document centre according to *Der Spiegel* (10/1999).

Interestingly, in 1996 the International Red Cross Committee delivered 60 000 pages of handwritten notes, reports and photographs to the Holocaust Museum in Washington (*Wiener Kronenzeitung*, 22.12.1996). An article in Sweden's *Svenska Dagbladet* cited a report from *US Today* wherein a letter from the International Red Cross Committee to the USA's foreign ministry stated: 'We could not discover any traces of installations for the extermination of civilian prisoners. This is confirmed by reports which we have received from other sources. The committee last visited Auschwitz–Birkenau on 24 September 1994'.

Yet in the Frankfurter Rundschau of 22 July 1999 I read a full-page report of a book that has appeared in Germany, Lügendetektor-Vernehmungen im besiegten Deutschland 1944/45 (Eichborn Verlag, Frankfurt-am-Main, 1999). Therein a Saul K. Padover, a former USA officer within the psychological war unit, published the interviews he conducted with Germans at the end of the war. The book was originally published in the USA in 1946.

What interested me was his interview with Mayor August Wagemann. All interviews were conducted in Aachen, and Wagemann had only recently returned to Kornelimünster. He had not participated in political life but rather had become a successful businessman under the Nazis. Padover smears Wagemann by belittling his views. He asked him, 'If you love freedom so much, what did you do for freedom under Hitler's regime?'. Wagemann protests that had he done anything at all, then he would have been shot. To that Padover says, 'We Americans say that freedom is worth every price'. Padover insinuates that Wagemann did not accept the moral responsibility that he should have accepted for the mass murders, executions and exterminations. He says:

My discussion with Wagemann made clear to me the connections between 'good' Germans and the gas chambers. There was a logical connection between extermination camps and August Wagemann's attitude. I thought that the death factories were possible, not because Hitler ordered their construction but because the likes of Wagemann did not question such orders. And how many Wagemann's were there in Germany? I was determined to find out ...

When I read drivel like that I become angry because Section 130 does not permit anyone to openly and honestly respond to the likes of a Padover – and the world still has lots of those types about. These fellows fear freedom of thought and speech because an open discussion on this vexed topic would soon expose their lies and outright fabrications surrounding the terrible allegation that Germans systematically exterminated European Jewry in homicidal gas chambers. We are powerless to question the veracity of this terrible allegation in a German court.

Fortunately this taboo is slowly withering away. Last week Edgar Verheyen of SWR (Südwestrundfunk) called up the Adelaide Institute's website (and others) in his program and even interviewed Ludwig Bock, my Mannheim lawyer. I am certainly hoping that such breakthroughs will not fade after inflaming a fire, as did 'The Leuchter Report' on 20 April 1988 at the Zündel trial in Toronto, Canada.

We may be disheartened about causing no breakthroughs but it appears that even the uncrowned political leader of Germany, the president of the Central Council of Jews in Germany, Ignatz Bubis, feels defeated. In an interview in *Stern* he is said to have expressed disappointment in his

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failure during the past seven years to bring Jewish and non-Jewish Germans together. He regrets that the responsibility for Auschwitz is not anchored within the public consciousness of the Germans. He claims that 'everyone in Germany feels responsible for Schiller, Goethe and Beethoven, but no-one for Himmler'.

Bubis also said that he attempted to enshrine the national socialist period as part of German history within the Grundgesetz (Basic Law) and into the 2+4 Treaty of 1990 when the former German Democratic Republic merged with the Federal Republic of Germany. He remains a German citizen but he wishes to be buried in Israel because he does not wish his grave to be blown up as was that of Heinz Galinski (*Frankfurter Rundschau*, 28.7.1999).

In the same edition of that newspaper an unusual one-paragraph item appeared in which Miryam Shomrat, the departing Israeli consul in Berlin, expresses her disquiet about the 'low level' of violence in Germany. She is concerned about the extreme right-wing situation in Germany and suggests that home, school and politics ought to work against such a trend. I do not quite understand this paragraph. On the one hand there is a low level of dangerous activity, and on the other she wishes to generate some form of awareness against this. It reminds me of Klein and his gang at the Staatsanwaltschaft in Mannheim. These people who are here to hunt public enemies must, of course, create them when they are not in existence. And so Klein gets his conceptual prison populated again - what a lonely man he is, were it not for me!

I certainly do not need him to appreciate life. In fact, last Sunday (25 July) I felt anger for the first time in many years. This time it was levelled against Klein and those who locked me up in this prison. On this day around 4 p.m. at Bayreuth on 'the green hill' the 88th Wagner Festival began with Keith Warner's 'Lohengrin', conducted by Antonio Pappano. Last night it was 'Tristan und Isolde'. My plan to attend these performances was arbitrarily cancelled by Klein when he arrested me on 8 April! I had to compensate by listening to a direct broadcast from Bayreuth which some of the prison inmates did not quite appreciate. I was asked to turn down the volume of the radio – which I did reluctantly.

Again like last year, there was also a symposium – 'Wagner in the Third Reich' – which was held at Schloss Elmau. This year Hartmut Zelinsky did receive an invitation, which was not the case to last year's 'Wagner and the Jews' symposium. Zelinsky claims that Wagner research is research into fascism because Wagner delighted in 'hurting people'. Even Holocaust researcher Saul Friedlander was there, attempting to act as a conciliator between the two factions. Professor Dieter Borchmeier of Heidelberg, who helped organise the symposium seemed also somewhat provocative – something he was not at the Wagner symposium which was held during 'The Ring Cycle' in Adelaide in November–December 1998.

While reflecting on this year's Wagner symposium I am pleasantly warmed by another reflection – our Adelaide Institute revisionist symposium of 7–9 August 1998 at Fernilee Lodge, Adelaide. Yes, it is now a year ago that we brought together the world's leading revisionists. State prosecutor Klein has used this fact as evidence against me. I am now 'one of the world's leading so-called revisionists' who therefore deserves to receive a long prison sentence.

I am not flattered by his faint praise in calling me a leading revisionist. If that were the case, then all I can say is, where are the others? One leading light I know is facing prison in Switzerland, Jürgen Graf. On 23 June 1999 Graf lost his appeal before the Obergericht at Aarau. It confirmed his sentence of 16 July 1998 in the Bezirksgericht at Baden 15 months imprisonment and an 8000SFr fine. His lawyer, Dr Urs Oswald, will appeal to the Bundesgericht in Lausanne.

My imprisonment also prevented my visiting Jürgen Graf in Basel and supporting him during his court appearance. It was not to be. I did not know that Klein knew Graf well – so well that when I wished to hand him a copy of Graf's book, *Der Holocaust auf dem Prufstand*, Klein turned this into another proof that I was indeed 'a leading so-called revisionist'. I now admit that it was rather naive of me to think that Klein, the ideologue, can discuss matters without dreaming of imprisoning those who disagree with his beliefs.

I wonder how Klein would respond to British physicist, Stephen Hawking's thesis that our universe is without definable limits. How would Klein respond to Hawking's thesis that in order to develop a theory that explains our very existence, we need to combine Einstein's relativity theory with that of Heisenberg's Unschärferlation (uncertainty relations) theory. Hawking is kind to Einstein because some physicists and philosophers claim Einstein's contribution is already irrelevant. Klein would, no doubt, consider such and idea as proof of anti-Semitism in its purest form! I do not think Klein would ever bother to attend conferences at which international physicists thrash out such problems – as they did at the University of Potsdam at which, on 24 July 1999, Hawking gave his notable address, as part of the 'Strings 99' conference.

No doubt Klein would also feel uncomfortable about former victims of the SED (Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands [Socialist Unity Party of Germany]) receiving compensation from the German government as part of a general compensation package for all political prisoners of the former German Democratic Republic. A federal government cabinet meeting at Bonn decided yesterday that even next of kin are to be compensated. Hot on the heels of this latest compensation package are the Roma and Sinti peoples who feel left out of the deal the German government struck with the Jewish Holocaust survivors – who are to get their Berlin memorial exclusively while all others who suffered at the

hands of the national socialists go empty-handed. I think the Roma and Sinti people ought to be included in this Berlin memorial – but that would rob the Jewish people of their demands for something exclusive.

And so Germany continues to offer a feeding frenzy to all those who can pull out the Nazi card. Interestingly, this terrible allegation against the Germans cannot be documented, except through unreliable witness statements. And from personal experience I know that it is impossible to dispose of over 1 000 000 people without a single piece of paper turning up as proof of such. The Germans are just too thorough in their bureaucratic business. For example the Kraftfahrt-Bundesamt (Transport Authority) at Flensburg, northern Germany, keeps a detailed record of all Germans who have a motor vehicle licence. Any infringements are meticulously recorded and, accordingly, points deducted. It is the most German of all German bureaucracies and unique in the world: (a) authority; (b) thoroughness; (c) incorruptible; and (d) its disciplinary function. It is considered to be one of Germany's last government agencies with moral authority, untouchable and respected but feared by all citizens (Frankfurter Rundschau, 29.7.1999).

And then someone like Klein wants me to 'believe' in the Holocaust without asking difficult questions! All this is becoming more and more ridiculous. I just cannot take Klein seriously any more. Even while writing this I am laughing to myself because this Holocaust controversy is really solvable. But the likes of Klein spend an inordinate amount of energy and finances to keep the lid on this topic. It is funny, though my imprisonment is not really that funny. I feel angry at his use of state power against me.

How can I cope with this anger? Simple, read the newspaper and muse over articles such as the following on 28 July in the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, which, by the way, Herr Noldner of Nuremberg so kindly subscribed to for me. He felt that a newspaper is essential in prison and so his empathetic understanding has brought me great comfort and, because of this article, some laughs: The heading in German reads: 'Fucking gibt es schon seit 800 Jahren' (Fucking has already existed for 800 years). Yes, there is a town of that name in Austria, and after the war it enjoyed some notoriety with US army personnel. The mayor of this town, Siegfried Hoppl, does not speak English but he admits he knows what the word means in English. The 'ing' ending means settlement. Tourists pose before the town's sign, just 30 km north of Salzburg. I think I will visit this place after my exit from Mannheim Prison.

And so I begin my fifth month in jail while tomorrow the state of Baden-Württemberg breaks for its summer holiday period of about six weeks. Court activity is also drastically curtailed. I can expect nothing within the next two months. I have already survived some terribly hot days in my room here on account of it facing the south and the sun's rays doing

their best. On the 11th we will be experiencing the almost total eclipse – Stuttgart and Munich will be in total darkness for a couple of minutes.

Once again I would like to thank all those who have contributed to the fighting fund and to all those who have written to me in prison. Please do not write anymore because Judge Kern has made responding to letters a little difficult. I would rather receive no mail than have to fight this man and wrest from him a postal coupon concession. I just do not have the energy to take on any more German bureaucrats who lack moral backbone. I would rather bear this humiliation in silence. I used to have my walls covered with postcards and other material sent to me. I have cleared my walls of everything so as not to give the authorities a reason to accuse me of disturbing the prison's environment, as was suggested by Judge Kern that a media interview with me would do just that. The arbitrariness of decisions to date is sickening. I hasten to add that it is not only happening in my particular instance. Another fellow inmate will also be writing a book about judicial capriciousness - wilfulness where judges abuse the accused. As I have said elsewhere, I have never observed such personal abuse being dished out by any Australian judge. I think the German judicial system has lost its way on account of Germany's inability to find itself - on account of the terrible allegation that during World War II the Germans systematically exterminated European Jewry in homicidal gas chambers. Please do not tell me that I must believe in the Holocaust.

Regarding Amnesty International's decision to label me a Holocaust denier (*Mail-Times*, 2.8.1999), this indicates its moral and intellectual bankruptcy. Matthew Pringle of Amnesty International states that the following characterises 'a clear intent to publicly advocate the denial of the Holocaust:'. What was Irving's crime? He merely told a German audience that the alleged gas chamber shown to tourists at Auschwitz is a fraud - which is true. So, truth telling is a criminal offence in Germany! Pringle must be suffering from a failure of moral nerve. How can truth telling lead to a denial of the Holocaust? The question here is not whether I deny anything at all but whether I am telling the truth. Truth telling is a moral virtue which knows no limitations. It has nothing to do with 'national', 'racial', 'religious' and 'Holocaust denial'. Amnesty International has thereby disqualified itself as a moral virtue! I hope that our students will think about Amnesty International's value as an organisation.

There was a TV film about Zimbabwe made by SDR in 1997. The final sentence praised the Zimbabweans for respecting their ancestors and their traditions. Sadly, however, Germans have accepted a desolate materialistic consumer mentality. Still, all is not lost. Recently a young 21-year-old lady confessed on TV that she preferred traditional German music to the modern international noise called music.

Hence, my supposition is that this modernisation trend among the Germans will have to run its course. It is not possible to blot out a German's past history appreciation. Take Mannheim for example. In the 17th century this town was unique in the world in that it was planned as a square city block within a circle. Squaring the circle or turning a circle into a square. For example, the office of state public prosecutor Klein is situated at L10. The city square's streets are not named but lettered from A to U. After four months in this city I still do not know it in any detail. I hope to change that soon!

Interestingly, when Friedrich Schiller escaped from the Duke of Württemberg's Karlsschule, he then spent some time at Mannheim where the ruler protected him from any action emanating from Stuttgart.

Mannheim is also intimately linked to the USA and one of its wealthiest families: the Trump's. Donald Trump's parents were Fredrick and Mary. Donald's grandfather was Friedrich Trump who as a 16-year-old migrated in 1855 to New York. In Alaska he established a restaurant for gold-diggers and made a fortune. He returned to Germany in 1901 and married 'the girl next door' – Elizabeth. They returned to the USA where in 1905 Frederich was born. Friedrich's sisters, Luise and Katharina, also lived in New York.

Today, Christian Freund, Donald's cousin twice removed, still lives at Q2 in Mannheim where he has a Kunsthandlung. His greatgrandmother was Elisabeth Trump who married Carl Freund III.

There is more. John-Henry Heinz supplied King Ludwig II of Bavaria with tomato sauce. In 1844 Heinz married Sophie Freund, the great-great-aunt of Christian Freund. The rest of the Heinz story in the USA is legendary.

Professor Dr Urlich Sieber of Wurzburg Universität writes in *Neue Juristische Wochenschrift* (19.7.1999, no. 29) that German law cannot extend to sites operating overseas. It would presume that the German judiciary wished to play world policeman. He also differentiates between 'push-pull' technology. The Internet offers, passively, information. It needs to be pulled of the Net – and that is then the action of a German committing a crime, and not a crime for the information provider in whose country it is legal to operate the website.

In summary, let me state this: I have as yet not read *Mein Kampf* but, with this nonsense about banning the book, I thumb my nose at the authority that wishes to dictate to me which books are good for me. Such censorship is a mindset that hates free thinkers. It is deeply authoritarian – immature and intolerant.

Fear of violence does not justify draconian censorship laws. The police manage to control physical violence quite well. That was the crux of the 1970s political movement that advocated physical violence – Baader-Meinhoff's Red Army Faction. They wished to destroy the German state, not by force of argument, but through physical terror – killings. No-one can say the Internet is a killing machine that forces individuals to commit acts of violence.

The German legal system always emphasises in the arrest warrant and in the formal indictment that an accused has perpetrated some kind of act for which he is responsible. If Internet censorship moves succeed then we have a situation where someone can say, 'The Internet forced me to read *Mein Kampf*'. Who remembers *The Comedy Company* and the little girl who always blamed her doll for her own naughtiness, 'Dolly did it, Dolly did it!'.

We seem to be reverting to some kind of infantile level of development where individual personal responsibility is taken care of by guardians who control our laws. Free thinkers and free-spirited individuals, move aside and make way for those who wish to rape our minds by imposing their twisted values on us.

Also on this day when the Moon eclipsed the Sun, Israel's Ministry of Justice announced it would hand over to German researchers the memoirs of Adolf Eichmann – the diary he wrote while awaiting his execution through hanging on 1 June 1962. Attorney-General Elyakim Rubinstein ruled that it should be published together with a scholarly commentary. The manuscript lies in a vault where it has been kept for 37 years, after then Prime Minister David Ben Gurion ordered it banned for fear its publication may generate anti-Semitism. Professor Yehuda Bauer, Yad Vashem, Jerusalem said the manuscript contains 'Eichmann's interpretations of the Holocaust [which are] naturally wrong'. But he said it is important to publish it even if it 'is a collection of errors'. Is the academic ideal-principle of 'publish and be damned' still alive? Why not publish the memoirs without a commentary?

All this dreary stuff needs a boost and I found an item for those who wish to continue the dream – which? That is left for you to decide.

On the shores of the Forggensee in Bavaria, opposite King Ludwig II's castle Neuschwanstein, near Füssen, an open-air theatre – just like the Sydney Opera House jutting into the harbour – is being constructed. It will open next March with a seating capacity of 1400, and have the second largest stage in Germany, after the Frankfurt Opera. The project will cost DM74 000 000 and the play will be about Ludwig II's life. Imagine, after the performance you can view Neuschwanstein, or alternately, view the castle first, then attend the theatre.

* * *

Sunday, 8 August 1999

8 a.m.: church service with Pastor Kunzmann back from his holiday.

11-11.30 a.m.: lunch.

The usual weekend Umschluß until supper time at 3 p.m.

Then in cell until 8 a.m. Hofgang: 'Klappe zu, Affe tot'.

The Edinburgh Fringe Festival is on TV!

Monday, 9 August 1999

Hubertus has completed a detailed picture of my cell, 1313, which makes my word-picture superfluous (see page 264).

Eric Rössler, Günter Deckert's 'right-hand-man' visits again at 2 p.m. It is always a delight to see him. He is my contact to the outside world, and he made my first few days in prison bearable by providing me with basic office equipment: typewriter, paper, envelopes, paper and stamps.

Later, Christopher Steele did likewise by sending me from Australia a packet of goodies, including a small pair of scissors that was freely handed out to me. The wardens trust me not to be stupid and use it as a weapon, either against myself or against others. Then he also sent me a Spicer student diary, and entries therein now form the basis of these reports. Memory-time is strenuous because all my energy goes into keeping myself afloat from day-to-day – let us hope, not till the last syllable of recorded time.

Eric is allowed to bring into the prison DM18 from which I can then purchase oranges, apples and bananas, chocolate, biscuits and soft-drinks, naturally. My yearning for fresh fruit leads me to finish off this purchase within three days at the most. Will have to discipline myself in future.

In the Frankfurter Rundschau two items caught my eye.

1. Jews claim against Poles in the USA. Lawyers in New York, Urbach & Klein (again such good German names), submitted a compensation claim against the Polish government in June on behalf of 11 Jews whose property was confiscated by the state. The Polish-Jewish journalist, Adam Mischnik, says this claim is 'a collection of shameful lies' and its authors are 'rogues without a conscience'. The Polish government rejected the claim, basing its reason on the immunity the state enjoys, and a 1960 treaty that compensated USA citizens, whose property had been confiscated in Poland, with \$40 million. The claim for compensation also stated that Poland had profited during the past 54 years from the plan that led to the forced removal and extermination of Jews in Poland. It, in effect, also blames Poland for Auschwitz because of the then prevailing anti-Semitism. This was too much for Mischnik, the chief editor of the largest Polish daily

newspaper, Gazeta Wyboreza. In a front-page editorial, 'Lies in the shadow of the Shoah', he accused the authors of the claim of extreme anti-Polish attitudes which can only be compared to extreme anti-Semitism. Michnik claims he lost his family in the Shoah (Holocaust).

2. Great Britain is to compensate victims of Nazis whose property the state confiscated during World War II. Trade Minister Stephen Byers said 10 people were entitled to compensation. In all 250 people from all over the world will be compensated out of a £25 000 000 fund. A 1939 law enabled the government to confiscate property from Axis countries whose citizens had fled to Britain where they hoped their fortunes would be safe: Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia.

The Landgericht rejects Andreas Röhler's application to assist in my defence.

And after I return from my walk to the visitors' barracks, I glance at the noticeboard and read about the sun eclipse around 12.30 p.m. on Wednesday. All prisoners are requested to watch this only with special glasses because watching this natural phenomenon can cause blindness. Normal sunglasses are ineffective and 'Sonderhof für U-Gefangene' (special exercise in the yard) will be postponed until 1.30 p.m. So, although Mannheim is not quite in its path we shall be able to watch it – and watch we will!

Tuesday, 10 August 1999

Restlessness in prison and all over this part of Germany in anticipation of the total sun eclipse.

7-9 p.m.: Bible Group with Pastor Kunzmann, which is always interesting, not because we enjoy tea and biscuits but because Kunzmann is a man who thinks. At the hand of various Bible texts we are able to explore any topic that comes to mind - and that is therapeutic for any prisoner. Even if some become too autobiographical in their verbal responses to questions, the fact that a discourse and exchange of thoughts occurs is beneficial.

We are all human – and we need to talk, to communicate our fears of the present situation which, on remand, is marked by uncertainty. Some have been on remand for 12 to 18 months, without facing court, without receiving a formal indictment. Germans call this 'Beugungshaft', imprisonment designed to break an alleged criminal's resistance, and make him pliable to dealing with the public prosecutor. Rudi did such a deal. He admitted that he did not inform his investment clients of the unsecured nature of his funds. Yet that was not the truth – because the prospectus, and the application form, contained this warning, albeit in small print. But the judge would not accept that and through the public

prosecutor indicated that trooping half-a-dozen pensioners as witnesses through the court as victims of Rudi's doings would get him more than three years in prison. Rudi should be out by Christmas!

We have 'heavier' fellows here who have already spent up to three years on remand – because they will not talk, will not agree to deal with the public prosecutor. Then there are some who truly believe they are innocent of any crime – yours truly is an example.

Wednesday, 11 August 1999

6 a.m.: the usual wake-up/check-up call.

8 a.m.: the door is again opened for the 1-hour walk, something that I have stuck to since my arrival here. After that I go to gym until $11\ a.m.$ lunchtime.

A quick shower and ready for sun-eclipse watching. I switch on my TV set and get the first glimpse of the eclipse as it hits Cornwall, England. The coverage continues to Reims (France); then Saarbrücken, Stuttgart (cloudy and showery) and Munich (Germany); Graz (Austria); and Bucharest (Romania) is the last city in Europe.

Luckily my cell faces south, and it is overcast. Just as the moon begins to cover the sun, there is a cloud cover that enables me to look directly into the sun – for only a brief second. No need to overdo it – as some will do, thanks to the media frenzy to which individuals gladly submit. At 12.32 p.m. it is dark and the pigeons outside have settled down on the rooves and the prison spotlights are on – just like any other night. It is somewhat eerie – especially when soon after the sun returns.

The last full eclipse in Europe was in 1887; the next is in 2085.

I delight in seeing people at Stonehenge celebrating the event positively, with a wedding ceremony. Why were the ancient peoples frightened of such an event – claiming the Moon ate the Sun etc.? Of course frightened people can be controlled that much more easily than those who do not fear natural wonders. It is so much like that Holocaust controversy – it is fear of fear itself that paralyses individuals. Add to that the fact that noone wants to admit having been conned into believing in a lie, then perhaps we can understand why reason is so weak a factor against a strong belief, even if an irrational one.

1.30 p.m.: I am taken to the visitors' barracks where at 2 p.m. I expect Ernest Edwards from the Australian Embassy in Bonn. He is held up in traffic around the Frankfurt Autobahnkreuz and arrives at 3 p.m. I am still glad to see him because of that personal chat, and also because he brings along newspapers and *The Bulletin*. It is his third visit in 5 months; the other was made by Lucinda Meagher on 9 June. He has been busy arranging the funeral matters of the young Australians who died in Switzerland. It was good to see Sir William Deane also attend. When the

ceremony was shown on German television, I thought I recognised his face – and those nine dots of Channel 9 as the television station generating the news item.

While we are on the topic, Arte screened an interesting documentary about Jewgeni Chaldej, a Red Army photographer who took the photograph of the Red Army solider hoisting the flag above the German Reichstag as the Germans capitulated. The photographer admits that this photograph was staged some time after the event. Chaldej successfully survived all Soviet dictators from Stalin to Bresnhev and died in Moscow in 1997. During the Nuremberg Trials he was the official photographer for the Soviet Union. The article in the Frankfurter Rundschau from which this information is taken, concludes, 'Bei dem Nürnberger Prozesses war er Bildberichterstatter der Sowjetunion und fotografierte die NS-Verbrecher, die den Massenmord an den Juden und den uberfall auf die Sowjetunion zu verantworten hatten'.

An item next to the above is headed: 'Reporter ohne Grenzen - 20 Lander sind "Feinde" des Internet' (Reporter without boundaries - 20 countries are 'enemies' of the Internet). A French association of journalists (Reporters Sans Frontieres [RSF]) reports that 20 governments in the Middle East, the former Soviet Union, Asia and parts of Africa block Internet traffic totally or partially. RSF brands these countries 'enemy states' of the Internet. In all, 45 countries limit access to the Internet because of content 'under the pretext of protecting its citizens from subversive ideas, or to guarantee public order and national unity'. Goodness me, have I not come across this argument recently? Indeed, prosecutor Klein accused Adelaide Institute's website of doing just that. Imagine, Adelaide Institute supporters, you are threatening the very existence of the Federal Republic of Germany by exposing your minds to the material on the website.

There is something not quite right here. If Klein's argument is upheld in court then I must re-evaluate my 55 years on this planet. I cannot understand how I can possess that much naked power which threatens the very existence of this 80 000 000 strong nation. Please explain, someone.

That item appeared to the right of the foregoing. To the left appeared 'Hitlers Propaganda per Mausklik - Grosse US-Online-Buchhändler vertreiben "Mein Kampf" (Hitler's propaganda per mouse click - large US Online bookstore distributes *Mein Kampf*). In mid July the Los Angeles Simon Wiesenthal Centre's Rabbi Abraham Cooper (whom I visited in April 1997) advised German Justice Minister Herta Daubler-Gmelin that, on his behalf, he commissioned Germans to purchase, per the Internet, copies of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. He asked the minister to react immediately, and warned the online providers not to become 'unintentional spreaders of hatred in Germany'.

Michel Friedmann, a member of the Zentralrats der Juden in Deutschland, told the *Frankfurter Rundschau* it was 'intolerable' for Germans to have access to such books because it would make it difficult to place similar texts on the index. The German publisher, Bertelsmann in Gütersloh, and its USA subsidiary, Barnes & Noble, stated it would regulate its book sales so that banned books in Germany are not made available to Germans from overseas. Spokesperson for Bertelsmann, Markus Payer, said there was a 'moral and legal problem' because *Mein Kampf* is not prohibited in the USA.

Friedmann is quoted as saying that the 'contamination of the Internet' with racist and anti-Semitic content has to be attacked internationally. He hoped more public prosecutors and state security police would surf the Internet more and prosecute offenders. Christa Arns, a spokesperson for the Justice Minister, said that only if those responsible for placing such material on the Net came to Germany could they be legally pursued. Hey, that all sounds familiar – why did Klein not inform me of that when I wrote to him before my departure and asked whether there was anything against my coming to visit him in his office during April 1999.

Thursday, 12 August 1999

For most of the 250-odd remand prisoners this day is bliss – it is 'let's go shopping' in the prison supermarket. Tobacco, coffee and Coke remain the most popular items – at terribly inflated prices. There must be a higher price because a stigma is attached to those who deal with prisoners – so 'they' say.

Friday, 13 August 1999

Our choir is looking for new members, and so I go on a recruitment drive – over 15 interested persons respond. That is good.

The Frankfurter Rundschau reports on a Berlin historian, Professor Wolfgang Benz, saying to the local 'Tagesspiegel' it is nonsense to print a complete edition of Eichmann's memoirs. It would suffice 'if a handful of historians were familiar with the text, analysed it within the context of other sources, then published the results for a broader public'. Am I reading this correctly? Am I translating his words correctly? 'Wenn eine Handvoll Historiker den Text kennen, ihn im Kontext anderer Quellen analysieren und das Ergebnis fur das breite Publikum veröffentlichen'. That is what Benz is saying.

Harry Mulich, a Dutch novelist pleads for total publication as soon as possible. He says this material is not only for historians but for all. Mulich lost Jewish family members in the Sobibor Concentration Camp: 'I know this text, and upon my insistence during the 1960s the Israeli prosecutor, Avner Less, gave it to me to read. It will not change our picture of Eichmann but it is still interesting', he said.

I think we can give Benz a miss from now on, His mindset discredits the open and fearless debate. He thinks people cannot handle the truth. Why is there a need to use state force to subjugate this Holocaust material? The threat of rising anti-Semitism is not founded on fact. Anti-Semitism does not threaten the Jewish people. Assimilation is a far greater threat to them. Is it the Holocaust racket that has become a billion dollar industry over the decades, which drives the censorship lobby crazy? The love of truth cannot be censored forever – it will overcome the haters and the liars who trade on the power of the baser human values for their own survival. The circle will close, the wheel will turn. Let us push it along some more and hurry up this process of truth discovery for the sake of our humanity.

Talking about censorship of books and movements, the *Frankfurter Rundschau* runs a report on the Flaum Gong sect and how in Peking the communist government authorised a book burning. This kind of state act is naturally considered to be typical of a police state. But what about the more subtle method of Net censorship? Is that not also a kind of book burning.

Perhaps we are in an age where new 'political religions' (Eric Voegelin, 1938) are needed to replace the timeless needs of the utopian dreamers or those who wish to hurry along their own nihilistic apocalypse, now! It is all in the Old Testament. What is not there is a democratic spirit, something that we are to this day attempting to establish. Professor Eckhard Jesse at the Technische Universität, Chemnitz suggests that historical trends are not determined but open. We do not know, he says, whether the Millennium will bring with it the end of history (Francis Fukuyma) or a new Middle Age (Alain Minc). Somehow I sense that history may repeat itself but not exactly. Even the latest scientific-genetic innovations have failed to change the nature of the Mensch. Eugenics may even eliminate afflictions that make life miserable for millions – without the cry of 'Hitlerism-Nazism' arising. Perhaps.

The Berlin Wall was built in 1961 and more than 1000 individuals were killed trying to escape the communist system of repression in the former German Democratic Republic. Steffi Graf announces her retirement from tennis! Ignatz Bubis, 72, dies in Frankfurt (president of the Central Council of Jews in Germany and president of the European Jewish Congress).

Saturday, 14 August 1999

More Bubis material in all media outlets. His self-definition as a 'deutscher Burger judischen Glaubens' (German citizen of Jewish faith) did not work and he is quoted as saying that that was a 'mistake'. The playwright Werner Fassbinder based his *Der Mull, die Stadt und der Tod* (Waste, the city and death) on Bubis who during the 1970s made millions as a property speculator. In 1985 he prevented the staging of the

premiere of Fassbinder's play. He did not like to be regarded as a ruthless property speculator. Now he is celebrated as 'a moral authority'.

Bubis, together with his wife, and a minister of religion, remained seated as the audience in the Frankfurt Paulskirche gave Martin Walser a standing ovation on 11 October 1998 on the occasion of Walser receiving the Peace Prize of the German Book Sellers. Walser rained the taboo topic by saying that he refuses to be knocked over by the intimidatory Auschwitz topic – 'die Moralkeule' (the moral club).

Bubis, on 9 November 1998, in the Berlin Synagogue on Rykestrasse called Walser a 'geistiger Brandstifter' (mental firebug). When I called in on Walser briefly on 6 April, a couple of days before my arrest, he was still visibly shaken by this episode. Despite Bubis' death the controversy is still alive. Henneke Kardel of Hamburg sent me his 55-page booklet, 'Bubis Republik Deutschland?', wherein the shadier side of this man is aired.

Sunday, 15 August 1999

Today's television is full of Bubis eulogies, some of it critical. For example, in evaluating Bubis' contribution to German society on the HR program *Titel*, *Themen Temperament* screened by ARD, Israeli writer Tom Segev claims Bubis failed in life because he was not at home in either Germany or Israel. This criticism was backed up in a macabre scene at Bubis' burial ceremony at Givat Shaul Cemetery north of Tel Aviv. A distant relative of Felix Mendelsohn, Meir, desecrated the semi-open grave by pouring black paint into it, thereby fulfilling a promise to himself – Bubis will not go to heaven as a saint. Mendelsohn claimed that Bubis was a criminal and was co-responsible for the 1968 student revolt. He used his 'Jewishness' and to top it off, says Mendelsohn, Bubis was a thief, a cheat and a liar. While writing this I thought to myself – how human Bubis must have been: an ideal Bundespräsident of Germany, as some suggested?

The controversy will not die because the historical truths surrounding the story have still not been revealed to Germans publicly. That needs doing otherwise the Germans will not find themselves – they will not find a home within themselves until the lies are exposed. The fear of telling the truth is crippling not only the average Germans – they are far too busy staying alive in this hi-tech country. But it is also killing those who are holding on to the lies.

I am reminded of an article in yesterday's *Frankfurter Rundschau* about the Neanderthalers and how 500 000 years ago that species and modern humans went their separate ways. To this day it cannot be explained why the Neanderthalers became extinct. The common ancestor theory is partially supported by genetic analysis carried out by two Tübingenbased researchers, geneticists Carsten Pusch and Lutz Bachmann and historian Michael Scholz. The Croatian archaeologist, Ivor Karavanic, at

a congress at the Neanderthal Museum in Mettmann, presented new C14 datings. According to his research Neanderthalers lived in Vindija, northwest Croatia, as late as 28 000 years ago – while modern human remains date back 33 000 years in neighbouring Velika Pecina. Hence his theory states that for over 5000 years both species co-existed within the heart of Europe.

I like to think that we have Neanderthalers amongst us to this very day. The problem of identity is raised in Steffen Siegmund's review of Wilfried Loth and Bernd-A. Rusinek's Verwandlungspolitik. NS-Eliten in der westdeutschen Nachkriegsgesellschaft (Campus Verlag, Frankfurt-am-Main, 1998). He concludes that a person's identity is not necessarily fixed for a lifetime, as the example of the academic and former rector of the Rheinisch-Wesfälischen Technische Hochschule Aachen. revealed. Hans Schmert headed this university until 1995 when he confessed to being Hans Ernst Schneider, the former SS member. The book illustrates how the German elites of the national socialists adapted to become the elite of the Federal Republic of Germany. It also shows how individual and social developmental processes need to be evaluated and analysed more carefully before subjecting them to moral evaluation. A normative evaluation of the national socialist past thus becomes possible and questions of adaptation and learning processes can be pursued, rather than falling back on the well-known explanation pattern of opportunistic behaviour and successful deception.

Hey, how does such theorising affect the Holocaust controversy? Do not ask. The Holocaust has become a dogma and it needs no further critical illumination. Anyone who disagrees is simply labelled an 'anti-Semite', a 'Holocaust denier', 'a racist' or a 'neo-Nazi'. What such labelling reveals about the labeller is that they have run out of arguments and now need to stoop to the level of personal abuse. That is a sure sign of moral and intellectual bankruptcy.

In my view this state was reached by Ignatz Bubis when he labelled Martin Walser a mental firebug. Likewise, a Justice Ministry spokesperson when asked to comment on the Internet availability of *Mein Kampf* said, 'Wir wollen den Schweinekram nicht haben' (We do not want this filth here). Departing Israeli Ambassador Avi Privo said Germany was like an alcoholic when it came to *Mein Kampf* - there is no education against the book. This comment is a little more helpful than that from the ministry's spokesperson. Professor Horst Moller of the Institut für Zeitgeschichte would like to see a 'wissenschaftliche Ausgabe' of *Mein Kampf*. I ask myself why limit the distribution of the book to academics only? After all, since 1925 some 10 000 000 copies have been sold – and to this day the book is the most read book in the world, surpassing the Bible. No wonder Ephraim Zuroff of the Simon Wiesenthal Centre in Israel rang the 'alarum bell': blow wind, come wrack, at least we will die with harness on our back!

Monday, 16 August 1999

Lawyer Ludwig Bock arrived this afternoon at 3 p.m. He advises me that the Karlsruhe Oberlandesgericht will now look at the appeal against the Landgericht's decision to continue my imprisonment. Bock likes my letter to Judge Kern wherein I advise the latter that according to Sections 262 and 266 of the Basic Law, it is a criminal matter to suppress or distort true facts. I wonder, though, whether these paragraphs are strong enough to overcome Sections 130, 185, 189 and 194.

Today, also, my first copy of *The Bulletin* arrived - hell, I am homesick.

Tuesday, 17 August 1999

On this day 12 years ago Rudolf Hess was strangled to death. After Hofgang I attended my first 'Drogensport', the misnamed 9.30 –11 a.m. sports session that has nothing to do with drugs. On Tuesdays and Thursdays Herr Wolf, a one-time decathlon champion, takes about 12 of us at any one time into the new sports hall. We play soft tennis, volleyball, basketball, soccer, throwing the medicine ball and exercising on a mat. On this first session of the new year it was soft tennis. Boy, did I sweat but not bad for an old fellow like me. It is good and much-needed exercise.

The hall is also used by the Mannheim community. A school even sends it students there. They, naturally, use a street entrance to gain entry into the sports complex which stands outside of the prison walls. We are a privileged group in that we exit the prison compound via a tunnel through the wall. But no fear, there is no escape. Outside the walls is the huge work area – the assembly plant for bicycles, the carpentry complex and, at the back, there are tile containers housing the illegal immigrants who are on their way out of Germany. This outer area of the prison is also enclosed by a wall but the sports complex is not: it forms part of the external wall and sits within it.

7-9 p.m.: we meet again in the room next to the prison chapel for Bible study. As usual there is plenty of tea and biscuits – and the discussion roams far and wide. Sometimes I sense that the wardens sitting in the Zentrale look darkly upon us because we re-enter our remand ring with animated and smiling faces. This is not how a criminal ought to behave. We are here to be punished and although technically still innocent until proven guilty, it seems that we ought to get used to becoming broken men. Never!

Wednesday, 18 August 1999

6.45 a.m.: called to the Kammer to collect my guitar. At long last and after an earlier failed attempt to get a guitar, Herr Taubner of Köln has come through with one. Now I can begin to strum away my pain and start to sing about my yearning for freedom. During the evening's Umschluß Klaus I tuned the guitar for me. That night the fingertips on my left hand

pained terribly. I have overdone the strumming. Even this typing is done with one hand. I need to go slowly and let the fingertips develop a tough protective layer of skin – calluses.

Today in the *Frankfurter Rundschau* an article by Professor Norman Paech (Hochschule für Wirtschaft und Politik, Hamburg) entitled 'Die Moral der Legalität' deals with NATO's war against Serbia. He thinks that academics cannot be accused of having remained in their ivory towers. In fact, he observed two intellectual battlelines: the moralists fought for the NATO war and the jurists-legalists opposed the war. He slots the following into the moralists' camp: sociologists, peace researchers and philosophers: all wish to hurry along a new world order.

The jurists remain sceptical against 'the political-military logic', not as pacifists but with a deep mistrust of the belief that force will bring about a new order. The moralists won the battle but not entirely because to this day they are attempting to prove their war was just 'on humanitarian grounds', that is. securing a peoples' human rights. A denial of the same justifies the legal external intervention into a matter otherwise considered to be an internal dispute. He cites a Belgian, M.E. Arntz, who argues that if a government through injustices and terror denies human rights to its citizens, then a legitimate external intervention is justified. It means that a government's sovereignty and independence must yield to a higher value, namely that humanity not be insulted. Just as an individual's freedom is limited through legal and moral social norms, so too must the freedom of a state be limited through 'die Rechte der menschlichen Gesellschaft'.

This viewpoint was not acceptable for the legalists because who decided 'der Stand der Zivilisation und die Beleidigung des Rechts der Menschlichkeit?'. Arbitrary definitions could not justify external intervention into internal affairs – and this was anchored in the United Nations charter after 1945. To declare a humanitarian intervention as justified failed because of some dubious military interventions by the USA: Grenada (1983), Nicaragua (1984) Panama (1989). In 1986 the International Court of Justice stated that the USA may have had its own assessment of human rights abuse in Nicaragua, yet the use of force cannot be an accepted method with which to secure respect for human rights. Protecting human rights cannot also mean the destruction of oil refineries and arming the Contra rebels.

Paech then asks the crucial question: 'What is moral about legality?'. The USA overcomes any problem thus arising by circumventing its rights in the UN Security Council. In this way it is easy to start a military intervention at the expense of the political conflict resolution processes. Paech concludes by stating that an illegal act should not be sold as a new legal act.

On BW-TV at night I watch a program with 'allegedly' Germany's foremost literary critic, Marcel Reich-Ranicki, a survivor of the Warsaw

Ghetto. Madly gesticulating with his index fingers – poking and whirling them about as if he was involved in some fencing competition – he claims that all Ghetto musicians 'were gassed in Auschwitz'. I watch in astonishment that he gets away with such a libellous comment. But I forget, he has a total right-of-way in Germany. He, unlike Bubis, does not call himself a German, although he refuses to be part of the Jewish society. No doubt I shall meet this character again some day.

Thursday, 19 August 1999

Good dream at night - about love. Odd, since my imprisonment I have not had one disturbing dream - all pleasant and soothing.

Hofgang with Hubertus and after to Drogensport for volleyball – ring finger almost out of joint, hence no guitar playing. A 1-minute shower, then lunch and rest.

4.30 p.m.: Warden Mackert brings the Frankfurter Rundschau to my cell.

5 p.m.: Warden Leiber brings the mail – from Australia, France, USA and Germany – which contains a good supply of stamps. So after the 5 p.m. Fish Group it is letter writing all night. Good to see the item about Electronic Frontiers Australia having organised 28 May as a 'Day of Action'.

Friday, 20 August 1999

6 a.m.: wake-up call is followed by my request for permission to clean my room. It is usually granted on either Thursday or Friday mornings. Then it is off to the kitchen area where bucket, rag and broom are stored. Warm water and some detergent complete the preparation for the important German task, Putzen (cleaning). The few German prisoners here are meticulous, even lovingly wiping the cell door.

While waiting for the cell door to dry the opportunity arises to informally socialise with others who are also cleaning conscious. Then, in no time, it is 7.50 a.m., time for Hofgang. On my return I collect the Laufzettel with permission to walk about the prison from my cell to the visitors' barracks. Lawyer Bock has announced his 3 p.m. visit. He informs me that the Oberlandesgericht has had my application for release for over two weeks. He expects a response at any time: either that I be released immediately or that I remain here until the trial. I fall back on my old maxim – which is not original, but it fits: hope for the best and expect the worst. In this way those painful emotional fluctuations of my youth remain a distant memory.

The prison administration is finally transferring its filing system to a computer. My new number is 1999/0528/0. Wardens are now battling to become computer literate.

The big news item in today's *Mannheimer Morgen* is the full-page treatment of Horst Hoffmann's remand time here of 16½ months

without a formal indictment to hand. Together with another bank manager (and two others in prison), Hoffmann has to face charges of authorising loans worth millions of Deutschemark without proper security. The community savings bank, Sparkasse Mannheim, needs a scapegoat because Mannheim's mayor is also involved in this business. Hoffmann, a pious man who belongs to a Baptist Church, has a wife who needs constant medical supervision. But such personal pain does not interest public prosecutor Gabriel Schopf who has fought hard to keep him in prison, yet she lacks the competence to get the formal indictment properly written up. Does she care that Hoffmann is hurting in prison? Why is he not allowed to spend his time at home when there is absolutely no danger of his absconding from his responsibilities?

I think about public prosecutor Klein also insisting I remain in prison for the same reason: danger of flight from a severe prison sentence! It appears to me that some public prosecutors wish to embellish their fading careers by inflicting pain and suffering on accused persons under the pretext of protecting society from criminals, and sending out the message that crime does not pay. In my case, though, it is Klein who is the criminal – because he lies!

Just to be fair to the German justice system, I am reminded of an article in *The City Messenger* in Adelaide on 7 July 1999 wherein Justice Robin Millhouse criticised the state government for using the 1986-built remand centre to house convicted prisoners. He also criticised the doubling-up in prison cells, which is also a practice here. His final point was that if a remand prisoner is together with a convicted prisoner, then the presumption of innocence, 'one of the cornerstones of criminal law', is mocked.

Greg Kelton's article in *The Advertiser* on 8 May 1999, 'Jails in the hot seat', captured the atmosphere in Adelaide's jails. Overcrowding and drugs are a problem – just like at Mannheim and other German jails. I have concluded that jail sentences do not help drug addicts to break the habit. On the contrary, addicts are in need of massive amount of tender love and care in order to overcome their psychological problems. Jails merely brutalise and radicalise those who cannot break the habit on their own. Where is compassion in those who advocate a draconian approach to the drug problem? The drug prisoners are only the unfortunate ones in a chain of highly specialised drug-cartel activity that reaches to the very pinnacle of human endeavour – in all countries of the world.

Saturday, 21 August 1999

Began reading the biography of Carl Jung sent to my by Werner Fischer of Adelaide. And browsed through the material David Brockschmidt sent me, especially about a call he received from Rabbi Moshe Teitelboim of New York.

10–10.30 p.m.: watching the fireworks at Herzogenried's fairground from my cell. Inmates respond in animated fashion – cheering, yelling, screeching and whistling as each firework's burst lights the sky with an accompanying whistle or explosion.

Browsing through the *Frankfurter Rundschau* I find a full-page article by Ingrid Muller-Munch, 'Fremde im eigenen Haus' (Strangers in one's own home). It is the story of Marianne Stern (née Winter) of Hemmerden and her forced removal to Figam then her return to her home after World War II. The tragedy of her life, because she was Jewish, is given and not disputed. After all, it is documented in detail.

In the Düsseldorf City Museum at the end of January 1999 there is an exhibition of peculiar interest, auction lists that detail the various objects taken from deported Jews' possessions and purchased by Aryan neighbours – in minutest detail, which clothing item, which piece of furniture etc. Liesa Gelius-Dietrich, Marianne Stern's friend, recognised the material as that belonging to Marianne – who passed away in 1998. In 1952 Stern had appeared before a committee that was to decide whether her claim of persecution because of race was sustainable. It was documented that she was deported to Riga, but no documentation existed about her concentration camp claim. Now her son, Alfredo, a banker in Düsseldorf, wants to follow up the material on display in the Düsseldorf Museum. It was first dug out of the Köln Oberfinanzamt archive by national socialist researcher Wolfgang Dressen. Recently Alfredo Stern was informed that his claim of inheritance on the objects was not justified.

I empathise with this man's expressed wish of regaining what once belonged to his mother. But what I find fascinating is that documentation exists on such matters. I found similar documents in the Kiev archive, where details of confiscated property belonging to deported Jewish families are readily available. We have the whole World War II deportation tragedy well documented, except for the homicidal gassing claims. Why? Show me or draw me a homicidal gas chamber – or shut up and stop defaming a whole nation!

Sunday, 22 August 1999

Owing to my watching TV until 2 a.m., I am tired – but discipline myself to attend church service at 8 a.m. and Hofgang at 9.30 a.m. It is a lovely cloudless day and I yearn for my freedom. What have I done to deserve this imprisonment. I want to be out by the end of next month – why? Mannheim is staging parts of 'The Ring' and I have to be there!

Noon-3 p.m.: delightful Umschluß with KI, KII and Hubertus. After that back to cell 1313 and vegetating, reading and watching TV. Not much energy for any detailed writing up of notes. Watching athletics on TV is 'fun'!

Monday, 23 August 1999

A strange thing is happening with my teeth. After gym – and I did not exercise excessively – I showered and lunched and lay down for my rest. A throbbing in my lower left jaw. I cool it down with a soaking of cold water – which works. Then I tire of getting up and lying down, getting up and lying down. I just walk in the cell, until my tooth-throbbing ceases. What is going on? Is it the food? Is it my exercising too much? It is nuisance value – until midnight.

On this day Andreas Röhler activates his complaint against the refusal by the Mannheim court to permit him to become a part of the defence counsel team. His reasoning is in Appendix 29.

Tuesday, 24 August 1999

More toothache after Kraftsport. After lunch I visit the visiting optician to have my glasses fixed. Luckily David Brockschmidt sent me a spare pair because without them I just cannot read anything at all.

I dread attending the Bible Group because of my toothache but by 7 p.m. it has disappeared. Again a delightful session with tea and biscuits giving us a feeling of not being in a prison – for a couple of hours at least. Pastor Kunzmann lets the discussion rein freely – anything is open for discussion or comment. Here there is no Gesinnungsschnuffelei. We have total freedom of speech. That reflects positively upon Kunzmann.

Wednesday, 25 August 1999

Technomusic until 3 a.m. from cell 1312 – oh, oh, oh! A happy day – Eric Rössler visits me and leaves behind a new typewriter ribbon, so this one can disappear and I will be back in the black. Again I enjoy Eric's fruit and chocolate purchase for me. I will share this with my Umschluß mates on Thursday.

Thursday, 26 August 1999

Bock arrives after lunch and we appeal against the court's decision to reject Andreas Röhler's request that he be part of the defence team. Whether we will succeed is another matter but it is worth a try. As far as I can judge the situation all Landgericht judges are Befangen (biased) in my case. Who is not forewarned by what happened to Judge Orlet after he gave Günter Deckert a good character reference! They simply use – abuse – state power to generate their personal power kick. That is sad.

The German press agency, dpa, runs an item about prominent Germans warning against extreme right-wing parties – the DVU (Deutsche Volks Union) and NPD – succeeding in Saturday's state elections in Brandenburg. Among the artists and writers is Daniel Barenboim and Martin Walser who say, 'Each vote for a democratic party is a vote against the 'braunen Spuk' (brown spirit or spook).

Friday, 27 August 1999

Hubertus off to the prison hospital because of his continued high blood pressure.

At 6.25 p.m. on local Mannheim TV, RNF, a program titled, 'Geht Auschwitz mich was an?' (Is Auschwitz any of my concern?). The usual nonsense – one-sided and then not factually clarified nor substantiated.

In today's *Deutsches Allgemeines Sonntagsblatt* Frank Keil reviews Nico Rost's *Goethe in Dachau* as a prelude, no doubt, to tomorrow's anticipated joyous occasion – the celebration of Goethe's 250th birthday. I shall personally toast Werner Fischer's birthday tomorrow – and hope he and Irma will have an extra glass for me.

About Nico Rost's book. The author was born in 1898 in Groningen, The Netherlands and by 1926 had established himself as a journalist in Berlin. He became a communist and in April 1933 he was arrested and sent to the concentration camp at Oranienburg. Protests in the foreign press effected his release and banning from Germany a couple of months later. Only at the end of the 1950s does he renounce his communist ideals. Again, when I reach this point in the article, I ask myself, how can an intelligent man embrace a dictatorship?

Rost was arrested in Brussels in 1943 and sent to Dachau Concentration Camp where on 10 June 1944 he began his diary. He ended it on 30 April 1945 at 7 a.m. when the USA 'liberated' Dachau. The reviewer says it is now common knowledge that in spite of the fear of death humans continued to occupy themselves with the arts. He cites that 'fraudulent master of Holocaust literature', Primo Levi, who says that in the concentration camps even illiterates read books for the sake of expressing one's existence. Rost did the same – he read Goethe's works as well as Stendhal's. In 1946 Rost's book first appeared in The Netherlands. Two years later it was published in East Berlin. However, Rost's comment about the anti-Semitism expressed by Polish inmates of Dachau upset the SED culture bureaucrats. Together with his wife he was deported from East Germany in 1951. He died in 1967. His book appeared in West Germany in 1949, 1981, 1983 (a paperback edition) and again this year.

What bothers me with these books – and how they are celebrated as something unique – is the assumption that there was an extermination program which systematically – in industrial fashion – led to the killing of millions of prisoners and inmates of concentration camps. This assumption, this premise is, of course, challenged by me – and hence my stay at Mannheim Prison. It is illegal for a German to question the veracity of a premise. Why?

As I indicated above, the German bureaucracy documents everything – but it failed to document the homicidal gassings. They happened secretly and all documents were destroyed – millions of people gassed without

documentary evidence? I do not want to believe this fantastic story. I want to know the truth of these allegations sold to us as historical facts.

The Frankfurter Rundschau also carries a half-page of Holocaust material – about the ongoing legal battles involving German industrial giants Volkswagen and Siemens (and others) to compensate slave labourers. Inge Gunther in Jerusalem writes about the plight of 1000 Holocaust victims who receive DM500 per month from the German government. The Israeli state tops this up with another DM700 so that the recipients do not fall below the official poverty line of 240 Sheckel per month. The problem now arises with the additional money flowing in from Germany – this cuts in on the formal Israeli amount. Recipients end up with a total below the poverty line. These 1000, however, are only a minority of the total number of 24 000 Israelis who receive a pension from Germany.

All this trading on pain and suffering is distasteful for me. If only the Red Cross archives at Arolsen got on with their job and opened up their secrets, then this nonsense would end. Deserving persons should not become a football of the Holocaust racket.

Saturday, 28 August 1999

The media is full of someone's birthday – I have forgotten his name. Werner Fischer is 73 today – happy birthday, Werner.

The Bayreuth Festival ends today - and I was not there because of judicial Willkur.

The *Frankfurter Rundschau* features Stefan Schomann's report about the Basque people's struggle for independence from France and Spain.

On the occasion of Friedrich Schiller's birth 240 years ago, the *Frankfurter Rundschau* reprints his 'Über den moralischen Nutzen ästhetischer Sitten'. Just one sentence captures my immediate attention. Schiller says that in honour of human nature itself, it cannot be assumed that people will do evil for evil's sake. But is this not what we have heard for decades about Hitler and the national socialists? Anyone who dares question this latter premise, to this day in Germany, will be arrested and charged 'for diminishing the Nazi crimes'.

It is obvious that such a legal mechanism is designed to mentally cripple and rape the German people. But not to worry. Under communism the free-spirited Germans rebelled and that dictatorship did not last 40 years. The Holocaust dictatorship is a little more subtle because it has still a huge reservoir of victims who continue to make their legally-sanctioned claims against the German state. But that, too, will end.

Sunday, 29 August 1999

3 p.m., after Umschluß, watched the Belgian Grand Prix on TV.

Guido Knopp's TV series, 100 Jahre Deutschland, a kind of serialisation of about 10 minutes, features book burning and Mein Kampf ... oh, I tire of this.

Monday, 30 August 1999

6 a.m.: wake-up call and collection of laundry – personal prison clothes and the fortnightly bedsheets change.

Dentist appointment tomorrow – will clash with sport, must find a way out. Gym – tired but no toothache.

The Frankfurter Rundschau features a report from the British 'Index on Censorship' dealing with the destruction of language as a suppression mechanism. Together with the Heinrich-Boll-Stiftung in Berlin, the Index on Censorship contributors focus on the Canadian Indians and their loss of identity through loss of language. I wish these organisations would look at the suppressed facts about the Holocaust!

5–8 p.m.: afternoon Umschluß is cancelled, without notification, via the intercom. Why? Don't ask, Fred. Shut up and just submit. That is your problem, Fred, you never submitted, according to Justice Harper of Victoria's Supreme Court in 1993. So?

Tuesday, 31 August 1999

A good rest with, again, good dreams about past desires – awake before the door opens. I am ready to collect writing paper, envelopes etc. I shave – now about once every second day, then ready myself for Hofgang.

Hubertus back out of hospital. Terrible story about its lack of cleanliness. We walk about doing our rounds when I see a fellow lying on the path, on his stomach, flaying about. We are about 20 m from him – and the two wardens do nothing. I call over to the one next to me and request he calls for help. I rush over to Davide Brunetto who is obviously having an epileptic fit. I cradle his head in my hands so that it at least will not receive more scratches and gravel rash. Dr Ludwig arrives from the hospital just a few paces from where Davide is lying. A Sani (medico) appears with a stethoscope and blood pressure band. This does not help because what Davide needs is a stretcher. That arrives 10 minutes later. In time he is lifted on to it and carried into the hospital.

If anything happens to you here, bad luck, mate. About a month ago a fellow working as a butcher in the kitchen died of a heart attack – help was slow in coming to his aid. If things happen here, the initial reaction is a transfixed moment – people freeze and watch. This passivity is understandable. Twice now I have been caught out. Twice I stood before a closed door that was not locked! I assumed a closed door meant a locked door. One warden always leaves the door open when he knows we return from sport or, as individuals, we return from the Kammer within half-an-hour. I have now made it my maxim to try every closed door.

I manage to visit the dentist before taking off for Drogensport at 9.45~a.m. The dentist looks at my teeth – I have no ache now – and says

that he would have to remove the crowns to see what is beneath them. An X-ray shows the all-clear. It costs though. Well, forget it – I cannot afford a DM2000 treatment now.

Shopping after 3 p.m. in the prison supermarket – nothing much left of fresh fruit and vegetables because our group is the last to file into the small shop. Bad luck. I treat myself to some Rittersport chocolate.

7-9 p.m.: Bible Group with newcomer Tom Kramer – an original and fearless fellow who has a kidney problem, and soon he will be on dialysis. Tea and biscuits are enjoyed by all. It is my job to carry the cups and three tea cans to our floor where the cleaners wash them. I buy tobacco for the fellow – and he remains helpful, though he's been doing it for months without a fee. Prison politics!

Two years ago Princess Diana died in Paris.

In the *Frankfurter Rundschau* Inge Gunther reports from Jerusalem about Palestinians wanting something like Yad Vashem, that is, after they are confronted with that museum's message: the Holocaust and the murder of 6 000 000 Jews during World War II. No comment.

A new controversy is emerging in France about François Mitterand – whether he is light-brown, red-brown or pitch-black. The question is: Was Mitterand an anti-Semite? That is the question Rudolf Qalther asks in his article, 'Die Farbe des Ressentiments'. How did this come about? Jean d'Ormesson, a member of the Academie Française, in his book *Le Rapport Gabriel* reports of a conversation he had with Mitterand on the day the latter handed over political power to his successor, Jacques Chirac, on 17 May 1995.

D'Ormesson mentioned to Mitterand that the resident has not been forgiven for associating with Rene Bousquet. Under the Vichy regime during the war Bousquet was general secretary of police and thus responsible for the deportation of 80 000 French and foreign Jews. After the war he received a mild sentence then became the director of the Banque d'Indochine. In 1978 his career as a 'Nazi collaborator' came to light and in 1989 Serge Klarsfeld accused him of committing crimes against humanity and genocide.

That sounds familiar, so does the name Klarsfeld. Pressac informed me that he has had enough of this man who once financed his classic about the Auschwitz homicidal gas chamber. It was Klarsfeld who, over the phone, began abusing Pressac because Pressac refuses to adhere to the 6 000 000 Jewish deaths figure. But that is another story.

In 1994 biographer Pierre Pean reveals that Bousquet is a regular private guest of Mitterand's, and a large sector of France's population (that is already a suspect generalisation) interprets this as the reason why the legal investigations against Bousquet were stalling. Mitterand had also worked in the Vichy administration and only towards that end became

an informant of the Resistance. Only in 1993 had the formal indictment been lodged with the court. On 8 June 1993 a young French Jew exercised his own kind of justice by killing Bousquet in the street. Mitterand publicly labelled the assassin a 'fool'.

And what was Mitterand's response to d'Ormesson's statement: 'You see therein the strong and damaging influence of the Jewish lobby in France'. Now there is an uproar in France as to what Mitterand actually meant. I would ask a simple questions. Is what Mitterand says a fact? Is it true? Can it be confirmed or denied? Let us not block the questions with that concept 'anti-Semite'. Labelling anyone like that 'stops us from functioning', puts our mind into neutral – and we idle away discussing whether Mitterand was an anti-Semite. That is a waste of precious time. In any case, where is the proof that Mitterand spoke these words?

There are moves in Hamburg to list all 700 wartime bunkers as heritage items of World War II. Professor Eckart Hannmann hopes to achieve this because he thinks these bunkers are a part of German history. Makes sense!

On local station RNF, in a re-telecast from 29 August 1989, the discussion centres around the question: 'Wo war Gott in Auschwitz?' Oh, spare me the embarrassment, please.

Rudolf Walther in a *Frankfurter Rundschau* article, 'Poniatowski. Pasqua. Wanegffelen. Toleranz, Einwanderungsgesellschaft und Rechtsstaat', pleads for a move away from the concept of tolerance to an acceptance of Jürgen Habermas's legalistic 'universality'. Special pleadings on religious or cultural grounds – which tend to provide the foundation for 'tolerance' (or intolerance) – still create injustice. Universalism does not lead to a homogenised humanity because minority groups can continue to co-exist within a majority social order. It also guarantees not to tolerate everything: for example, it protects human rights such as opposing female circumcision.

I have a feeling that we will hear more of this timeless problem. Beethoven's universality in music and Schiller's 'Ode to Joy' influenced me greatly – and their spirit is still with us, stronger than ever.

Another article, 'Denken in offenen Systemen' (Thinking in open systems) by Andreas Eckert, raises the issue of how to write history in the age of globalisation. It does not mean the homogenisation of the world but that at the same time there is a new heterogenitation. An American historian, William McNeill, gave the impulse to such thinking in his 1963 book, *The Rise of the West: A History of the Human Community.* It was later dismissed as too Eurocentric and the history of the victors. In 1998 McNeill distanced himself from this work (*Journal of World History*, 2/1998), yet his contribution to 'world history' or 'global history' had become a part of the American educational curriculum. In Germany this trend is captured under 'Weltgeschichte'. The list of books discussed is of

interest: World History. Ideologies, Structures and Identities (Blackwell, 1998); Journal of Interdisciplinary History (1998); Jürgen Osterhammel, Dimensionen der Historik (Bohlau Verlag, 1998); Ernest Gellner, Plough, Sword and Book. The Structure of Human History (1998); Stephen K. Sanderson, Social Transformations. A general theory of historical development (1995); Jared Diamond, Guns, Gems and Steel: The Fate of Human Societies (1997); Felipe Fernandez-Armesto, Millennium.

Walther ends on a positive note. There is 'no end of history' as some proclaimed during the 1970s. World history has just begun. But Wagner taught us this in 'The Ring' did he not?

Paul Nolte in his article, 'Zuruck zur Weltgeschichte' (A return to world history) says when Alexander von Humboldt set out 200 years ago on his discovery tour of South America, it revealed a deep-seated interest in things other than European matters. So, what is new? Was this not the impulse that created the British, French and other colonial interests? I think we begin to breathe again.

Wednesday, 1 September 1999

Confucius said that out of cowardice all evil emanates – was it evil that saw the German army advance into Poland on this day 60 years ago? This question has, naturally, been answered in the affirmative over these past 50 years. Yet, on this day, a warden here informs me that the Wehrmacht action was not an Überfall (invasion). It was a preventive attack because of what the Poles were doing to the German minority living in Poland.

Stefan Chwin, a professor of Polish literature at Gdansk University, reflects on this episode from a Polish point-of-view (*Frankfurter Rundschau*, 'Land des Papstes und der Autodiebe'). Poland's April membership into NATO has still not been fully digested by many Poles. The consumerism that's now driving the country is producing situations which Germans have already jested about: 'Go to Poland for your holiday. Your car is already waiting there for you'. This alludes to the rampant blackmarket operations between Germany and Poland – from women to luxury cars: cars to Poland and women to Germany. Even DaimlerChrysler has relocated its Mannheim bus production plant to Poland. I would like to see Germany expanding further eastwards in such a fashion – something Ferdinand Fellmann, philosophy professor at the Technische Universität in Chemnitz, also highly recommends. But was this not also Hitler's dream: a larger Europe?

The Frankfurter Rundschau also reprints a talk given by Lee Butler on 11 March 1999 before the 'Canadian Network to Abolish Nuclear Weapons'. Butler, formerly a general and chief of the USA nuclear strike force, is now a vocal opponent of nuclear weapons. After spending a lifetime climbing the career ladder he says it is obvious that it was a time where military might ruled and moral midgets cowered.

The German section of the Catholic peace movement, Pax Christi, accuses German bishops of having supported Hitler's extermination policies. A year ago it already demanded the bishops apologise for their role in the war.

The re-release of Saul K. Padover's *Lugendetektor Vernehmungen im besiegten Deutschland 1944/45* has caused an uproar in Aachen where he conducted the interviews. Padover was a member of the Office of Strategic Services (forerunner of the CIA) in 1944. The book had been published in 1946 and a copy has since that time been in the Aachen archives. The author died in 1981. The old imperial city of Aachen seems to be in uproar because the re-issuing of the book is ripping open old wounds. The allegation still stands that the city administration contained old Nazis, even though the USA occupation forces selected its members. What is new? It seems that it is a crime having belonged to the then-current political movement. But I forget - that is a crime. It could lead to someone thinking what happened in Germany before, during and after the war was - what?

On ZDF-TV's *Kennzeichen D* is a segment about right-wing action on the Internet from Stormfront to the availability of *Mein Kampf*. The *Fliege* talk-show interviews survivors and the usual 'into the gas chambers' is heard.

Thursday, 2 September 1999

Drogensport good – exercises on mat with instructor Wolf leading the way. My poor sprained ring finger still hurts. During a fast football match my mind failed to control my legs and I missed a goal.

Choir practise good again with about 15 participants. Tenor 1 and 2 and Bass 1 and 2 are balanced again. We lustily sing 'Roll, Jordan, roll', 'The lily of the valley' and 'Herr, die Sonne meines Lebens'.

Evening news on RNF-TV: item about 'Fredrick Töben, the pseudo-historian' having been refused the request for release. So the Oberlandgericht has made a decision – and I find out about it via the media. Klein's office continues the hate-incitement campaign.

9 p.m.: ZDF-TV screens a report about the Irish Christian Brothers abuse of children. Compensation will be paid to victims because, as the Irish prime minister says, the state knew about it. Betie Ahern is not looking for an early election, is he? SAT-1, the private television service, screens a film about Pimmelsorgen (penis worries). I am not afflicted by that here.

Friday, 3 September 1999

The *Mannheimer Morgen* runs its expected item, 'Fredrick Töben bleibt in U-Haft' (Fredrick Töben remains in remand). I complain in writing to the paper for citing the public prosecutor's office without using quotation

marks: I am supposed to be spreading 'neo-Nazi thoughts' via the Internet. I also write a letter to Baden-Württemberg Ministerpräsident Erwin Teufel voicing my protest over such allegations being aired in the newspaper. It can only serve one purpose – incite people against me, whip up public protest in time for the trial.

A new book by Carl Dirks and Karl-Heinz Janssen, *Der Krieg der Generale. Hitler als Werkzeug der Wehrmacht*, looks at Hitler as the 'willing executioner' of Wehrmacht interests. It reminds me of the thesis proposed by *Frankfurter Rundschau* associate Joachim Hauschild, who comments on the new Guido Knopp history presentations on TV: Hitler becomes an action hero. He fears that 50 years after the event the victims will again be eliminated, then it was physical, now it is mental.

The Deutsches Allgemeines Sonntagsblatt discusses whether Mein Kampf ought to be released in Germany for general sale. The Bavarian state finance minister says no. Kurt Faltlhauser says the state will not relinquish copyright and release the book for publication. He fears the book's content could confuse individuals, and so an edited version would be acceptable to him. Clemens Vollnhals, assistant director of the Hannah-Arendt Institut für Totalitarismusforschung, Technische Universität Dresden, says the prohibition of Mein Kampf is not tenable in a society that calls itself democratic and free. The mental impulse that gave rise to the Holocaust, he says, needs to be understood. By creating a taboo around the book will only lend it undeserved mystery.

A delightful item: In Einbeck two thieves ran away from an electronics shop which they had just robbed, hotly pursued by the shop assistants. They climbed a 3 m high wall and found themselves in a courtyard where they felt secure. It was the local prison courtyard – prisoners who had observed the chase from their cell windows, cheered the thieves on, until guards arrested them.

In Burma a British human rights activist has been sentenced to between five and seven years in prison for distributing 500 leaflets containing demands that democratic reforms be implemented in the country. Were I to have engaged in such activity, I would understand somewhat why I am here.

Saturday, 4 September 1999

Instead of a quiet awakening we had the sound of the diesel generator wake us. At regular intervals this happens and I suppose it is part of German bureaucratic meticulousness that even a prison have its auxiliary power plant tested now and again.

I took it easy today – listening to HR (Hessen Radio) and its Bayreuth recording of Wagner's 'The Flying Dutchman'. Comforting my frayed nerves.

Sunday, 5 September 1999

Had nice dreams about freedom and love – it worries me that I have not had a single bad dream since coming here.

Umschluß – like yesterday together with two K's and Hubertus, first some guitar playing and coffee and cake, then Mau-Mau cards.

3 p.m.: supper and back in cell and resting - recovering from Umschluß.

The DVU won five seats in the Brandenburg state election – not liked by news reporters.

Monday, 6 September 1999

Hofgang OK; Kraftsport OK; lunch OK; Bock visit – informs me of what the newspaper and TV brought last week – the Oberlandgericht has rejected my appeal and it wants to see me remain here in prison. But there is a ray of hope in one sentence of the reasons for the decision: 'Dabei geht der Senat davon aus, dass die Kammer zeitnah über die Eröffnung des Hauptverfahrens entscheidet und gegebenfalls kurzfristig Termin zur Hauptverhandlung bestimmt und durchgeführt wird'. So, owing to the possible commencement of the case, the court feels it is not necessary to consider the appeal. The judges are Bauer, Böhm and Munkel.

9 p.m.: on BW-TV is 'Ferien in Stalag VIII' – the story of young German and Polish youths tending war graves around Oppeln and aiming to understand the past tragedy.

In between I listened to RNF-TV's music program of hits of the 1950 to 1990s when they flash through their community bulletin board: 'Sylvia's mother' by Dr Hook – that, too, is a tragedy. That song, too, tells of a tragedy that has befallen most young men – you live next door to someone or you are stranded in a phone booth and 'she' won't talk to you. Dr Hook was hooked on Sylvia and Alice – I was hooked on his songs. recall how 10 years ago I also used to play such hits on 3WM/WL – and a younger person rang up to complain about my playing such old music!

Tuesday, 7 September 1999

Strange dreams but pleasant - went to opera.

Played basketball in Drogensport.

Bible Group interesting: Matthew on marriage. A lively discussion by 12 participants. Also the prison problem re sexual repression leading to homosexuality. Bruchsal Prison has facilities where prisoners can, in private, spend $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours with their spouses. That is a normal thing - to keep the relationship going. Any such move here would depend entirely on the director of the prison, Herr Winkler. Pastor Kunzmann is vocal about this matter - it is a human right to have the opportunity to express

Where Truth Is No Defence, I Want To Break Free

oneself sexually, even in prison. Pornography is banned in prison but inmates can obtain condoms and creams for their pleasures – if they request them. But heterosexuals are denied their rights because their women are outside these walls.

Back in cell 1313 I watch a BW-TV film about Andriotti's case – how the public prosecutor demands he be charged for the death of Aldo Moro and more. Even Henry Kissinger is mentioned and it is said that the CIA funded the Red Brigade. This is heavy stuff – how true are these allegations? We will find out when the verdict is announced.

Chapter 14

After Five Months

For the record: Freedom - Order - Discipline; a personal digression

My imprisonment is more a nuisance value than any form of effective punishment. How can it be punishment for me when I know I have not been bad, immoral or done anything wrong? That's the funny part of my Mannheim incarceration – I go to sleep at nights chuckling to myself, thinking how funny it is that I am locked up in a prison cell for 23 hours a day, with the odd exception of exiting it. The state public prosecutor who drew up the arrest warrant and the judge who signed the order for imprisonment claim they are exercising the power which the German state has conferred upon them. But these Germans are not 'real' Germans because they have no love for their country.

For whatever reason, they thrive on activating Section 130, that odious Volksverhetzung law, which makes them German-haters, in effect self-haters.

What is my crime? According to the prosecutor and judge I have offended against Section 130, the equivalent of our Racial Hatred Act, which states that the mass murder of European Jewry by the national socialists during World War II is a fact beyond dispute. If something is beyond dispute, then such matter has been effectively resolved one way or another - either it happened or it did not happen. Section 130 states that it did happen - and any further querying of this matter is an offence. Hence a significant part of German history is thus placed off-limits. This an inquiring mind cannot tolerate. Why not? Because historical interpretation is a process, an ever-ongoing process. That is the essence of a revisionist - the flow of information will always raise new issues. Perspectives are sharpened by honest re-appraisals of historical data. Any thinking person indulges in this. Only non-thinkers are satisfied with ideological interpretations of history. In the former Soviet Union and its satellite states, the historians had no alternative but to follow the party line. Those who did not, and I met some at the Humboldt University in Berlin during the early 1970s, lost their right to teach. Whoever persisted would then be processed through the legal system.

What is happening to me is strikingly similar. I will also not accept the orthodox version – the official dogma – of what happened at Auschwitz Concentration Camp during World War II. The claim that European

Jewry was systematically exterminated in this camp cannot be upheld any longer. It has become a disputed historical fact.

The German judiciary has taken judicial notice of the orthodox view that homicidal gassings occurred there. Thus it is not necessary to prove anything about the claim because it is Offenkundig. Industrial mass killing took place. Anyone disputing this fact set in concrete is offending the memory of the dead. There are judicial pronouncements from the lowest to the highest courts – that is enough to establish the historical truth said a public prosecutor. That is the way of cementing, legally, a dogma – threatening five years in jail for any transgressors.

The latest reports state that a lecturer at Oppeln University has written a book wherein he claims that Zyklon-B was a disinfectant. The director of the Auschwitz-Birkenau Museum, Dr Jerzy Wroblewski, complained to the rector of the university, Professor Stanislaw Nicieja, who hastily prohibited the distribution of the book on university grounds. The author, Dr Dariusz Ratajczak, is reported to have said that his book *Tematy Niebezpieczne* (Dangerous Subjects) merely reproduces the opinions of others and that he does not deny the Holocaust. He claims that about 2 000 000 Jews died during the war but that this was not unique because under German occupation millions of Poles suffered likewise. He also mentions the hundreds of thousands of Soviet prisoners who did not survive German concentration camps, and the like number of German civilians who did not survive the Allied saturation bombing campaigns.

Well, I keep on smiling to myself because the hallmark of any intellectual activity is a vigorous questioning of things. That is what I am doing – thinking about publishing my views on the Holocaust topic. Now, that is forbidden in Germany. How can anyone forbid me – and, for goodness sake, I am 55 years old – to think and speak freely about historical matters? I have now allegedly committed a crime by publishing my thoughts on our Adelaide Institute website in Australia. Germans can access it in Germany, and because I am responsible for our website's contents. I am a criminal.

Now that really is funny. I am held responsible for any German's act of switching on his computer and looking at the forbidden fruit on our website. I would have thought that the person reading the offending material should be charged for breaching Section 130. That would mean the public prosecutor needs to turn himself in and sit here in this cell. But I forget. Section 130 has some additional clauses which exclude anyone from violating the paragraph if it is in the line of duty. No wonder public prosecutors are sick in the head because of viewing all this terrible material on our website.

So, although legal in Australia, our work has been evaluated by a few fanatical Nazi hunters in Germany and found to be in breach of Section 130. That crime is serious enough to place me in prison –

serious enough to deprive me of my liberty. By taking away my physical freedom, so it is hoped, German society will be made safe again from an onslaught of the radical right winger that I am! It will also teach me a lesson to shut up, and it will send a signal around the world that Germany is not 'brown' anymore, that any form of nationalism has been nipped – again – in the bud. Germany is telling the world that it will not tolerate any free expression about its period of history dealing with what is, since about 1977, loosely referred to as the Nazi-Jewish Holocaust. My imprisonment is designed to keep me quiet and to teach me to respect the taboo topic – the Holocaust dogma. Now, that really is funny.

Why is it funny? Throughout my working life as an educator I have never valued silence in the form of suppressed mental activity as a virtue. Think of it, what a terrible thing it is to level against the Germans – that they systematically exterminated European Jewry in homicidal gas chambers at Auschwitz – and then not give them a right of reply! This means that we are not giving the Germans natural justice, and that means we are being unjust to the Germans and we are getting away with criminal libel.

More than that, though, Section 130 permits anyone to mentally rape the German people because it prevents them from discussing and wrestling with their history. The individuals who execute this paragraph - the enforcers in the form of judges, public prosecutors, media personalities, academics and so on - are themselves the criminals. From where do they derive their powers to act against their own nation? That is a simple question. Germany still has not a peace treaty which would close World War II as a chapter in its past. The war has not ended for the Germans; over 60 years ago it began, and like a festering sore it continues to ooze. Some international treaties have been signed without closing up the wound.

When the two Germanys united in 1990 in that 2+4 Treaty, Germany became one nation again with the blessing of its former enemies' consent – UK, France, Russia and the USA. But that was not all. This treaty has two secret clauses: (a) Allied military bases are extraterritorial in Germany; and (b) education and media matters remain under the Allies' control. Only the USA is interested in retaining any control over Germany and so it exercises this power without hesitation. No wonder that the Holocaust claims that continue to be made on the German people comes from the USA's powerful Zionist lobby.

And so Germany is not a free and democratic country where open debate on any issue is possible. The judges and public prosecutors need to overcome their own self-imposed censorship and develop the democratic spirit – so that what the treaties wish to achieve can be democratically rejected. For that to happen individuals need to become courageous, without fearing loss of job or livelihood. It also requires some maturity

because to date it is an infantile, emotive appreciation that prevents free speech from developing. Freedom of speech means giving your enemy the right to express their point-of-view, their world-view without feeling threatened by it. In other words, each one is given a right of reply thereby fulfilling the principle of natural justice.

Taking away my physical freedom cannot keep me quiet – only a chemical straitjacket would do that. But I am not a violent person and there is no reason to go to such lengths. Even as an educator I would not think along such lines, though the time-out room comes close to it. No wonder I vigorously opposed the Glasser system of discipline in the classroom during the 1980s when it made its way from the USA to Australia.

Then it was fashionable to exclude a disruptive student from the classroom. The cane was used on disruptive students during the late 1960s in New Zealand and the late 1970s in Rhodesia – sometimes to good effect, but more often not because the connective dialogue was not sought. Likewise the time-out room did not seek dialogue but rather wished to arouse self-reflection in students.

I grew up in Australia during the 1950s and 1960s when open debate on any issue was permitted, though morality laws and censorship remained on the statute books. The banning of homosexual acts and censoring Lady Chatterly's Lover are just two examples that come to mind. Yet we had the freedom to talk about these things. We used foul language, though that was frowned upon, especially in ladies' company. There was such a thing as good and bad manners, and good and bad taste. Today such categories are rejected in favour of those rather dubious ones which reflect intellectual dishonesty: racism and discrimination. The flat earth society rules the roost through enforced multiculturalism and internationalism - and consumerism's 'choice' and politicians' 'antidiscrimination' industry. The latter two have a collective effect of neutralising mental processes to the point where emotionalism and hedonism become the driving agent propelling individuals into certain self-destructive nihilism. Basic uplifting human values such as trust, courage, honour, justice and the love of truth are cynically discarded as a legacy of reactionary cultural imperialism and murderous nationalism.

The talk is about the universality and the 'brother-sisterhood' of humankind but wherever such views are expressed and policies implemented there is exclusion of the worst kind. Classrooms around the world tried to experiment in microcosm what politicians attempted to achieve on the world political stage.

I recall how, during the late 1960s at Lumsden in New Zealand, I caned my first unruly boy. The principal of the school, Mr Blackie, advised me to be firm about it, then give the student four good, hard whacks on his behind. I was amazed how dutiful the boy, I think it was Mudford, stood at the allocated spot and bent over while I took off my blazer and put it

over the chair. When the ordeal was over, the boy smiled and slunk off into the classroom. I, on the other hand, was saved by the lunch bell. I walked home and did not return to school that day. I was sick with disgust at what I had done.

After my second caning of an uncooperative student it was much easier because there was no accompanying emotional turmoil as in the first time. The practice of caning was a well-established tradition within the school. I think it was Mr Bailey who, young, enthusiastic with wife and baby girl, was the champion 'disciplinarian'. He did not like students asking questions – he regarded such as a form of rudeness. He knew everything there was to know about any topic and he did not like to be faced with a mind that challenged his prejudices. He was an enforcer of correct attitudes – his viewpoint was orthodox and did not permit any deviation.

After my second caning – a Year 9 student – I revised my tactics. It was as a result of learning that Mudford was the class champion who held the record canings in this all-boys 3B class. Even before the Easter break he had achieved 20 hits. I opened myself to the students and began talking to them. At the end of the year I had my reward – a class book which illustrated wonderful student cooperation. One student came to me and confessed that never in his nine years at school had he ever passed his English examination. I was pleased because his work output, though still in much need of polishing, had developed to the point where I could hear his inner voice – he had begun to liberate himself from his won illiteracy that had crippled his learning process.

During the late 1970s in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) at Que Que High, there was Mike Plevey who, as the newly appointed assistant head, had a whole class line up at his office door. What for? One-by-one they filed in and came out laughing – all 25 of them. What happened inside? Plevey had given them 'four of the best' but these Rhodesian boys could not be tamed like that. It must have hurt Plevey more than them because he saw them laughing at him. His authority had dwindled to zero on that day. Hatred and rejection began to motivate Plevey from that day on. He sought solace in the company of the lonesome boy which every school has. Plevey then abused this loneliness by sexually abusing him.

And what was the boys' crime for the caning? At the end of the previous day some boys had broken into the book store and taken exercise books – giving away a portion to their classmates. And so the whole class was guilty of stealing. This collective form of punishment was swift without any due process of investigation. There was no asking of questions nor of attempting to develop within the boys a moral sense of justice – why did you do it? The youngsters did not need a right-of-reply because they had broken the law – 'Thou shalt not steal' – and thereby forfeited any right to natural justice.

Quite different was the attempt to discipline students at Merzschule in Stuttgart, Germany during the early 1970s. The director, Helge Merz, was fanatically trying to create a democratic system of discipline. As a former Rhodes Scholar, he idealised the British democratic tradition. Merz insisted that we must verbally master any disciplinary challenge and retain our stand through force of argument. That meant that some teachers were sacrificed on the altar of youthful student brutality.

During one teacher's lesson students ran riot. It ended with a student jumping out the first floor classroom window then pretending to be dead below. Inside the classroom students then began a slow 'murderer' chant which built up to a pitch then ended as the teacher fled to the staffroom. Other teachers left their classrooms in tears - and still others survived with splendid cynicism. Tiedemann was the Latin teacher who had it up on failed teachers and provocative students alike. Students feared him because he was mentally tough on them. How did he achieve this mental control over the minds of unwilling students? Easy. He set an example which students could not really comprehend. He drove a luxurious two-door Mercedes Benz. He preached left-wing politics against wealth and for the underprivileged. He had a wife who also taught at the school. After school his own children would leave the grounds and see their father saying hello to his girlfriend who would be there to collect her own children from school. He was an immaculate dresser. Students feared him but they knew that his class discipline and sharp tongue made them learn their Latin - 'grosse Latinum'!

This school to this day provides education for Germany's new industrial class, the financially strong. It is not an easy task to imbue such students with a love of learning rather than the easier task of imbuing them with a love of consumerism. That did not need any teaching at all. Merz's policy of forcing the issue through dialogue was exhaustion personified but it was worth the effort to open students' minds. Some hated you for encroaching upon their personal subjective self too much. But there was really no alternative to confronting students with that Socratic mirror.

Merz permitted students to address him informally by his first name, quite a sensation in Germany where familiar impertinence is frowned upon. But even Merz had his blind spot, his own limitation. When the issue of long hair came to a head with a boy refusing to cut it to collar length, Merz challenged him publicly during the weekly 'Erkennen und Gestalten' lecture. This was part of the Merz philosophy which aimed to further the creative impulse within students – to recognise and to create something derived from such insight. The boy, whose father had long hair but whose mother had short-cropped hair, cheeked Merz before the assembled students. It was outright rudeness – literally telling Merz to get stuffed. Instead of sending the boy out of the theatrette, Merz could not let go and admit that he had lost this student's respect and interest. Merz hated to give up on any student. So he asked the boy to come forward and then slapped him across the cheek. Deafening silence fell

over the assembly. Fortunately it was near the end of the lecture. Lunchtime came not too soon. Later the student took the school to court over the hair issue because expulsion threatened the student. A judge decided that owing to the school's private status it could insist on a certain uniformity of hair length. One of the lawyers defending the boy was Jörg Lang, a member of the Baader-Meinhoff, a Red Army Faction terrorist group. The boy lost the court case but he had shown up the limitations of Merz's mindset, his tolerance. That night Merz and I finished off a bottle of whisky – he was hurt because he saw his democratic ideal shattered at the hands of the mindset that preached Marxist revolution.

My own personal recollection of being disciplined was when I was about 5 years old. My parents had gone out for the day and left my twin brother and I with our grandfather in Jaderberg, where I was born. As grandmother was also away, it was Opa who had to prepare lunch for us. As we three set down at the table, Opa seemed to us unapproachable, trying to make the whole matter a serious business. In those days you did not speak at the table – something I still find difficult to believe that a meal is to be devoured in silence. Then again, I have done this now for three months within my prison cell!

The tension thus generated by Opa's silence made my brother and I laugh - and we had a good reason to laugh. We found the dark brown spots on the kitchen ceiling rather funny. The roof must have been leaking! Were we glad to get out of the kitchen and back into the autumn sunshine. We lay on the warm asphalt near the footbridge leading to the main read. There we yearned for our parents' quick return. When they did, we could not wait to tell them about grumpy Opa and how he was angry with our laughter at the table. Father reminded us that we were lucky because he still recalls annoying his father, then having to stand to attention (Strammstehen) for an hour while his father had his lunchtime nap. When I started at Jaderkreuzmoor primary school in 1950, we had a Mr Hustede. He was a returned soldier, a farmer and lots more. As was the case in Australia these one-teacher schools somehow managed to provide education for students from the first to the eighth grades somehow! To my knowledge there were no serious disciplinary problems. Senior students looked after the young. My sister, Waltrun, four years ahead of me, helped me with my arithmetic. Occasionally she would nibble at my ear which gave me a warm sensation - and a willingness to keep on working. Years later, at Macedon, Victoria, I recall that as a 12-year-old I had a disagreement with my sister and she did not talk about it. She settled the dispute by giving me a king-hit on the chin which KOd me for a few minutes.

Once at Jaderkreuzmoor I was fooling about with another older student. He piggybacked me, then I fell off and broke my right leg. The boy was reprimanded though it was not his fault and I felt sorry for him. On another occasion my brother and I together with our cousin, Bärbel,

made the most of our parents' absence. We wheeled out father's motorbike and I sat on it while the other two pushed it. I engaged the gear, having already opened the petrol tap. And suddenly the motorbike engine sprang to life with me in its seat. It was fine racing along the farm road leading to the main road at a reasonable pace. Tony and Bärbel had been left behind and I was fast approaching the road. What to do? I panicked and slipped into the side ditch. I vaguely walking past Bärbel and Tony. I was going home because I was hurting. I did not care about the bike nor anyone. I next recollect standing next to the tiled oven and parents entering the lounge room. I was fearful of receiving a thrashing that I had as yet never received but been threatened with in the past. Nothing happened. Mother simply said to father that it was obvious I was still with aching bones and that that was enough punishment already – it was.

After spending four years at the primary school, I began Year 5 at the private high school in Jade where the director, Klaucke, and the English and French teacher, Hinrichs, ruled with an iron fist - and we learned basics. So much so that when we arrived in Australia at the end of 1954. our first primary school, Sylvan in Victoria, was way behind in basic maths instruction. It was all old stuff for us, and this accompanying boredom in us was noticed by the head teacher. He thus gave us a job to do - clean long grass from the wooden buildings and some general gardening. For that daily work he would give us 2 shillings each. We would then immediately spend this money on lovely ice-cream, jump on our bikes and pedal home. It was on one of these occasions that we saw a car coming our way along the road. It slowed down and stopped - it was father in his Mercedes Benz that he had just on that day collected from the wharf. It had arrived after we had landed in Australia. My brother and I wanted to leave the bikes lying on the side of the road and ride home with him. That was not to be and so we gulped our ice-cream and furiously pedalled home after that disappearing Merc.

Our next school was Lucindale in southeast South Australia. There the principal, a Mr Boehme, seemed a heartless type. Of German extraction, he had no mercy on those who could not speak English. We were glad to be leaving that school, though leaving behind a 'girlfriend' and other friends made me cry!

At Beveridge Primary School in Victoria I experienced my first collective punishment. No wonder as a teacher I never indulged in that kind of practice. A group of Year 5 and 6 boys and girls had built a couple of rival grass huts wherein we were going to play nurse and doctor. Somehow rivalry broke out and a fight ensued. My brother and I were not involved in the fight but we, too, had to line up in the classroom. The head teacher, Mr Black, gave each student – not the girls – one firm whack on the hand with his thick leather strap.

This was my first conscious act of injustice – that innate feeling that what I had just received was not deserved. It was mere guilt through association – something that is so well developed in today's Germany. Public prosecutors will not hesitate to express their joy at finding 'geistige Brandstifter' (mental firebugs) even if the connection is not there and no actual physical deed has been done. Just harbouring sympathy for a sense of justice is enough to receive punishment.

Macedon Primary School was a pleasure for us – being in Year 6 we were at the top of the tree. Mr McCarthy, the returned soldier who had become a teacher, loved nothing better than talk about his experiences – and he had high regard for German soldiers. He did not hate Germans – and he liked us. My brother had the job of looking after the music for morning assembly, taking out the loudspeaker, playing the national anthem ('God save the Queen') and then 'Sussex by the sea', the tune to which we marched into the classroom.

Kyneton High School was different because we were moving into the puberty blues stage of our development. It was also here that bluff teachers huffed and puffed their way through the school day without encouraging us to be verbal. 'Do not ask so many rude questions', was a common discussion stopper. And tolerance was low whenever someone had had a bad day - and the march to Mr Murphy's office was guaranteed. There a blustering roar, 'I will teach you some manners', would greet transgressing students. Demonstratively Murphy would roll up the strap and demand I hold out my hand. I did so. But as he swung his arm down I pulled mine away and he hit his own leg with the strap. This made him furious: 'I will knock you through that wall if you do that again' he screamed in full voice. I did not pull my hand away. I listened to his command. But from that day on I could not take him seriously. He left me alone but his wife, also teaching at the school, made up for it. She had a natural warmth. And they had lovely daughters. That was under Mr Douglas's principalship. It was during this time that I was also sick, with thrombosis in both legs, on account of which I missed most of Year 8. It was Mrs Murphy who during my hospital time went to great length to ensure that I kept up with the work. She organised students' sending me cards and books - and perhaps that is why I did not have to repeat the year and slipped into Year 9 without too many difficulties.

The school under Mr 'Porky' Veal's leadership seemed mature. As a bachelor he did not have much time for nonsense, and yet when I – again – was sent to the principal's office, he would ask me to sit on a chair, then intermittently talk to me about what was bothering me. The 'bastard' even made me cry in the office! He did not talk to or at me but with me. One evening, with Ernie Turner and others, I think it was after the school social, we walked to the school office and saw Veal sitting there behind his desk, working. Someone suggested we out to throw a rock through the window – just for a tease. But the idea remained just that because no-one could really come up with a good idea why we ought to